

Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 5, 1943
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IOLA
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NEW APPROACHES TO LASTING PEACE

By **HERBERT HOOVER**
and **HUGH GIBSON**

WATCH THE BURMA FRONT!

RADIOED
FROM CALCUTTA
BY **WALTER BRIGGS**



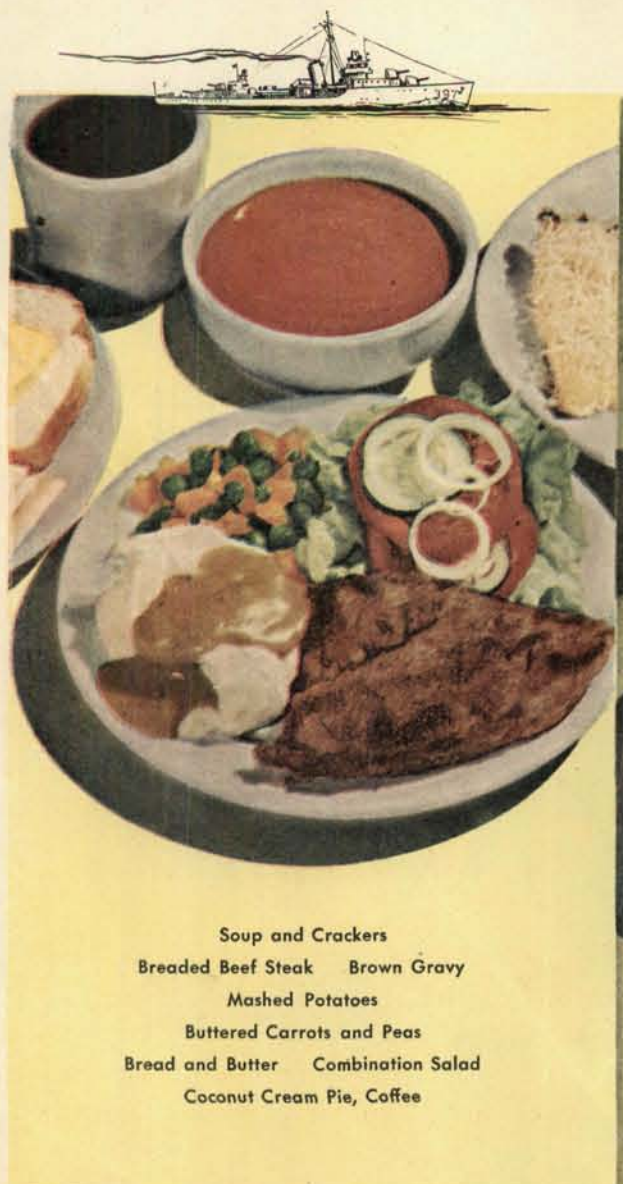
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MRS HAROLD SMITH
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What U. S. Sailors eat on board ship

Whether on a Destroyer, Carrier, or Cruiser, Navy dinner plates are heaped with well-balanced, sustaining food! These are good examples.



Soup and Crackers
Breaded Beef Steak Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Carrots and Peas
Bread and Butter Combination Salad
Coconut Cream Pie, Coffee



Soup and Crackers
Pot Roast of Beef Vegetable Gravy
Baked Brown Potatoes
Buttered Cauliflower
Bread and Butter
Ice Cream Coffee



Grilled Pork Chops
Cream Gravy Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Corn Bread and Butter
Lettuce Salad Thousand Island Dressing
Apple Sauce
Cake Coffee



Even after months at sea, Navy commissary officers make sure every man on every ship gets his full quota of fresh meat.

A man eats hearty in Uncle Sam's Navy. For every fighting ship clears port with its food lockers bulging with fine, nourishing foods... plenty of vegetables and fruits, and plenty of fresh meat.

Meat is the main item in Navy meals. For meat builds stamina and strength. Meat stays by a man, and helps keep him in fighting trim.

That's why U. S. Navy Commissary officers see that choice meats like Star Beef and Veal, Star Ham and Bacon, Cloverbloom Poultry, are aboard ship in abundance. Enough to last for weeks or even

months at sea. Our Navy... and the other services too... need and get millions of pounds of meat daily from Armour and Company and other packers.



Obviously, to help us supply this vast and vitally necessary amount of meat to the armed forces, you on the home front must share the meat that remains. When you ration yourself to your weekly quota of meat, you perform a patriotic duty. For you help us see that every sailor will eat hearty in Uncle Sam's Navy... that every soldier and marine will get the sustaining, stamina-building meat he needs.

**Armour
and
Company**

For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's Branded Products:
Star Ham and Bacon Star Beef, Veal, Lamb Star Sausage
Star Canned Meats Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products



You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow,
While doing the hitch
Fight flakes and itch...

IT MAY BE

Infectious Dandruff



Get after it now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

That's a swell treatment whether you're in the Service or out, whether you're a man or a woman. It's the tested treatment that has helped so many to control this troublesome condition.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair twice daily and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. What coolness! What freshness! And what germ-killing power!

The minute Listerine Antiseptic hits the scalp it starts to kill millions of germs accompanying infectious dandruff including the "bottle bacillus." This ugly little customer is held, by numerous dermatologists, to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't Delay. Start Now!

After a few treatments you'll be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales, inflammation and itching begin to disappear. That is what 76% of dandruff sufferers found in a carefully supervised test.

If you have any of these symptoms don't delay. Start now. Remember, the infectious type of dandruff is a germ infection and, naturally, calls for germ-killing treatment. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

the Tested Treatment

Dear Mom:
One of the things I miss most in Camp is that good old Listerine Tooth Paste that does such a nifty job of cleansing and makes your mouth feel so clean. For Pete's sake, mail me a tube - the Post Exchange is sold out.



America's Good Neighbor policy is something more than an article for export. It is a way of living and working for Victory in the quickest and most life-saving way. Group-riders who commute to and from their work in a Motorola radio-equipped car enjoy their own Good Neighbor policy plus the best news coverage and radio entertainment in the world.



FOR HOT NEWS!

No need to miss your favorite early morning or late afternoon news commentator. Group-listening in a Motorola-equipped car keeps everybody abreast of yes, ahead of the headlines.

FOR WELCOME RADIO FUN

When a nation laughs while it works and fights, its morale is good. Radio entertainment is a vital part of America's morale-building program. If your car is not Motorola-equipped . . .



YOU CAN STILL GET A MOTOROLA TO FIT and MATCH YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

In most localities there is a Motorola Dealer who can custom-fit your car with America's finest Auto Radio. While there is still time . . .

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER TODAY!



The Army-Navy "E" and added Star for excellence in production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

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GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
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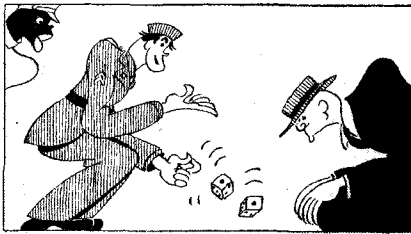
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Collier's

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ANY WEEK

SO NOW we're traveling through the South. Wonderful exercise. Almost as good as walking. You don't merely travel, you battle. Maybe you get on a train, maybe not. We've tried planes twice and twice were yanked out of our seat by the military at the last moment. And if you get a train, maybe you get a berth, and maybe not. We got an upper from Atlanta to Gulfport, Mississippi, by shaking for it with Corporal Barney Levins of Lynn, Massachusetts—one roll, high dice. It was the last one on the train and we got it quick before a general should come along. Barney said the whole country was a dice cup and that the government had put him and several million more guys into it, shook hard and let 'em roll. "Some shake," said Barney.



JUST before we arrived in Atlanta, two Negro privates strode through four Pullmans and into the diner. They sat down. Said one to the other: "Reckon we couldn't do this if they wasn't a war going on." And the other said: "Nope, not unless we aimed to start one."

"NO DOUBT," writes Mr. James Rayen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "the service flag hanging in a window of our county jail is for employees who are in our Armed Forces. But the passing populace is doing a lot of fifth-rate gagging about it." Mr. Rayen adds an elegant Pittsburgh dog story. He says that a chow, known to be mean, was seen sneaking up on a small neighborhood pet called Brownie. A resident of that neighborhood shouted a warning. But too late. The big chow had small Brownie by the throat. One neighbor picked up a rock, Mr. Rayen a club. They started to the rescue. Brownie wasn't having a chance against the chow. But suddenly, says Mr. Rayen, a big collie flashed in, hit the chow so hard that it lost its grip on Brownie's throat. Brownie began a whimpering, unsteady retreat. The chow followed. But every time the chow closed in again on Brownie the collie struck. When Brownie was safely in his own yard, the collie shook himself, gave the chow a disdainful glance and with great dignity walked back in the direction from which he had come."

IN NEW ORLEANS we discovered Mr. George Healy, Jr., reading his mail. Mr. Healy, who is vice-president, treasurer, managing editor and heaven knows what else of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, has been receiving advice from many of his city's famous restaurants reading thus: "Owing to rationing, this restaurant will not be open Sundays"—or Tuesdays or Thursdays as the case might be. But when we saw Mr. Healy he was reading another: "Owing to the Draft AND Rationing Joe's Tip Top Montezuma Chili Parlor won't be open from now on—starting yesterday."

WELL, owing to the war in general, Bee Drinking has been dead in New Orleans for almost a year. Bee Drinking was an old New Orleans custom. You went into a joint for a shot of something and were at once joined by a more or less delectable young woman who put the bee on you for a drink. That was her job. She got fifty per cent of the price of the drink you bought for her. Of course she got cold tea or something equally impotent but you paid for whisky or whatever. We stopped in at a bee hive. "Nope," said the manager, "all our girls have gone into war industry jobs. With wages in industry the way they are it's awful hard for a girl to remain honest these days."



DR. K. C. BRANDENBURG of Long Beach, California, didn't like Aldous Huxley's article Learning to See at all. One more such piece in this magazine and the doctor is going to lose his patience. He even suggests a subject warranted to irritate him beyond endurance—Chiropractic in the Treatment of Vitamin Deficiencies." He adds: "I'd be glad to lend you my Magnetic Belt to wrap around your head while deciding what to publish next."

WE WERE just about to take a train for Houston, Texas, when a venerable newsboy challenged us to buy a newspaper. "Germany blew up again. Germany blew up high again. Cain't stand much mo' of it, Germany cain't." Thus encouraged, we charged into the Battle for Berths. . . . W. D.

THIS WEEK

JUNE 5, 1943

SHORT STORIES

ARNDT GIUSTI

Nice Around the House. How a lonesome helps a girl land her bashful soldier. I

W. G. HARDY

Divided They Fall. Three Fascisti in solve the problem of life or death. I

WILLIAM FAY

To Buy a Black Pig. Detective De traces a bootleg ham and settles an old I

ANNE HAYS PACKWOOD

A Frame Around You. What sort of does a man going off to war carry heart? I

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Appointment with Love, by S. I. Kish I

SERIAL STORIES

MARGARET CULKIN BANNIN

The Girl Left Behind. Conclusion. I

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Sound of Revelry. The sixth of nine p I

ARTICLES

HERBERT HOOVER and HUGH GIBSON

New Approaches to Lasting Peace. A series of four articles on America's to the postwar world. I

WALTER BRIGGS

Watch the Burma Front! Rehearsal for drive to come. I

HANNAH LEES

Prophylactic Pill. Sulfathiazole as a de weapon on the health front. I

CAPT. TED W. LAWSON

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo. The third paris. After laying their eggs on Jay crew of the Ruptured Duck crash-land gerous waters. I

MEYER BERGER

Jive Bombers' Jamboree. Warm-hor sends groovies and hepcats into a Br seventh heaven. I

DANIEL P. MANNIX

Cat and Dog Man. Bill Green's houna a world's record as killers of big gam I

GILBERT W. GABRIEL

Eskimo Minutemen. Our territorials great Far North are armed and ready. I

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMIT

The Man Who Stuck His Neck Out. Joe Ball explodes Minnesota's isolationis I

FRED C. KELLY

Those Lend-Lease Rumors. Administrat tinus replies to criticisms of what may most powerful weapon. I

DAVID O. WOODBURY

Your Life Tomorrow. I

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

"This is a 100-Year War."

Who Fights for Britain?

Dr. Jeffers Prescribes.

COVER

ILSE

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This "stranger" became the best friend they had

● He just happened to be there, the day Nan Blake had her bad smashup. But what made the Blakes eternally grateful was a call this "stranger" had made on them two months before.

They'd just bought their first car—second hand, but it ran. Proudly they had painted it and polished it till it looked almost like new. But they had almost made one mistake that would have been tragic now. They were saved from it by the visit of the "stranger."

The Blakes shudder when they think of what might have happened. You see, when Nan Blake had the accident, the other driver sued. The judgment was far more than they could pay. Their ready savings weren't enough; it would have meant cashing their War Bonds, selling their home. But because the "stranger" had called on them two months before, they didn't have to pay.



This Is the Man Who Saved the Blakes!

He's a representative of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company . . . and he became the best friend the Blakes ever had.

You see, the Blakes didn't know that wartime driving restrictions were no guarantee against accidents. They didn't know that most accidents occur at speeds *less* than 35 miles an hour . . . usually close to home. But the State Farm representative patiently showed them the facts. By convincing them they needed auto insurance, he saved them from a tragic loss. Now they are eternally grateful . . . because when Nan Blake had her accident, their car was insured.

There are 7,000 State Farm representatives in the United States and Canada whose job is to protect *you* from accident loss. They offer insurance protection so reasonable in cost no driver can afford to be without it. They represent the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world, which has saved its policyholders over \$50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance.

State Farm has geared its insurance to wartime conditions. Rates, for example, are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another example is coverage for pool car drivers. State Farm's auto insurance is non-assessable.

To help meet increased repair costs, State Farm offers their unique 80% *Collision Plan*. This truly modern collision insurance pays 80% of the cost of repairing collision damage done to your car, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. This plan actually pays 80c out of every collision repair bill dollar, and 100% over \$250!

Extra wartime protection is afforded by State Farm's other insurance coverages. For less than 1c a day, Medical Payment Plan pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against loss from fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your automobile. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, delivery of gas, and a number of other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any fee or premium paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to point out the advan-

tages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too. (The names used in this advertisement are fictitious.)

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office
BERKELEY, CALIF.



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TORONTO, CAN.

FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

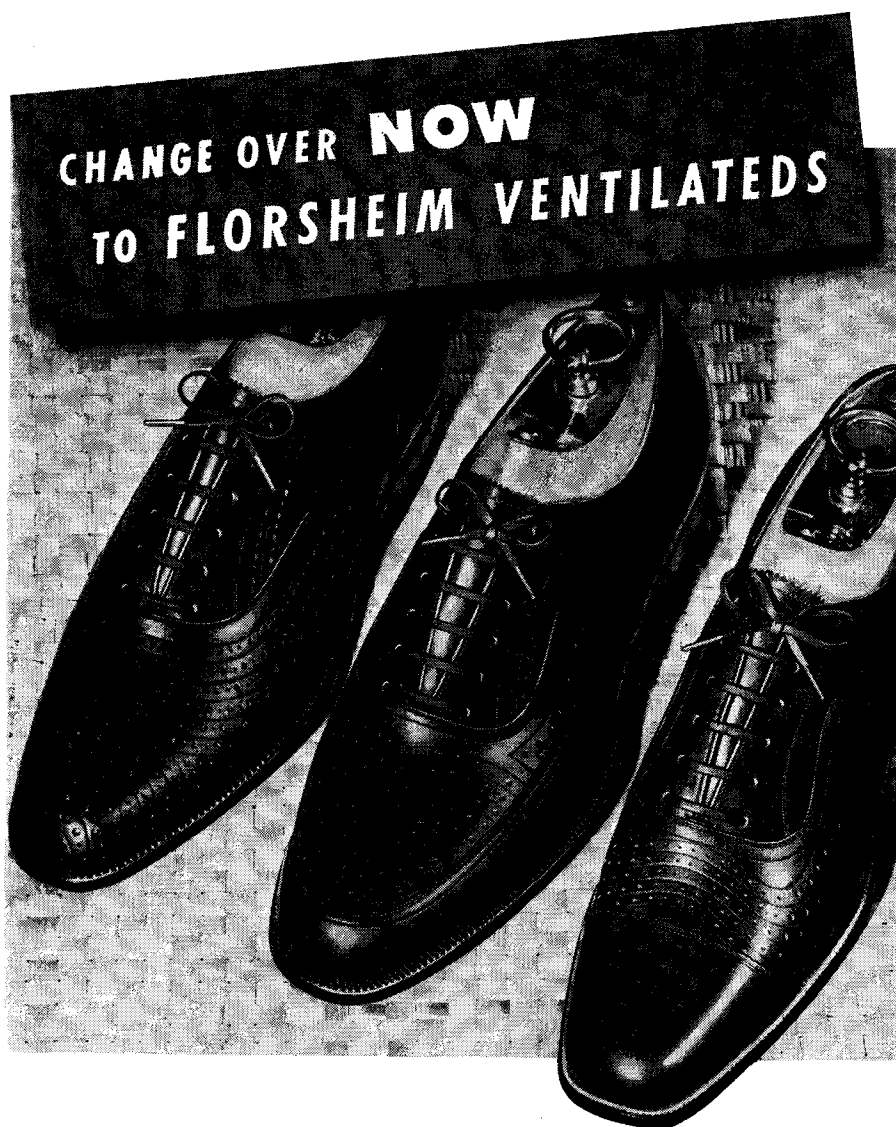
Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

G-63

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



**AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE**

Give your winter shoes a rest . . . It's good judgment and a patriotic duty to make your summer shoes do a double job for you, this year and next . . . to give you cool summer comfort Now . . . to conserve your heavier shoes for wear next winter.

Illustrated, left to right: The ECLIPSE, The MERCURY, The RAMBLER

Most Styles
\$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim  **Shoes**

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Americans die on the average of one every six hours from poison taken from a home medicine cabinet by mistake while sick, sleepy or intoxicated. Usually these poisonous substances are cleaning chemicals, shoe dyes, insecticides and deadly disinfectants, antiseptics and deodorants.

The Department of Labor, during the thirty years of its existence has had only four Secretaries: William B. Wilson from 1913 to 1921, James J. Davis from 1921 to 1930, William N. Doak from 1930 to 1933 and Frances Perkins since 1933.—By Ann Turner, Baltimore, Md.

Noise within a closed glider traveling at 150 miles an hour is nearly as loud as that within a plane with engines, owing to the violent agitation of the air as it sweeps over the wings and about the fuselage. This noise, in many instances, has reached a level of 115 decibels, or higher than that in a boiler factory.

The world's largest bus, recently designed and built for transporting soldiers between the gate and the barracks of vast Camp Carson near Colorado Springs, can carry 260 persons, a load capacity equivalent to that of 52 five-passenger motorcars.

The Army Signal Corps now has a combination weather and radio station, about the size and shape of a steamer trunk, that will broadcast reports on temperature, humidity and barometric pressure every few hours for three months when buried on the shore of an enemy country.—By Dorothy Shirk, Fairfax, Calif.

A study of several thousand golf games reveals that the average score of men is 91 while that of women is 111. . . . New York is the only city in this country that requires a high-school instructor to prove his qualifications before he is permitted to teach geography.

The amount of rubber hydrocarbon reclaimed from rubber scrap varies considerably. For every 100 pounds of scrap, for example, rubber heels produce 20 pounds of reclaim, rubber tires produce 30 pounds, hot-water bottles 57, bathing caps 60, inner tubes 67 and rubber gloves 80 pounds.

Germany charges France, Norway, Belgium and the Netherlands a total of \$53,000,000 a week for the maintenance of its armies of occupation; yet the actual cost is only \$22,000,000 or about 42 per cent of this amount.

Deaf-mutes are now employed as instructors in an airplane factory in California because new workers have been found to learn their job more quickly from gestures than from spoken words.—By Walter Arnold, Guilford, Maine.

In the Solomons recently, American soldiers operating a battery of 90-millimeter guns shot down a number of Japanese planes at the rate of one for every 50 shots fired, a record unparalleled in antiaircraft marksmanship.—By Russell Schwarzmann, Tenafly, N. J.

In Japan, black markets are called white markets. . . . Nearly fifty public squares, streets and parks in German cities have been renamed "Benito Mussolini." . . . No person has yet correctly answered all of the 150 questions in the intelligence tests given by the Army. . . . More than ninety per cent of all species of flowers in the world have either an unpleasant odor or none at all. . . . The only native-born American among the conductors of the seventeen big symphony orchestras in the U. S. is Karl Kreuger of the Kansas City Philharmonic.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



TOMMY DORSEY finds out his first name means "a twin." However, he was born about three years ahead of his brother Jimmy—who also heads a top-notch dance orchestra. Maybe we can stretch a point and call them "musical twins."



GEORGE SEABERG, trumpet, is by first name "a farmer." But George produces no corn on that trumpet of his.



FRED STULCE was given a first name meaning "peaceful ruler." Right now he's a king of the saxophone section of Tommy's band, and he's peaceful until somebody gets offbeat.



MAURICE PURTILL, who beats out the rhythm for Tommy, has a first name meaning "dark of complexion." He promises to sock anybody who refers to him as "tall, dark and handsome."



ETHYL

IS A TRADE MARK NAME

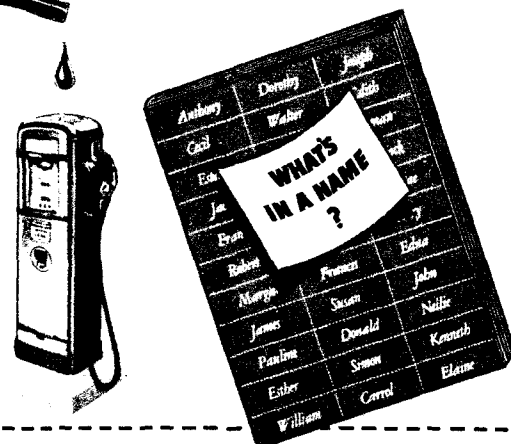
It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free — no obligation — just mail coupon.

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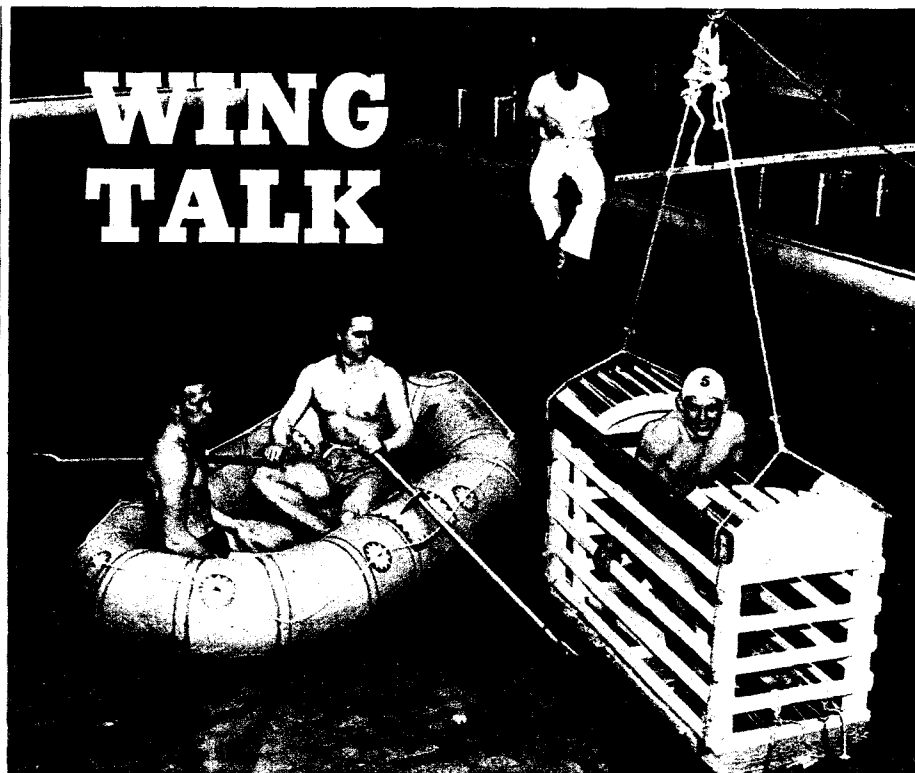
Each day the future Bomber Pilots of the United Nations are flying Jacobs-powered twin-engine Trainers more than 1,000,000 miles, from United States and Canadian training fields, acquiring the skill and precision that will devastate the factories and ship-yards, the railroads and power lines of the Axis—and that soon will blast the way for our Armies to Berlin and Tokyo.

Day-in and day-out these sturdy engines are ready to go—from dawn to dusk and into the night—on their essential mission of qualifying the Bomber Pilots for their job of freeing the World from the ruthless selfishness of Hitler and Tojo.

When this job has been accomplished, these sturdy engines will carry millions of free people safely and economically on missions of commerce, of mercy and of pleasure.

JACOBS AIRCRAFT ENGINE CO.
POTTSTOWN • PENNSYLVANIA • U.S.A.

WING TALK



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

A Naval cadet prepares for his test in the swimming cockpit under coach Lt. John Miller, USNR; later he'll submerge fully equipped

SEVERAL of the Navy's flight-training bases have instituted a novel course which should save many lives in aerial combat. It goes by the name of "cockpit escape drill" and is something the late Harry Houdini might have cooked up. Devised by an unknown but enterprising Navy flight instructor, the drill teaches pilots how to get out of the cockpits of their planes underwater if they crash into the sea.

The physical equipment for the training consists of a dummy cockpit, a crane and a swimming pool. The mock-up cockpit is built to exact size and contains a regulation seat and safety belt. Clad in full winter flight gear, "Mae West" life preserver and parachute, the pilot climbs in and fastens his safety belt. Then the box-like contrivance, heavily weighted to assure that it will sink rapidly, is lowered into the swimming pool, and the cadet has to get himself out of it.

That's just the first part of the drill. After swimming to the surface, the cadet must shake off his parachute, inflate his life preserver and swim from 100 to 220 yards in his full flight gear.

Next comes something even more difficult. The cockpit is lowered into ten feet of water *upside down*, and the cadet, overcoming the natural desire to fight his way upward, must go down, then come up and repeat the rest of the drill. A variation consists of tying one of the cadet's arms or legs to simulate a broken limb while he does his escape act.

The main idea is, of course, to train pilots to think and act promptly in such an emergency. If caught in a plane underwater without such experience, many fliers might lose their heads. Little danger is present during the escape drill because the dummy cockpit can be quickly hauled up if the cadet cannot extricate himself. The training now given at the Naval Air Station, Seattle, and the Navy Preflight School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is being introduced elsewhere.

HERE'S one for the Quiz Kids: If a Navy or Marine Corps airman received official orders to fly to Henderson Field, to what island in the Pacific would he go? Guadalcanal? Sorry, but you're wrong. The only Henderson Field appearing on the official list of airdromes is on Midway Island.

But if you missed that one, so would

virtually every other American, including members of the Navy High Command. For during the past six months, Henderson Field became probably the best-known air base in the world—and all of the news stories about it were radioed out of Guadalcanal.

The name, however, has no official standing, even though Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, in a recent speech in Indianapolis, lauding Hoosier heroes of the war, said: "Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, which has become a household word, was named for a Marine, Major Lofton B. Henderson, of Gary, Ind., who deliberately flew his Navy dive bomber onto the deck of a Japanese carrier."

What happened was this: After Major Henderson lost his life in the Battle of Midway, the commander of Midway Island base recommended (and the Navy Department approved) that a newly established airfield on the island be named for the heroic Marine. Formal orders to this effect were issued by Secretary Knox.

Then American forces seized the southeastern Solomons from the Japs, and the long battle for the prized airfield on Guadalcanal began. Navy and Marine Corps fliers there—apparently not knowing of the honor already done Major Henderson—decided it would be a nice idea to name their battle-torn airdrome for their fallen comrade-in-arms. General Vandegrift, Marine commander on Guadalcanal, and his staff were too busy fighting Japs to go through the red tape necessary to name the field formally, but the American fliers' brain child was not stillborn. There were war correspondents on the island, and they wrote reams about the men of Henderson Field and of the battles they fought for its possession.

Several times during the heavy fighting for the Guadalcanal air base, Navy officials informed the press that it was erroneous to call it Henderson Field, because Henderson Field was on Midway. But it was too late. The name, as Secretary Knox said, is now a household word.

Under the circumstances, it would seem that the graceful thing for the Navy to do would be to back down and accept the popular name for the famed Guadalcanal air base. At this writing, however, as far as the Navy Department is concerned, Guadalcanal airfield is simply Guadalcanal airfield, and Henderson Field is on Midway.

JOHN G. NORRIS

She broke a tooth—*she's Beautiful*



*W*HEN one of Daughter's front teeth suffered an accident, that used to be a family tragedy. Of course it was patched up—and that's what it looked like, forever after. "Patched up."

But not any longer. Dentists have new materials to work with, and new skill in using them. A broken tooth is still no fun. But it needn't spoil anybody's smile, or be the entering wedge for an "inferiority complex."

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, they found the raw materials to make *teeth*—light, unbreakable, natural-looking teeth—in a petroleum gas. Yes, *teeth* from *petroleum*! And if that stretches

your imagination, here's another: The same material makes up the gums in which whole sets of natural-looking teeth are set.

These artificial dentures—or "petroleum" fillings for front teeth—are given color, and structure, and translucency which make them virtually undetectable.

* * *

IN PETROLEUM, Shell Research has an almost limitless universe to explore, discovering new combinations of molecules which will do undreamed-of things. "Sinews of war" now being produced from petroleum have no resemblance to the messy stuff which comes from the ground. The "makings" of synthetic rubber. TNT. Drugs. Disinfectants. Plastic

instruments for ships and planes. Aviation fuel with extra miles of speed and flying range "built into" every gallon.

Afterward, all of these will be "sinews of peace"—in a more abundant, more hopeful world. And the exploration still goes on.



First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery.



SHELL RESEARCH—Sword of Today . . . Plowshare of Tomorrow

Smoking 'Em Out!



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came, their scientific knowledge was turned to the design and production of the radar devices that stand guard on the planes and ships of the United Nations . . . "through fog, storms, clouds and darkness."

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NEW APPROACHES TO LASTING PEACE

BY HERBERT HOOVER AND HUGH GIBSON

CARTOON BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

This series of four articles by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson will present specific proposals for the world's peacemakers. They are clear and unequivocal and the most important contribution on this subject yet set before the American people

IT IS imperative that America take its full part in building a lasting peace. Whatever may have been our views before the war as the best course for America to follow in order to maintain our peace, we have now taken up the sword. We shall inevitably suffer dreadful losses in substance and precious lives. Having entered upon this course, there can be only one compensation. That is the chance to produce a situation in the world, in which it is possible to live in safety without the burden of arms and the threats of wars.

Peacemaking is the second greatest task before our people. The first being absolute victory of arms, for any compromise at once destroys all hope for lasting solutions.

We have a better chance than we have

ever had to build for lasting peace. But there is only one way to set about it. We must deliberately seek out the difficulties, identify them and, in the light of experience, consider what can be done to deal with them. If we go about this intelligently, courageously and realistically, we may hope for lasting peace.

In this first article we will discuss the first necessity to successful peacemaking, that is, the intellectual and spiritual approach to it.

In Article II, for next week's issue, we will propose for American thinking a new and definite method of transition for the world from war to peace and to an ultimate "world institution" to preserve it.

In Article III, we will discuss the settlement of specific problems and issues that must be effected in this transitional period if we are to reduce the causes of war so that a "world institution" to preserve peace can succeed.

In Article IV, we will discuss the specific plans for a "world institution" to preserve peace, their limitations and the direction which combined experience, realism and idealism indicate we should travel if we are to secure lasting peace.

In the intellectual and spiritual approaches to peace, we are dealing with dreams, idealism and realism.

There are various sorts of minds engaged in the discussion of peacemaking.

One group consists of those souls sensitive to the infinite agonies of war who, with disregard to human experience, are in constant search for some magic, some mystic formula, or some patent medicine, to cure humanity's greatest scourge. American life is conditioned with headlines, slogans, and movie captions which give glamor to panaceas and create belief in short cuts. To many people, global planning is a field where imagination can engage in unrestrained play. It is indeed a playground where they may blow gigantic bubbles by dipping their pipes in suds of human kindness. We can solace ourselves that these iridescent globes are a diversion from the miseries of the times and that the bubbles themselves explode before they reach the heavens.

Much of this sort of discussion starts from the assumption that the instant firing ceases, the world will be pervaded with sweetness and light. And that all we have to do is to think up now a great world plan to keep the peace and promote world welfare, and all will be well.

If it were that easy, man would long ago have solved his most dreadful and baffling problem.

Another group are the more purposeful idealists whose dreams are by no means to be sniffed at. Without dreams, mankind never would have emerged from savagery. But even their plans must be soaked

in a solution of hard realism if they are to be made into lasting parchment.

Nor can peace come to the world by cynical realism devoid of idealism, any more than it can be summoned by the incantation of emotional slogans. We cannot dismiss the profound reality that idealism plays in our problem.

It is often said that America is today fighting a war of defense because we were attacked. That is overrealistic. It is not the whole truth. It does not do full justice either to our motives or our past conduct. This is the Second Crusade of America to widen the boundaries of freedom and safety in the world. If we had been prepared to sacrifice China and had not concerned ourselves to save Europe from military aggression we would not have been attacked at Pearl Harbor. With modern weapons, we could no doubt have protected ourselves from any invasion. Sometimes one could wish all this were remembered when we are castigated for not doing enough for this nation or that.

We have a breed of flagellants who simplify world problems by the expedient of blaming everything on our own country. Because American genius has made our country strong and rich out of our own soil and hard work, we seem to have wronged somebody. No matter what goes wrong in the world, we are to blame. They hang their heads and beat their breasts



Herbert Hoover in Belgium in 1938, with Hugh Gibson, then U. S. ambassador to that country. Here, twenty years earlier, Mr. Hoover first saw war's aftermath

and apologize to the world for our behavior. If the League of Nations failed to keep the peace, it was because we did not join, which is untrue. If there is war in the Far East, it is because our government would not co-operate with Britain and France to restrain Japan, which is untrue. Generally, their attitude is that if the present World War has come upon us, it is because we have consistently failed to do our duty. If foreigners complain of the insufficiency of our aid, instead of examining the facts to see if they do not show some justification of our country, these critics at home promptly agree with the foreign complaints and fill the air with self-denunciation. In general the zeal of these people is equaled only by their disregard of facts.

This sort of mind not only presents America as a sorry spectacle in the eyes of the rest of the world, it also weakens American influence in securing the fundamentals of peace.

We are indeed a crusading nation. We won a military victory in the First Crusade. But we lost most of President Wilson's "points" at Versailles.

True to Our Ideals

We will again win military victory. But that is only halfway to a lasting peace. And to win peace this time, America must start with a much deeper understanding of the hard realities we will encounter. Many of them are clearer today from the experience of last time.

Not only does realistic approach offer the best hope of achievement; it avoids a real danger. If we hold out to our people hopes that cannot be realized, there will

be inevitable disillusionment. And disillusionment means isolationism.

One of these realities is that our first purpose must be freedom from wars and threats of wars.

We all know (that is, all of us except those who are incorrigible bubble blowers) that there are many highly desirable things for perfecting the world morally, socially and economically, and that we cannot hope to achieve them now. We should concentrate on the thing we can hope for, which is peace, and not dissipate our energies or start quarreling over the unattainable.

There are certain American ideals in relation to international life which we cannot abandon and still be true to our own spiritual foundations. One of them is the right of every politically capable people to self-government. We were born of that conviction. We have stood for this right ever since. Over the years of our national life we have sympathized with every nation struggling for independence. The Monroe Doctrine was an expression of it. We fought the Spanish War that Cuba and the Philippines might be free. It was one of our first purposes in the last World War; it is one of our proclaimed purposes in this war to restore the sovereignty of those who have been deprived of it. Our national conscience, our national ideals, our national policies, our sons who will have died do not permit the abandonment of this purpose.

We have other national ideals which include representative government, the inalienable rights of the Bill of Rights, the sustained dignity of the individual man. We cannot seek to impose these rights upon other peoples because the very right

of peoples to self-government carries also the inherent right to determine their own way of life. In any event, personal liberty cannot be imposed by machine guns. Wrong ideas cannot even be cured by war or by treaty. Personal liberty does not come like manna from heaven. It must grow in the minds and spirits of men. But by aiding them to self-government, we open the door for it to their peoples. Although we do not seek to impose the Bill of Rights on other peoples, we must hold to it within our borders with no less tenacity if we are to maintain the light by which mankind is to be redeemed.

We must focus our minds on lasting peace, not on the spreading of our ideology.

We must make up our minds to deal with governments and their social systems as they are and not as we should like them to be. On the United Nations' side in this war, we have a large variety of these systems. It is a dangerous fallacy to assume that more than a minor portion of the people in the world are democracies in our sense or that they ever will be, in our lifetime. While we must hold to ideals of our own, it is entirely possible for us to work with nations which do not share our ideological views. We have to live and get along somehow in the same world. In fact, during the first fifty years of our existence, we were about the sole republic in a sea of kings or dictators. For the most part we contrived to keep the peace with them.

It is, of course, easier to collaborate with some countries than with others, and we should make our plans accordingly. Honesty in facing these facts will save us much anguish.

One of the deepest of all spiritual emo-

tions is patriotism. People, proud of their traditions, their countryside, their heroes, their accomplishments, will make any sacrifice in life or death to preserve their altars and their independence. Their symbols, their flags, their songs sustain them in battle, their devotion to their country consoles them in loss and in death. The tensify of nationalism always rises from the fires of war. Already in this war we have seen the Russians discard a creed of internationalism and die in millions for the "soil of Holy Russia."

It is our belief from these inherent mores of their peoples that both Russia and Britain will be cold to any commitments which affect their sovereignty or independence of action, or control their domestic, economic, or political life. We venture the opinion that the American people will not do so either.

We believe that reality calls for emphasis in peace plans on "co-operation" or "joint" or "united" action of independent peoples, not on "supergovernment."

We Americans indulge in too many sonorous phrases to the import that:

"America will make the peace."

"America will police the world."

"America must lead." America will do none of these things alone. The other leading nations in the world will take no back seat. America has a great role to play in generous co-operation. Neither victory nor peace can come without our aid. And co-operation is a two-way street.

Each Nation for Itself

Realism requires that we accept the fact that most other nations will struggle for the interests of their own peoples in the peace settlements. On this continent we have enjoyed an ease of living rarely found elsewhere; we have never had to fight to get the last farthing. In most of the world outside of the United States, even in peacetimes, living for the masses of people is hard at best. These other countries will be further impoverished by the war and, in consequence, their national policies will of necessity strive to secure every economic and other advantage they can obtain for their people. What may appear to us as selfish appears as legitimate self-interest to them. We will also have legitimate self-interests to be defended.

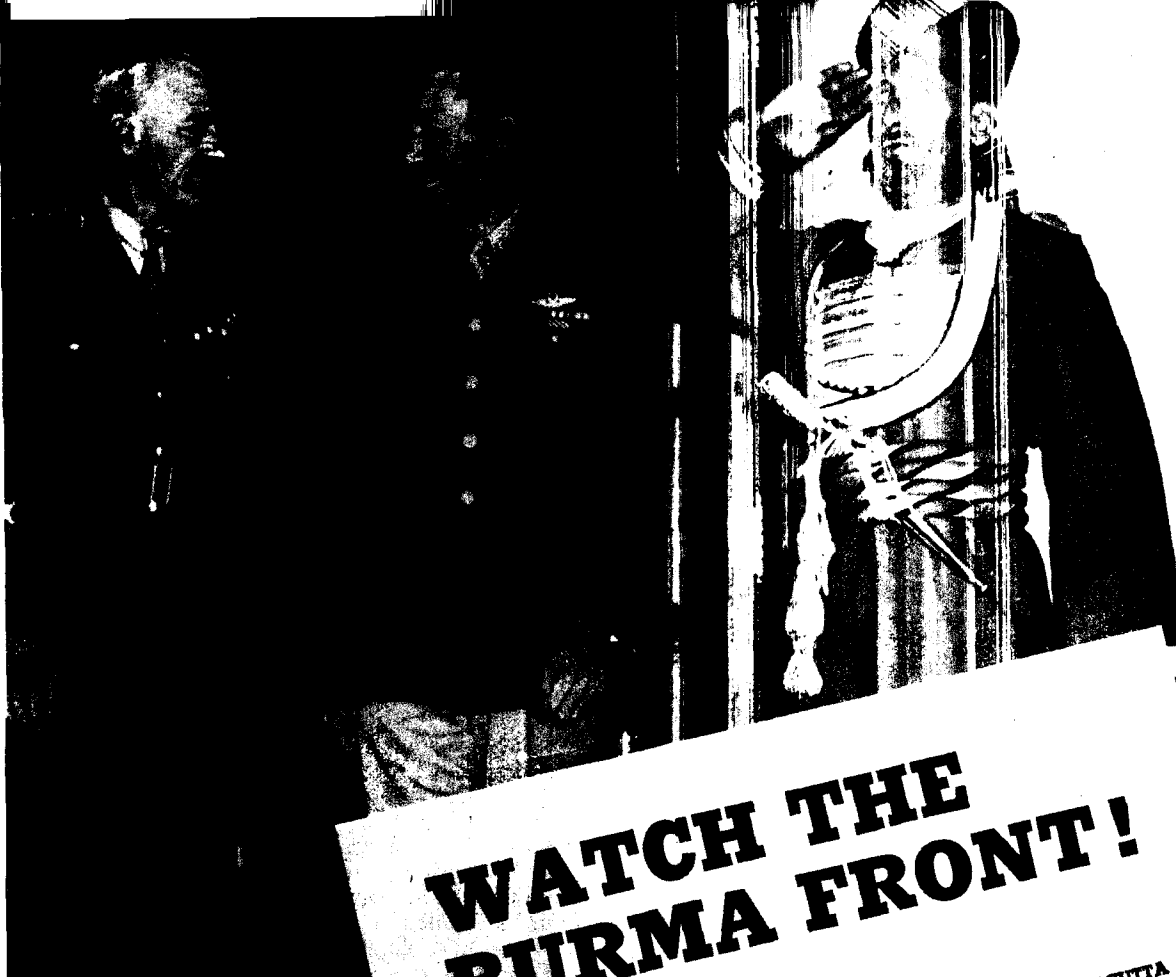
There is another trend in our thinking that calls for correction. It arises from our weakness for simplification. Everybody knows that the world has shrunk in terms of communications. Melbourne and Calcutta are closer to us in flying hours than parts of our own country are to each other by train. Radio has made the spread of ideas general and instantaneous. But it is a long flying jump from that to the assumption that we now have one world in terms of political and social or philosophical and religious outlook.

Many naively assume that because Asia is now just over the horizon, Occidental and Oriental thought can be standardized, or that the peoples of Asia are consumed with a desire to adopt our way of life, to have the new world built on American blueprints.

Such a belief is very interesting but it simply isn't true. We can test all this upon ourselves. Are we prepared to adopt Oriental philosophy, religion, economic standards or ways of life because we can more easily know their views and their way of living?

The fact is that the world remains pretty much as it has always been. We are only fooling ourselves by trying to distort a revolution in transport and communications into a world-wide political and social revolution. Though the skies be darkened with planes and the air filled with radio propaganda and messages of good will, life will go on much the same; Chinese, Italians, Americans, Arabs and

(Continued on page 65)



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The big-scale offensive to come in Burma is planned at New Delhi by Gen. Sir Archibald P. Wavell (left), commander in chief in India, and Major Gen. Clayton Bissell, commanding the U. S. Army's 10th Air Force

The Japs can be cleaned out of Burma, according to this reporter, who watched British and U. S. airmen in the toughening rehearsal for the bigger drive that must come

WATCH THE BURMA FRONT!

By Walter Briggs
UNITED PRESS WAR CORRESPONDENT

RADIOED FROM CALCUTTA



IT'S going to be tough to throw the Japs out of Burma, but it can be done. I know that much because I recently had a balcony seat while Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell's Indian army was proving that nothing less than a full-scale air, land and sea offensive will turn the trick.

My balcony seat overlooking the front lines in Burma was atop a thickly grown jungle hill about 500 feet high, where the Indian army was stabbing down the Burmese coast toward Akyab, a valuable air base and seaport. The battlefield was an area of abandoned rice fields, dotted with forest clusters, with the glistening Bay of Bengal beach in the background.

The Japanese were holding a dry creek bed, strongly fortified. They had been holding it for several weeks and thus blunting the British drive. Our artillery opened up with explosive shells and then with smoke shells, hammering at an area they had shelled so consistently that, on the aerial maps, it appeared to have been jabbed all over with an icepick. There was no reply from the enemy positions. The Japanese had no artillery.

According to the battle plan, the artillery barrage was to be followed by an attack by Indian troops. We waited and watched, but the troops failed to appear. A brigadier, directing the attack from our hilltop, slammed down his field telephone in disgust and explained that Japanese snipers had wriggled themselves into favorable hillside positions and were holding up the British-officered Indian soldiers.

The hot afternoon wore on—hours of toil and sweat and grim death, under a scorching sun. And then, through my binoculars, I began to see the Indian troops slowly advancing. There were tall, sinuous Punjabis. There were Rajputs and there were Dogras, short and hardy—all of famous fighting stock from India's great Northwest. Gradually, they closed in toward the Japs, until by nightfall the enemy positions were almost surrounded. Sometimes it seemed that one more lunge would carry the Indians to their goal—but they never quite made it.

When the British officers and the Indians got within whites-of-their-eyes range, they met a bitter blast of machine guns, mortars and grenades. The Japanese entrenchments (earthen mounds about ten feet high and fifty feet in diameter) withstood close-range shelling and bombing by the British. These defense works were staggered through the Japanese lines.

That night, our troops clung courageously to the enemy's front and flanks, but they couldn't close the circle around him. Several times, Japs slipped through our lines and tossed grenades. Snipers infiltrated our rear. Later, one of them put a .25-caliber bullet through my pants at dusk while I was strolling along a well-used trail at least a thousand yards from the British forward positions. Still other Japanese wriggled through the rice paddies at night, carrying supplies to their outposts in the creek bed. That went on for four days and nights. Finally, it was the Indian army that failed to get sufficient supplies through and was forced to withdraw. British artillery again began pounding the enemy. Two months later, they were still hammering the same line.

British and Indian troops in Arakan are finding that jungle fighting has none of the beckoning allure of safari, when British sahibs venture into the jungles to shoot leopards and tigers. They live rudely, eat poorly and are lucky if they don't pick up malaria or dysentery.

I lived with Tommies at the front. We slept on the ground without mosquito nets and, when Japanese planes began making a habit of spraying our camouflaged camp site with bombs and bullets, we dug holes and slept in them. Officers shared the same hardships as their men. Tommies ate with a smile although their invariable diet consisted of large, (Continued on page 46)

Carrying U. S. Army supplies, Naga bearers ford a stream in the jungle country of Assam, India, near the Burma border. With them (at the right) is Private Jimmy Bartlett of Silver City, N. M., and his pet

INTERNATIONAL

Nice Around the House

By Arndt Giusti

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Heinie's devotion to family life was unshakable. Regardless of inconvenience, he not only got himself a wife, but won one for his master, too

YOU won't believe how it happened that Chester and I fell in love all on account of a seal. When we met at the USO dance he'd been a soldier for a couple of months and was stationed at Fort Ord, which is near Monterey and quite some distance from San Francisco. He had a three-day pass and had come especially to see how Heinie was getting along. I don't know why a seal should be called Heinie, which, of course, is German, but anyway, that's his name.

You wouldn't think it to look at Chester in his uniform, but to begin with he was in vaudeville, and I guess maybe you saw his act some place, because Heinie and he played it all over the country. A seal isn't like a dog you can ask somebody to take care of, and Chester didn't know what to do with Heinie when he was drafted, so he gave him as a present to Golden Gate

Park. They had put him out by the Aquarium, where he had a pool all to himself and people could stand and watch him.

"What are you doing tomorrow morning?" Chester asked, while we were trying the new steps. I said, "Nothing. Why?" and he said, "I'll call for you at ten-thirty and we'll walk out to the park and see Heinie."

I said I didn't know if I could make it in the morning, but Chester looked like a real nice fella and there wasn't any reason, really, why I shouldn't go for a walk in the park with him. So in the end it was a date.

Ma said it sounded kind of crazy when I explained about Heinie.

"Most people think a seal is something you wear as a coat," I agreed, "but I happen to know that isn't so because seals are protected by the U. S. Government and nobody kills them except the Japanese fishermen. A seal is smart and can be taught almost anything, besides making a wonderful pet."

"From what you tell me about him," Ma said, meaning Chester, "he's probably a perfect gentleman. But, my goodness," she added, "you just met him last night."

"There's a war," I reminded her, "and

he has to go back to Fort Ord tomorrow."

"I'll look him over," she smiled. Ma is a good egg and no girl ever had a more understanding mother.

"I could bring him home for lunch," I suggested, and Ma said, "Yes, you do that, Kate."

WE HAVE a lot of fog in San Francisco, and it certainly didn't turn out to be the sort of morning a fella would pick to take a girl for a walk in the park. When Chester arrived punctually I was ready to go. I didn't ask him in to meet Ma, who had on her old wrapper and didn't have her hair fixed or anything. I told Chester he was invited for lunch, and he said that was swell and he was looking forward to meeting the family.

"There's just Ma and me," I said, taking his arm. "I'm sorry we have such lousy weather."

"Heinie likes it cold and wet," he said.

"Do you think he'll remember you?" I asked.

"I bet he'll come right up out of the water the moment he sees me."

We didn't see many people in the park on account of the weather. There wasn't anybody at the pool in front of the Aquar-

ium, which I thought was just as well. The way Chester acted when he saw Heinie swimming around, any MP would have pulled him in as a drunk, or else a nut.

He waved his arms and called, "It's me—Chester! Come on up and meet Kate."

I know you won't believe me when I tell you Heinie heard him and turned around with a swish and a dive that brought him to where we stood looking down. Chester is right when he says a seal is like a dog. Heinie made me think of an Airedale. You've seen dogs laugh when they're glad to see you, and Heinie was laughing. So was Chester, except that he had a sort of look on his face as if he felt like crying. He was sure crazy about that seal.

There was a cage on one side of the pool with steps down into the water, and Heinie came up to us just as fast as he could. A seal can move faster than you may think is possible, using his flippers like a person does his arms and legs.

"Say hello to Kate," Chester said, and Heinie wiggled and I said, "How are you, Heinie?"

"Do you like it here, pal?" Chester asked. I don't know how they did it, but they carried on a regular conversation. I could see Chester was worried. "Heinie isn't happy," he explained.

"Why not?"

"I suppose he's bored swimming around all by himself with people staring at him. This is no life for Heinie."

"I'm sure they feed him fish every day," I said, trying to make Chester feel better.

"Heinie is lonesome," he said. "He wants somebody to talk to."

Chester wished now he hadn't given him to Golden Gate Park. He felt simply awful to think it was his fault that Heinie was unhappy.

"I'll come and visit him," I promised. "I guess they won't mind if I bring him some whitebait to eat. Do you think he'll know me again?"

Chester was sure he would, but although Heinie would appreciate my company it didn't alter the fact that he was being treated like he'd committed a crime and was in jail.

"That's silly," I pointed out.

Chester kept saying over and over again, "Now don't you worry, pal. I'll get you out of here, if it's the last thing I do."

I remembered Ma had lunch waiting for us. And at last I dragged him away. We walked back through the park talking about nothing but Heinie. I guess that proves I was already in love with Chester, for otherwise I'd have felt sore. Maybe Chester was right and Heinie didn't like it out there in the park, but show me a girl who enjoys playing second fiddle to a seal.

WITH the rationing and San Francisco being a big, overcrowded war center, Ma is simply super the way she gets around Mr. Sweeney, who is our butcher; and that lunch was something extra. Chester had a wonderful appetite, and that's what Ma likes when she's been standing over the stove all morning.

I tried to change the conversation from Heinie, but I couldn't shut Chester up and finally I stopped trying. Ma couldn't understand about his seal, and I was afraid Chester wasn't making the kind of impression a girl wants a fella to make on her mother. But they got along pretty well, considering everything, and Ma even

(Continued on page 62)

Chester and I did our best to explain about Heinie. "You get that seal out of here right away," said Ma



Appointment with Love

By S. I. Kishor

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY



A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

The lieutenant started toward her and as he did, a provocative smile curved her lips. "Going my way, soldier?" she murmured

SIX minutes to six, said the great round clock over the information booth in Grand Central Station. The tall young Army lieutenant who had just come from the direction of the tracks lifted his sunburned face, and his eyes narrowed to note the exact time. His heart was pounding with a beat that shocked him because he could not control it. In six minutes, he would see the woman who had filled such a special place in his life for the past thirteen months, the woman he had never seen, yet whose written words had been with him and sustained him unfailingly.

He placed himself as close as he could to the information booth, just beyond the ring of people besieging the clerks. . . .

Lieutenant Blandford remembered one night in particular, the worst of the fighting, when his plane had been caught in the midst of a pack of Zeros. He had seen the grinning face of one of the Jap pilots.

In one of his letters, he had confessed to her that he often felt fear, and only a few days before this battle, he had received her answer: "Of course you fear . . . all brave men do. Didn't King David know fear? That's why he wrote the Twenty-third Psalm. Next time you doubt yourself, I want you to hear my voice reciting to you: 'Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me' . . ." And he had remembered; he had heard her imagined voice, and it had renewed his strength and skill.

Now he was going to hear her real voice. Four minutes to six. His face grew sharp.

Under the immense, starred roof, people

were walking fast, like threads of color being woven into a gray web. A girl passed close to him, and Lieutenant Blandford started. She was wearing a red flower in her suit lapel, but it was a crimson sweet pea, not the little red rose they had agreed upon. Besides, this girl was too young, about eighteen, whereas Hollis Meynell had frankly told him she was thirty. "Well, what of it?" he had answered. "I'm thirty-two." He was twenty-nine.

His mind went back to that book—the book the Lord Himself must have put into his hands out of the hundreds of Army library books sent to the Florida training camp. Of Human Bondage, it was; and throughout the book were notes in a woman's writing. He had always hated that writing-in habit, but these remarks were different. He had never believed that a woman could see into a man's heart so tenderly, so understandingly. Her name was on the bookplate: Hollis Meynell. He had got hold of a New York City telephone book and found her address. He had written, she had answered. Next day he had been shipped out, but they had gone on writing. For thirteen months, she had faithfully replied, and more than replied. When his letters did not arrive, she wrote anyway, and now he believed he loved her, and she loved him.

But she had refused all his pleas to send him her photograph. That seemed rather bad, of course. But she had explained: "If your feeling for me has any reality, any honest basis, what I look like won't matter. Suppose I'm beautiful. I'd always be haunted by the feeling that you had

been taking a chance on just that, and that kind of love would disgust me. Suppose I'm plain (and you must admit that this is more likely) then I'd always fear that you were only going on writing to me because you were lonely and had no one else. No, don't ask for my picture. When you come to New York, you shall see me and then you shall make your decision. Remember, both of us are free to stop or to go on after that—whichever we choose . . ."

One minute to six . . . he pulled hard on a cigarette.

Then Lieutenant Blandford's heart leaped higher than his plane had ever done.

A YOUNG woman was coming toward him. Her figure was long and slim; her blond hair lay back in curls from her delicate ears. Her eyes were blue as flowers, her lips and chin had a gentle firmness. In her pale green suit, she was like springtime come alive.

He started toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was wearing no rose, and as he moved, a small, provocative smile curved her lips.

"Going my way, soldier?" she murmured.

Uncontrollably, he made one step closer to her. Then he saw Hollis Meynell.

She was standing almost directly behind the girl, a woman well past forty, her graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump; her thick-ankled feet were thrust into low-heeled shoes. But she wore a red rose in the rumpled brown lapel of her coat.

The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away.

Blandford felt as though he were being split in two, so keen was his desire to follow the girl, yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned and upheld his own; and there she stood. Her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible; he could see that now. Her gray eyes had a warm, kindly twinkle.

Lieutenant Blandford did not hesitate. His fingers gripped the small, worn, blue leather copy of *Of Human Bondage* which was to identify him to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, something perhaps even rarer than love—a friendship for which he had been and must ever be grateful . . .

He squared his broad shoulders, saluted and held the book out toward the woman, although even while he spoke he felt choked by the bitterness of his disappointment.

"I'm Lieutenant John Blandford, and you—you are Miss Meynell. I'm so glad you could meet me. May—may I take you to dinner?"

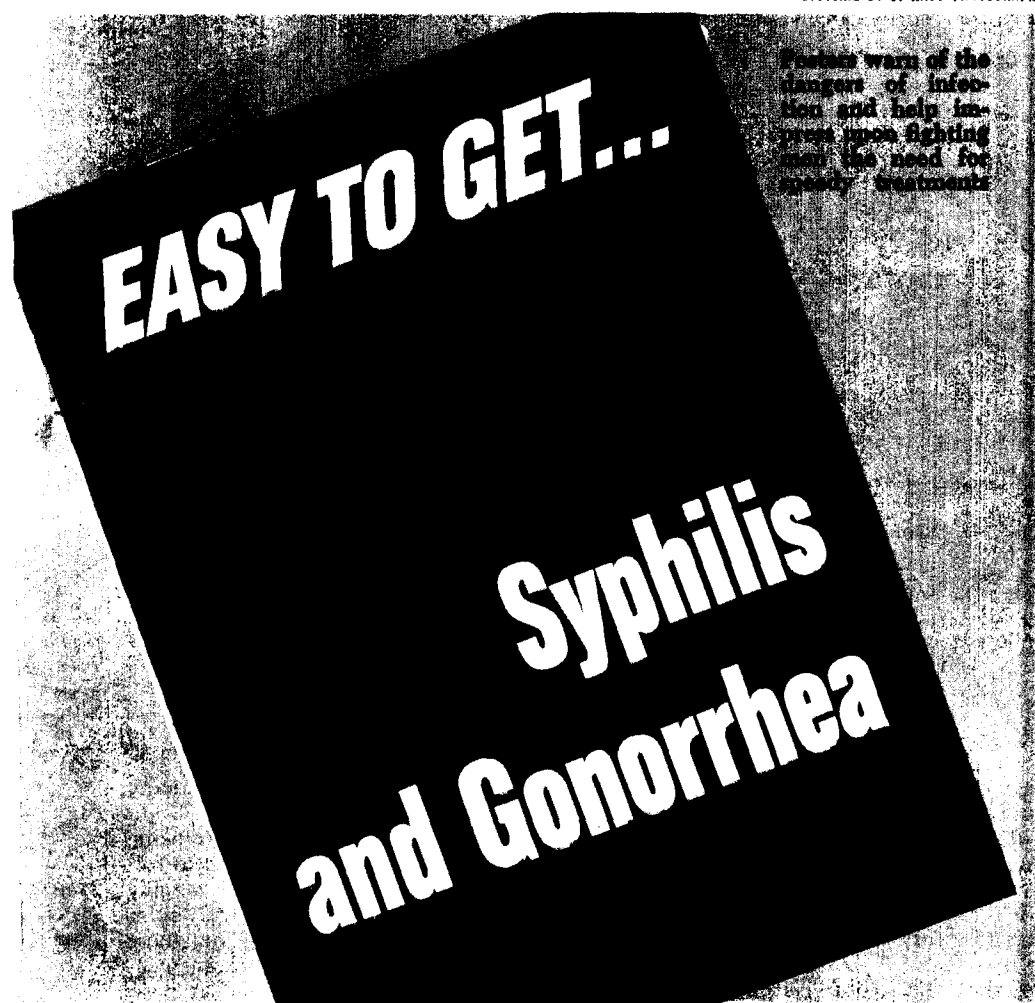
The woman's face broadened in a tolerant smile. "I don't know what this is all about, son," she answered. "That young lady in the green suit, who just went by, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said that if you asked me to go out with you, I should tell you that she's waiting for you in that big restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of a test. I've got two boys with Uncle Sam myself, so I didn't mind to oblige you."

Prophylactic Pill

By Hannah Lees



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



Sulfathiazole begins to look like the answer to the military doctor's prayer for a simple, effective means of controlling the manpower-wasting gonorrheal infections

THE gonorrhea rate had always been high in the Navy and highest in the Asiatic Fleet. The medical officers had done everything they could to lower it. Then, some months before Pearl Harbor, the chief medical officer of one of our big cruisers looked over a batch of newly infected men and decided that what was being done certainly wasn't enough.

You could prevent gonorrhea if you could keep sailors away from girls who had it. That seemed to be impossible. The boys could escape gonorrhea, even after they had been exposed to it, by using the prophylactic packets and prophylactic stations the ship provided, but there was always a small group too drunk or too careless to bother. By the time they got

back to the ship and received compulsory treatment, it was often too late. What was needed was something that could kill the gonococcus after it had been in the body as long as twelve hours.

"What," thought this medical officer, "about sulfathiazole?" Sulfathiazole is that younger brother of sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine which has fewer bad side effects and is more effective in most infections. He was using sulfathiazole to cure gonorrhea, and it certainly worked. You had to give pretty big doses, but the disease was usually gone in four days—occasionally in one day. Why not try giving the boys a much smaller amount of the drug as soon as they came off liberty and see what happened?

The next hundred and fifty seamen who admitted exposure were given three grams of sulfathiazole immediately, three more four hours later, and one more four hours after that. There was no trouble about the men admitting exposure. Exposure itself is no crime in the Navy, but contracting a venereal disease is misconduct and punishable by loss of pay while on the sick list. So the men reported in, were given the pills but no other form of

American sailors in liberty parties, heading shoreward in motor launches, used also to be headed for trouble. Now, because of new preventive drugs, the venereal rate is down

prophylaxis. It had been a good hunch. Gonorrhea was notoriously prevalent in the Manila area, where the men had been on liberty, but not one of those men got gonorrhea, *not one*.

It seemed too good to be true, but it wasn't. The medical officer tried a slightly smaller amount of sulfathiazole on another two hundred men, six grams in all this time, and again not a single case of gonorrhea developed. Neither did any cases of chancroid, a less common venereal disease which is, all the same, a serious problem to the Navy Medical Corps. None of either group of men was any the worse for the medicine. Sulfathiazole is known to make people pretty sick at times, but in this small dosage, none of the men complained of even mild nausea. They felt fine.

News like that spreads, and the medical officer of another cruiser in the same highly infectious district took it up. Four hundred and fifty men were given the same treatment. One case of gonorrhea developed this time, but it turned out to be one of those cases—resistant even to really large doses of sulfathiazole, a mysterious fact which is true of about ten or fifteen per cent of all gonorrhea. So far, nobody knows why.

An Amazing Preventive Record

Then another medical officer in the same district began to wonder if a still smaller dose of sulfathiazole wouldn't do just as well. He gave two grams to the sailors when they reported exposure and two more five hours later. One case developed, among a thousand men, and that again was a case that proved sulfathiazole-resistant.

Soon the Army began trying it in camps where the venereal disease rate was abnormally high. They got the same unbelievable results. A large Southern camp that had been having 171 cases of gonorrhea per thousand men per year, dropped quickly to eight cases. As the medical officer in charge put it, gonorrhea practically disappeared in that company. In this camp, some of the men were slightly nauseated by the drug, probably because a somewhat bigger dose of sulfathiazole was given.

It sounds like the answer to the old, old problem of gonorrhea and very possibly it is. But nothing is quite as simple as it sounds. It does seem to be a fact that sulfathiazole, given as much as twelve hours after exposure, will prevent gonorrhea in all but a very small number of cases. But there was the possibility that drug reactions would lower the men's physical and mental efficiency for several days. The men tested didn't seem to show such reactions. But how could anyone be sure? And where are you going to get enough sulfathiazole? The cost is small, something like ten cents per man monthly, but so far there aren't enough drug houses making it to fill such a demand.

These are some of the reasons why the Army and Navy aren't routinely using sulfathiazole for gonorrhea prophylaxis. In fact, the Navy right now is officially on record as being against its general use until more research work has been done as to its effect on the muscular co-ordination and the finer mental processes. It looks good, but the Navy wants to be sure.

The Army is continuing to use sulfathiazole prophylactically in carefully picked camps where the need is the greatest, and is trying to find out just how little

sulfathiazole a man can take and still be fairly certain of not catching gonorrhea. In one camp they tried giving two grams to the men who have been exposed, as soon as they report in, and then no more. In another, they are giving one gram on reporting in, and more some hours later, but they aren't ready yet to say whether this is effective. They hope it will be. The less drug, the less danger of side effects.

Meanwhile, the Army and Navy have asked the National Research Council—that group of brilliant, patriotic doctors finding out scientific facts that may help win the war—to work on the problem. Doctors all over the country are giving test groups of patients carefully controlled doses of sulfathiazole. Then they watch for symptoms and study muscular co-ordination, mental alertness and general efficiency.

Most of the reports are still to come in, but Doctor Joseph Earle Moore of Baltimore, well-known expert on venereal disease, says that, so far, sulfathiazole seems to have no appreciable side effects if, say, not more than six grams were taken not more than once a week. There are, of course, a certain number of people with a basic sensitivity to one sulfonamide or another, just as there are people who cannot take aspirin, but the percentage is small.

One group of research workers noted a transitory effect on the eyesight of the men who take the drug, and particularly on their depth perception, their ability to gauge distances. It is pretty important, for instance, that a man landing a plane be able to gauge accurately just how far he is off the ground. At present, the Army doesn't allow a man to fly for six days after taking a sulfonamide even in a prophylactic dose, but it seems probable that this time can be cut down later.

Obviously, half a dozen little white tablets swallowed after a day's liberty are, not the answer to the whole problem of venereal disease. For one thing, the sulfonamides seem to have no power against syphilis. For another thing, giving medicine, however effective, doesn't get at the source of the trouble.

Medical officers have estimated that probably twenty-five per cent of all soldiers and sailors will be continent and another fifteen per cent fairly promiscuous. The other sixty per cent might or might not, depending on circumstances.

More Selective in Love

Venereal disease has been dwindling a good deal even without sulfathiazole. Most of the credit for this, the medical officers say, should go to the men. They seem to be figuring out for themselves that cheap thrills don't measure up against love that is permanent and mutual, and that the girl at home is apt to be worth waiting for. But for that habitually promiscuous group, something like sulfathiazole is tremendously important.

Even though the Navy's venereal disease rate is the lowest in its history, it lost in 1941, 134,397 man-days from gonorrhea alone—enough to man two aircraft carriers and five destroyers for a whole month. Last year, it lost 150,000 man-days in the first nine months from all kinds of venereal disease, and 80 per cent of all venereal disease in the Navy is gonorrhea. The Army hasn't done quite the same figuring of loss of man-days, but the loss there of manpower is just about as staggering.

Medical officers aren't primarily concerned with morals. Their job is officially defined as that of keeping as many men at as many guns as many days as possible. If they could cut gonorrhea down to the eight or less cases per thousand that can't be prevented even by sulfathiazole, we'd have a much more efficient Army and Navy—and a much healthier civilian population when the war is over. ★★

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Caught in flat-footed surprise, Tokyo reels under the impact of American bombs, and the Ruptured Duck, safely away, meets up with the final bit of bad luck

III

TOKYO BAY was brilliant in the midday sun and looked as limitless as an ocean. I came down to within about 15 feet, while McClure checked our course. I kept the same slow speed, gas-saving but nerve-racking when I thought occasionally of the 400 m.p.h.-plus, diving speed of the Zeros.

We were about two minutes out over the bay when all of us seemed to look to the right at the same time and there sat the biggest, fattest-looking aircraft carrier we had ever seen. It was a couple of miles away, anchored, and there did not seem to be a man in sight. It was an awful temptation not to change course and drop one on it. But we had been so drilled in what to do with our four bombs, and Tokyo was now so close, that I decided to go on.

There were no enemy planes in sight. Ahead I could see what must have been Davey Jones climbing fast and hard and running into innocent-looking black clouds that appeared around his plane.

It took about five minutes to get across our arm of the bay, and while still over

the water I could see the barrage balloons strung between Tokyo and Yokohama, across the river from Tokyo.

There were no beaches where we came in. Every inch of shore line was taken up with wharves. I could see some dredging operations filling in more shore line, just as we were told we would. We shot in just over some of the most beautiful yachts I've ever seen, then over the heavier ships at the wharves and low over the first of the rooftops. I gave the ship a little more throttle for we seemed to be creeping along.

In days and nights of dreaming about Tokyo and thinking of the eight millions who live there, I got the impression that it would be crammed together . . . concentrated like San Francisco. Instead it spreads all over creation, like Los Angeles. There is an aggressively modern sameness to much of it, and now as we came in very low over it I had a bad feeling that we wouldn't find our targets. I had to stay low and thus could see only a short distance ahead and to the sides. I couldn't go up to take a good look without drawing anti-aircraft fire, which I figured would be very accurate by now because the planes that had come in ahead of me all had bombed from 1,500 feet. The buildings grew taller. I couldn't see people.

I was almost on the first of our objectives before I saw it. I gave the engines full throttle as Davenport adjusted the

prop pitch to get a better grip on the air. We climbed as quickly as possible to 1,500 feet, in the manner which we had practiced for a month and had discussed for three additional weeks.

There was just time to get up there, level off, attend to the routine of opening the bomb bay, make a short run and let fly with the first bomb. The red light blinked on my instrument board and I knew the first 500-pounder had gone.

Our speed was picking up. The red light blinked again and I knew Clever had let the second bomb go. Just as the light blinked, a black cloud appeared about 100 yards or so in front of us and rushed past at great speed. Two more appeared ahead of us, on about the line of our wing tips, and they too swept past. They had our altitude perfectly, but they were leading us too much.

The third red light flickered, and, since we were now over a flimsy area in the southern part of the city, the fourth light blinked. That was the incendiary, which I knew would separate as soon as it hit the wind and that dozens of small fire bombs would molt from it.

The moment the fourth red light showed I put the nose of the Ruptured Duck into a deep dive. I had changed the course somewhat, for the short run leading up to the dropping of the incendiary. Now as I dived I looked back and out and I got a quick, indelible vision of one of our 500-

pounders as it hit our steel-smelter target. The plant seemed to puff out its wall and then subside and dissolve in a black and red cloud.

Our diving speed picked up to 350 miles an hour in less time than it takes to tell it, and up there in the front of the vibrating bomber I dimly wondered why the Japanese didn't throw up a wall of machine-gun fire. We would have had to fly right through it.

I flattened out over a long row of low buildings and homes and got right out of there. I felt satisfied about the steel smelter and hoped the other bombs had done as well. There was no way of telling, but I was positive that Tokyo could have been damaged that day with a rock.

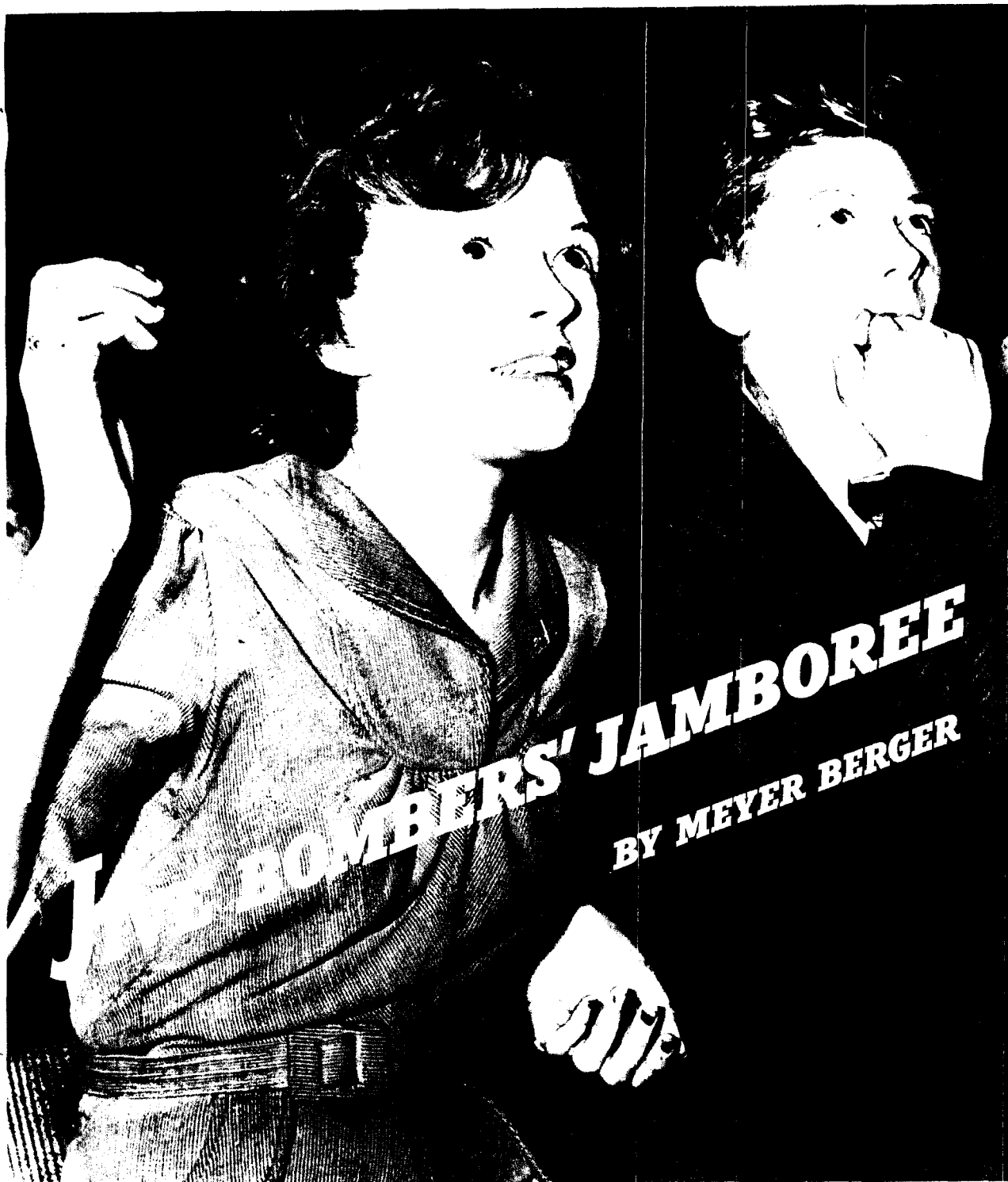
Our actual bombing operation, from the time the first one went until the dive, consumed not more than 30 seconds.

We were very low now, snaking back and forth, expecting a cloud of Zeros from moment to moment. I pushed the interphone button and asked Clever if he were sure the bombs were all away.

(Continued on page 37)

One of our 500-pounders hit our steel-smelter target. The plant seemed to puff out its walls and then subside and dissolve in a black and red cloud





When James lifts his trumpet, jitterbugs' eyes grow starry. Unconsciously they condition themselves for the brassy notes that "send them"—transport them into rare ecstatic altitudes

These slaves of the hot horn are in the state known among jitterbugs as "planted." Groovies in a single groove, so to speak. Their cry is, "Plant me now and dig me later, chum"



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
KNOPF-PIX AND ACME

A big theater and a man with a trumpet cause a phenomenon peculiar to the flashy Forties

NEW YORK CITY'S sobersides and sages ("oolie droolies" and "sad men" in jitterbug terminology) were deeply concerned a few weeks ago when thirty of the city's foot patrolmen and a detail of mounted cops rushed or galloped to the Paramount Theater on Times Square to shepherd block-long lines of adolescent groovies or hep cats swarming to hear the Afrodisiac trumpet of the dance-band leader, Harry James.

Most of the youngsters were fourteen to sixteen years old, clean, bright-faced and apparently quite normal. But starry eyes and a peculiar restlessness betrayed the jive bomber, the rug cutter and the jitterbug—the new generation of hot-music addicts. Lines began to form in the predawn. Queues widened, lengthened, coiled back on themselves, as busses, trains and subways let down additional thousands each hour. Ten thousand welled through the square before noon each day through Easter Week. Before the police got control, one morning, the kids had pushed in a large and expensive plate-glass window in a ticket agency.

The hot-music worshipers brought their own lunch from Brooklyn, the Bronx and from remote communities in Westchester County and New Jersey. Thousands sat through five and six shows, some even longer, forgoing dinner. The theater opened each morning at seven o'clock to accommodate the crush. The children wriggled ecstatically in their seats, moved convulsively each time Harry James "sent them," as they put it, with high trumpet blasts in Two o'Clock Jump and Sinner Kissed an Angel. They responded twitchily to Velvet Moon and That Old Black Magic under pastel blue lighting in the vast theater.

They surged out of their places, bore down grim ushers and danced in the carpeted aisles. Ten or twelve breached the last usher positions, clawed their way to the stage and knew brief moments of delirium as they got close to James and to his saxophones and fiddles. "We burned leather with Harry," they panted excitedly as they sank into their seats again. Hours later, as they reluctantly departed, hundreds of girls—hep Jills—left lipstick imprints on the glass protecting the band leader's photograph in the lobby.

The New York Times and other sober publications found this behavior incomprehensible. Grave news writers found in the phenomenon something akin to the ecstatic impulse of the 13th century that sent thousands of small fry on the Children's Crusade, or to the exultant mass migration that inspired the legend of The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Psychologists thought the recent jitterbug jamboree was an expression of adolescent bewilderment brought on by war, but didn't seem too certain about it. The kids laughed off these theories—and theorists. They said, "That's the way with oolie droolies. They ain't hep. They ain't solid. They ain't set and groovey like a five-cent movie." Which is the hep cats' way of saying the older generation doesn't understand or respond to hot trumpets.

The Paramount Theater booked \$105,000 in admissions as the swarms thickened throughout Easter Week. This figure has been exceeded only once, last Christmas-New Year holiday, then only because prices were considerably higher. Not all the \$105,000 was paid by the groovies, but nine tenths of it was. You could identify the jive addicts by their peg jumpers and zoot suits, by shoes upturned at the toes from excessive dancing. They exchanged the jitterbugs' ritualistic "slip me the skin" handshake. In this, they touch palms lightly and follow with "the blow and stow." After the palm contact, they breathe on their own palm, then stick the hand inside their finger-tip jackets.

Cooler heads were not upset by the phenomenon. The same thing happened, they point out, in February, 1938, when Benny Goodman's band played the Paramount. The kids who stormed the stage that week and scared the town's oldsters are on the war fronts now and, as press dispatches and communiqués indicate, they are giving a good account of themselves. The current groovies, more tolerant elders think, are merely second-string jitterbugs whom the war has suddenly heaved to the forefront. They'll probably turn out all right. ★★



Groovies and hep cats go in for finger-tip jackets, peg jumpers, double-length zoot chains and the double-lidded skimmer. "Skin me, hep cat" is their greeting



Unwearyed by sitting through show after show, these cats who are hep to the patter, prompt the performers, steal the singer's last triumphant notes



These are small-fry versions of the venerable stage-door Johns. The cops won't let them enter trumpet heaven because they are under age, but this doesn't prevent their scooting to the stage entrance where they can talk jive, wait for H. James' autograph

Morning shadows creep down The New York Times Building's sober gray walls, west of the Paramount. It's only eight o'clock in the morning, but some of these warm-horn jive bombers have been on the alert four hours, under cops' eyes



Jitterbugs attain seventh heaven. The hep Jills and hep Johns have stormed the Paramount Theater stage and fling themselves around with extraordinary abandon. Proximity to their current Svengali, at the right, raises them to delirious heights

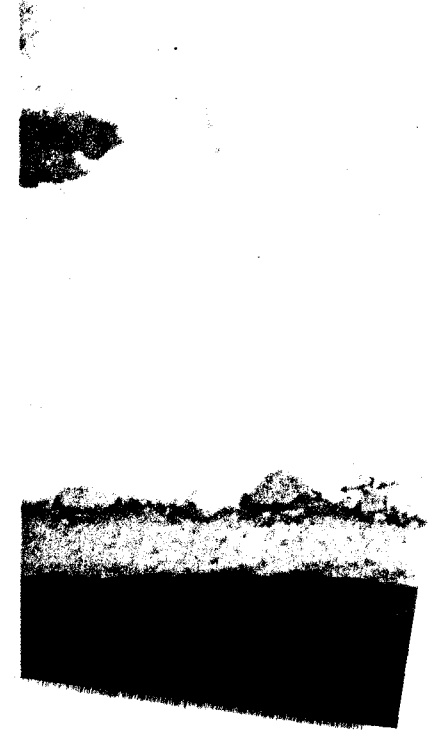


CAT and DOG MAN

By Daniel P. Mannix

One hundred and fifty pounds of cat . . . all of them mad. This old "tom" mountain lion, treed by the dogs, is trying to decide whether or not he will come down and fight

Old Spot is the largest and strongest of Bill Green's hounds, and a highly orthodox hunting dog. In the lower of the two pictures below he watches disapprovingly while Edwin Drexel, archery instructor at the Episcopal Academy, Overbrook, Pa., brings down a lion with bow and arrow. In the top picture he inspects the kill he helped track down



Bill Green's big-game hounds are unique survivals of the heroic hounds of antiquity—a pack of scarred killers that hold the world's record for bear and jaguar. But they prefer a scrappy, maddened lion every time. Come along and watch them work on a few

BILL GREEN once figured out that he has traveled the equivalent of three times the circumference of the earth with his pack of Green Mountain big-game hounds. They have hunted cattle-killing bear in Canada at 30 degrees below zero and, a month later, were toiling through the swamps of Matto Grosso in Brazil after jaguar, with the thermometer at 120. They have killed more black bear than any other pack in the world. They hold a similar record for jaguar.

New Brunswick has given Green a special permit to hunt with them anywhere in the province, the only time such a permit has ever been given. The government of Brazil has made special arrangements to have them shipped in and out of the country. They have traveled by plane, car, oxcart and raft. Every dog in the pack carries scars, and every scar tells the story of a desperate struggle with a cornered predator in some remote part of this hemisphere.

Bill calls his dogs the Green Mountain big-game hounds. You won't find any such breed listed in kennel registers, but that doesn't concern Bill Green. In order to get a strain of hounds that could follow a cold trail for three days and fight it out with a bear or a puma at the end of it, he created a new breed of dog.

One winter, while Bill Green was hunting in the Ozark Mountains, he ran across an old trapper who owned an enormous hound that

was famous for both trailing and fighting.

Later, Bill found two more dogs of the same breed in Texas. He bought all three dogs. He crossed the dogs with some bloodhound stock, added some blood from his own pack of hounds, and after several years of careful breeding, he produced the present strain.

At present, the pack consists of five dogs. First of all, there are Dick and Jack, the trail dogs, that have inherited abnormally keen noses from their bloodhound ancestors. They work a poor scent steadily and systematically, usually keeping together and functioning as a team.

Then there is Blue, a big bluetick hound with a tendency to range. If there is a dead spot in the trail, Blue will cast around and often pick up a wisp of scent in the shadow of a stone or in a damp spot while the other dogs are working it out by the rule of nose.

Spot, largest and heaviest of the dogs, has trouble with a difficult trail, but when the quarry finally turns at bay, Spot goes in, the wisest and most determined fighter of the pack, giving place to none in the actual battle—to none, that is, except Ranger.

Ranger is the leader of the pack. It is he who keeps the pack together and directs their movements when Bill has been left behind and the hounds are hot on a fresh scent.

Although Bill's pack has hunted every kind of predatory animal in North or South America, their specialty is probably mountain lion. Mountain lions, or pumas, are profitable in two ways. The state pays a bounty on them, and sportsmen pay for the privilege of shooting them. Bill's dogs have treed over three hundred lions in the past five years. Sometimes it's easy. Sometimes it's not.

Bill can remember vividly one time when it wasn't easy. One winter he was hunting mountain lions with a government trapper in Bill's favorite hunting ground, Joe's Valley—a long, narrow gouge in the mountains north of Castle Dale, Utah. The dogs had picked up a fresh scent and had disappeared among the trees, telling the whole valley of their discovery

and slipping and skidding on the snow crust.

Both Bill and the government man were mounted, and the horses had a hard time wading through the knee-deep snow. The men followed the steady baying of the hounds ("barking with the clock," hunters call it) until the sound changed to the eager, chopping bark that means the quarry is treed.

The dogs were snarling rather than barking as if they were right on top of the lion. The men urged their horses toward the noise and came out at the bottom of the valley instead of in the cedar forests at the top, where the lions usually tree.

Reared up in front of them was the face of a great, red, pocket-marked cliff. The men could hear the yelling of the hounds somewhere on the cliff face. But they couldn't see a dog, in spite of the glare of the late afternoon sun. The lion had treed all right, but not in a tree. He had turned at bay somewhere on the side of the cliff and the dogs, true to their training, had surrounded him and were holding him there until the men could come and help them.

Bill dismounted, pulled his carbine out of his boot, and started up the cliff. He worked his way up from ledge to ledge, his high-heeled cowboy boots slipping on the smooth rock. At last he crawled out on the shelf of rock where the dogs were. They were all talking but they seemed undecided, and there was no sign of the cat. The hot sun had killed the scent on the rocks, and although the hounds obviously knew the lion was somewhere close, they didn't know exactly where. They hoped Bill could tell them.

But Bill didn't know any more than the dogs. He rested his carbine against a rock and crept to the end of the shelf and looked down. There was no sign of the cat. Bill turned to go back—and found himself looking right into the lion's mask.

The puma was crouched on the ledge a few feet from him. It was lying under an overhang of rock, so well-hidden from the side where the dogs were that Bill (Continued on page 48)



These two pictures show the beginning and end of a lion hunt. Above, Bill Green calls the dogs and puts them on a fresh trail on the side of a snow-covered mountain. After eight hours of tracking, the lion was treed and shot. At the left, man, horse and dogs stop at a mountain stream for a drink on the way home, with the body of the lion slung across the saddle



This is a proud moment for members of the Alaska Territorial Guard as they pose with Governor Ernest Gruening, their commander in chief, standing in the center of his warriors

ESKIMO MINUTEMEN

BY GILBERT W. GABRIEL

Indian and Eskimo fishermen and trappers in Alaska's bleak wilderness who never heard of Lexington or Concord have been armed and organized. Call them guerrillas or minutemen, they mean to protect their homes and families from the Japs

UP THERE, on the cold nose of northern Alaska, a good many native Indians and Eskimos are ready for any possible Jap attack. They are armed and under oath to help defend their river bends, their Bering Sea seal bays and their hide-lined homes, their wives with tattooed faces, their children in wolverine-trimmed parkas, and all else that means America to them. They are part of that bleak wilderness' duly constituted second line of defense.

Officially they are the Alaska Territorial Guard. Governor Ernest Gruening and his military aides have done almost all the organizing, indoctrinating and supplying of them in this wide-flung volunteer movement to fill the gaps made when the Alaska National Guard joined the U. S. Army. With his own hands the governor has pinned the Territorials' insignia on the shoulders of whole units of old Arctic guides and stripling walrus hunters; has also distributed commissions among the village headmen. On his latest trip for that purpose he covered a mere 6,000 wild miles.

He covered them by landplane, sea-plane and forty-foot trading schooner. Accompanied by Major Marvin R. Marston, U.S.A., and Gene Badger, photographer for the OWI, the governor accomplished almost a month's circuit of Alaska's lantern-slide scenery—peaks and mountain passes, heaving glaciers, tundra, muskeg, winding rivers and sick-making sea. Night stops were made in the world's tiniest, toughest towns along the Yukon and the Kuskokwim, in the raw settle-

ments of Indian fishermen and trappers, where each of the huddled few log houses has to have its elk's horn hung over the front and only door, and where the white schoolteacher and the mission priest are sole emissaries, as a rule, of the outside world. Noon pauses coasted the governor's party down sometimes on one pontoon at a top speed to suit the twistings of a little creek, the only landing place within trudging distance of any miner's diggings or a driftwooded beach.

Everywhere at every pause for chance lodging and grave, ceremonial handshakes, the party enlisted another Indian unit of guerrillas, gave them their guns and inspected their high-stilted caches of emergency supplies in the hills behind the town. There was something harking grimly back to American Revolutionary history about it. For the first time almost since Lexington, Americans were distributing and receiving arms to defend their very doorsteps.

The interior duly cared for—to the tune of a backwoods Indian jazz band for every new take-off—the party switched to

schooner and the sea. They were two whole days in ever-rougher, colder water, and almost all of those two days in what they now describe as mercifully suspended animation in the little boat's reeking, high-rocking hold.

They landed on a northerly island, only an eye's-throw from the Siberian coast. It is the biggest of the Bering Strait ones, and it is compounded entirely of mountain and tundra, roller coasters of bleak white sphagnum moss, seal bays, reindeer, red fox, white fox, red-and-white fox (depending on the season), fossil tusks, traces of Eskimos dead two thousand years—and a couple of villages, of course, of Eskimos now happily alive.

Eskimo people and, at a ratio of five to every person, Eskimo dogs. The people charged out in their umiaks to greet the anchoring schooner and to carry the party ashore through thick rain and wind-goated surf. The dogs and the children stayed at the shore's edge and enjoyed it when one of the umiaks overturned and dumped white man and cameras and lots of luckily tin-foiled film into the waves. But it was kindly and cordial enjoyment, and everybody, dogs included, swelled the welcome chorus as the party squdged up the beach against a mile of gale and driving sleet to the village schoolhouse.

They Say It with Silence

There, to an Eskimo drumbeat, the first formal salutations were expressed. An interpreter was required. The island adults cling to their own language—which knows no adjectives or writing symbols. Mostly, the self-respecting male citizens prefer to say it with silence. They will sit around on their haunches in their underground sanctuary, the kashga, for hours of speechless, luxurious immobility.

Their original houses were all of walrus hide. They still are—except that, out of compliment to the white man, some of the more enterprising families have built completely undecorative and superfluous shells of driftwood around the hides. These imitative houses are all strictly standard: In each of them a walrus-hung vestibule opens upon a single chimneyless room, invariably twenty feet in length and only five high. They are that short a people. And that primitive, too. The whole family lives, eats, works, loves on the innocence of one skin floor.

Not one of them could pronounce Roosevelt. But not one of them who, able-bodied and gun-worthy, was not proud to pledge extraordinary service and take on day-and-night duty to patrol the cloud-hung coves, and to train under Major Marston's direction on the impromptu drill grounds of the gray gravel beach and the tough-rooted tundra. With the shoulder-tab which turned his parka into a military uniform—that blue field of northern stars with which a fourteen-year-old Alaskan boy won the competition for a Territorial flag design—each was particularly pleased. Now, henceforth and forever, each is a proved American. Now, no matter how near-by-kayak his cousins may be on some Russian Eskimo shore, he himself is Uncle Sam's son—and he can do more than pronounce his father's good name. He can fight for it.

He can fight for it with more than Army rifles, too. For he has traditional weapons of his own, murderous, ideal for guerrilla warfare: his whale knives, his spear, and even his oosik. The oosik is a club of strongest bone. It comes from the walrus. The Eskimo whacks his rebellious dogs with it. He can crush a skull or snap a back with one. It has been made an at least semiofficial part of his Guard equipment.

In the words of one village headman, now officer of the Guard: "If Jap come try steal home—steal wife—steal walrus—I KILL JAP!" ★★★

A war of wills, between men instead of nations, and fought in a desert shell hole

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

OVER there," the sergeant ordered. "Step lively." The two prisoners moved off. The lieutenant glanced after them.

"The blighters look happy," he observed.

"Eyetalians!" the sergeant said.

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that chappie over there won't surrender," he remarked. "He's mutton. Have to put him under, Sergeant."

"Very good, sir."

"Spot of bother. One less to scrounge rations, though." The lieutenant paused. "Odd, he's smiling," he went on. "Bit odd, for that matter, how mixed up these beggars have got. These three—each from a different division—all tumbling into the same hole."

"That's war, sir. Shall I carry on, sir?"

The lieutenant turned away. "Yes, do."

IT WAS only a few acres on the northern slope of Vesuvius. But it was as prodigal in its fertility as the whole sun-kissed sweep along the blue bay. The vines, festooned between the elms, were purple-clustered. The peaches and the oranges and the olives and the apricots were heavy-fruited. The wheat grew eighty bushels to the acre twice in the year.

Papá and Mamma Luini were fruitful, too. Enrico was the seventh of ten and number eleven was on the way. Mamma Luini used to tell him seven was a lucky number. Enrico listened and forgot. He basked in the sun like a roly-poly puppy. He toddled on dimpled little legs after Mamma and Papá. He ate bits of macaroni and overripe peaches and crickets with their legs pulled off and whatever came to mouth. Life was easy. Life was good.

Life was still good as he grew older. True, he had to give a hand, keeping the crows from the wheat, helping stamp out the wine with his chubby little feet, gathering the windfalls, chasing the grunting pigs out of the orchard. But there was no school to bother him. There was the priest, of course, and the Virgin with the Holy Child, beautifully tinted and with halos round their heads. Such things were part of living—no less and no more than the sun sparkling on the blue curve of the bay down below, or the russet and rose of Napoli in the distance, or his father grumbling at the taxes and the "Party," or the smoke from Padre Vesuvio drifting lazily across the sky. You didn't think about such things. You accepted them. You grew up.

But they came and took Brother Jacopo away one morning. Mamma cried. Papá swore. Enrico hid behind the barn. Brother Jacopo came home on leave. In his uniform he didn't seem like Brother Jacopo any more. You kept out of his way. Then, he was gone—to Ethiopia, the priest said.

You didn't know where Ethiopia was. Mamma and Papá didn't know either. All any of you knew was that you never saw or heard of Brother Jacopo again.

PIETRO was the next to go. Pietro went to Spain, wherever that was. After a while Pietro came back. He came back minus an eye and an arm. One leg dragged, too, like the old he-goat's leg that had been broken. Once Pietro tried to tell them about it. Since Pietro didn't really know where he'd been or why he'd been sent, the only impression Enrico got was that Pietro had been fighting the Bolsheviks and that the Bolsheviks were bad.

Enrico wasn't interested anyway. Enrico was far more interested when the day's work was over in slipping out to meet Emilia in the soft spring nights with the full moon shining through the trees and the frogs chorusing and the long banner from Padre Vesuvio floating in the sky. Emilia was soft. Emilia was rounded. What did it matter to Enrico that there was another war on?

There was one night of terror, though; one night when they all woke and rushed out and, crouching on the hillside, watched the skies red over Napoli and heard the terrifying roar of the planes and the boom of the guns and the smashing explosions of the bombs.

The Inglési, it was whispered. Why, Enrico didn't know. By next morning the (Continued on page 32)

"Come on! Move!" Ricardo said in a low, savage voice, feeling for his pistol. "I wouldn't do that," Rino said; the muzzle of his machine gun was unwavering

Divided they Fall

BY W.G. HARDING



THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of marrying, "Kip" Galloway, an American flier, is ordered to England. He goes, by clipper, after postponing his wedding.

His fiancée—"Pam" Neill—works as women's and girls' personnel director in an airplane plant. One of the plant's big men—Alec Fraser, Kip's cousin—is secretly in love with Pam. Another man who is strongly attracted to her is an important government official: Jerome Hayes, coordinator of airplane production. Hayes' wife—Julia—is suspicious, jealous.

In New York City, Pam meets an English-woman who suggests that she go to England and there observe how the women are helping in the war effort. Hayes endorses the idea heartily; and Pam flies to England.

Kip gives her a warm welcome. She soon learns, however, that something is wrong. *But what?* It does not take her long to find the answer: Eve Kennedy, a wealthy English widow, has fallen in love with Kip; and Kip is far more interested in Eve than he, an engaged man, should be!

Shocked, hurt, wondering what she should do, Pam visits factories, interviews women workers, and gathers much data that will be of great value to America. Then she flies back to this country, without telling Kip goodbye.

Alec—always to be depended on—meets her. He informs her that Hayes is in the city, at one of the prominent hotels. He asks her numerous questions about her trip and Kip; then, leaving her, he starts for the plant.

Pam does not go home. Instead, she takes a taxi to Hayes' hotel. Hayes tells her, on a house phone, that he is anxious to have a talk with her; he suggests, diffidently, that she come up to his room.

A few minutes later, they are deep in a discussion of Pam's experiences overseas. After a time, Hayes remarks that he had rather expected her to return "Mrs. Galloway." Pam hesitates; then, "I am not going to marry Kip," she says slowly.

Hayes is genuinely surprised. "Sometimes," he says thoughtfully, "we're well out of these things. He's a handsome fellow, but from the one time I saw him I didn't think he was good enough for you. . . . It would be hard for a man to be good enough, Pamela."

Pam, listening, feels the tears start in her eyes. She needs to have someone want her. Kip doesn't. Nor, she thinks, does Alec. . . .

Conclusion

AT THE plant, Pamela was conscious of a new interest in her. Stares followed her everywhere. The office boy looked at her as at a heroine. She felt like a cheat—a helpless one. They weren't staring because of her new responsibilities, or admiring her because she had crossed the Atlantic last month. It was all because of what Kip had done, because the newspapers and the radios were featuring him. It was his glory that was shining on her, and to deny him now, before he had asked for it, would be a horrid business and at the moment a public one.

"You certainly must be proud of him!" said her secretary. "I left that last account of it on your desk. I thought you'd want to clip it."

"Thanks very much," answered Pamela, looking down at Kip's picture. She was proud of him. She was full of deep admiration and thankfulness. More than that, she was glad that he had been given his chance at terrific adventure. It had come his way, just as if the best had been saved for him.

There had been news of a great raid which had made bombing history. It was given out by the censors, perhaps for reassurance, perhaps for inspiration. And Kip was a hero of the history. With the crew to which he belonged he had dropped bombs on a very important target and there were pictures to show a terrible and useful destruction that was as great as the taking of enemy territory. But that was only part of it. The pilot of the bomber had been killed, the copilot wounded, and

He caught her close, tenderly, with authority. "You did mean it," he said. "My darling, you've let yourself in for it. I'm going to love you"

after that, Kip had taken over, bringing the half-shattered ship and its wounded crew back to safety, handling the ship with such courage and such audacity that its gunners managed to shoot down the German fighters who pursued and attacked them. It was a personal exploit, carried out beyond anticipated orders or direction, and the credit went to Kip by name.

"Will you talk to a reporter, Miss Neill?"

"Certainly not. I wish you'd ask them to leave me out of this."

"They want to know if you'd give them a new picture."

"No."

"Then they're sure to use those old ones from The Hour again."

"I can't help that. This is strictly Kip's business."

"Yes, but you know how people are. They're interested in the girl he's going to marry."

Pamela bit her lip and didn't say anything except, "I have a lot of work to do today. I want to be left alone in my room for a while."

She had been back three weeks and there had been no reason to tell anyone except Jerome Hayes that she wasn't going to marry Kip. The next move had to come from Kip, some word to show that he had understood what she meant in her letter. Perhaps a lack of word from him, sustained for a long enough time, would be the answer. There might be a curt line from Eve. In any case, it had seemed no one's business.

Then, one morning, Kip's daring had been news and he had been almost national business, and so was everyone who was close to him. To detract from his adventure by some glaring headline, like "Kip Galloway's Girl Breaks Engagement," was unthinkable. It wasn't the time, so Hayes had told her last night.

He was very clear about it.

"Of course, it's embarrassing to you, if things stand as they do, but it's better than letting the newspaper boys get word of a break between you. You'd be crucified. And he'd be tarnished. He's a hero for the hour."

"And deserves it," said Pamela.

"You bet he does," agreed Hayes, "that fellow has the stuff in him. You still think it's all off?"

"I'm not likely to hang onto Kip just because he's in the news," she said. "It isn't news to me anyway. This is just exactly what Kip would do. It's what he was looking for, what he'll go on doing."

What did Eve Kennedy think about it? Pamela wondered about that. Had Eve known when the battle was going on? Had she been frightened for Kip?

She had said that she wanted to work and looked up impatiently as the door opened. But it was Alec this time.

"I see the reporters are stalking you, like a wild thing," he remarked.

"Let them stalk."

"It's very handsome publicity."

"It's disgusting to drag me in. I've nothing to do with it."

"What's his is yours. Or going to be."

She hadn't told Alec about the break with his cousin. She hadn't seen much of Alec during these weeks. Alec hadn't asked her out and she knew that probably he was going about with Jinx. She couldn't stop that either.

Even if he had asked her, she wouldn't have had much time to play. There were the new conferences in Washington, in addition to everything else. Jerome Hayes had done everything to make those comfortable, seeing that she had priorities on planes and advance reservations at hotels. But she worked long hours, and whenever she was free there was usually something to talk over during dinner with Jerome. Hayes hadn't asked Alec to come along with them lately.

(Continued on page 66)



SHARE THE RIDE

One! . . . Two! . . . Paratrooper Lane was Number Six. The flashing signal light in the darkened transport caught the grim jut of his young jaw. In a moment he too would be plunging down into the unknown. Unknown? Not quite. Hate was certainly waiting down there. Hate and Cunning. Hate and Cunning and Death.

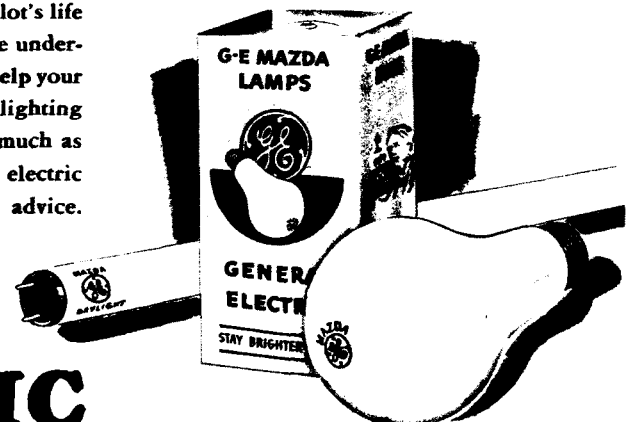
Paratrooper Lane relaxed and chuckled; then whispered to the man ahead: "Wonder how the folks back home would like to share this ride?"

This is one of the tiny G-E MAZDA lamps that signals paratroopers when to jump. On bombers it indicates "bombs away." It is only one of hundreds of types of special lamps that General Electric makes for military service.



From parachutes to planes . . . light is part of the picture. When a pilot's life hangs on accurate stitching . . . or when there's riveting to be done on the underside of a bomber, light has a job to do. If you're in war work, we want to help your lighting do that job . . . with present equipment, if possible. Perhaps a lighting expert can show you simple, practical ways to increase usable light as much as 50%. Just call the nearest lamp office of General Electric. Or your local electric service company or G-E MAZDA lamp supplier can give you valuable advice.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Johnny Doughboy Met a Thorn in Rosie!

HEY! AREN'T YOU BEING SORT OF ROUGH ON THE GUY THAT LOVES YOU?

SURE AND IT'S NOT TO MY LIKING TO BE HARD ON YOU, JOHNNY!

THEN WHY THE SUDDEN BLITZ?

'TIS BECAUSE OF SOMETHING IT'S HARD TO FIND THE WORDS FOR, JOHNNY. COULDN'T YOU BE SEEING A DENTIST... FOR ME?

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

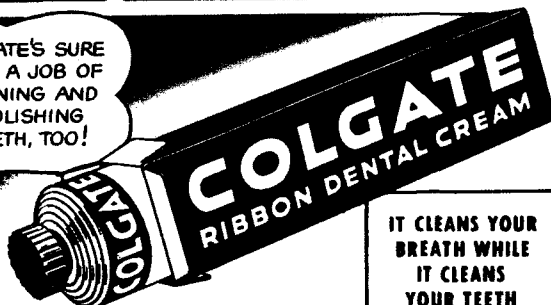
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

SURE AND IT'S THE LUCKY BRIDE I AM, JOHNNY!

I'M THE ONE WHO'S SHOT WITH LUCK, ROSIE! JOHNNY DOUGHBOY'S FOUND A ROSE IN IRELAND—AND A WIFE!

COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Take an empty tube with you when you buy

The Man Who Stuck His Neck Out

By Helena Huntington Smith

The problems of maintaining world peace are going to be nobody's political football if Joe Ball has his way—and you can't discount a man who sold internationalism in, of all places, Minnesota

ALBERT FENN-PIX



UP TO October, 1940, the junior senator from Minnesota had never held any public office. Worse yet, he was a newspaperman—just a political reporter on a St. Paul, Minnesota, newspaper.

Then, in the summer of 1940, Minnesota's Senator Lundeen was killed in a plane crash. Governor Harold Stassen went over the heads of at least a hundred better-qualified (in their own estimation) aspirants, and named his friend Joe Ball, the political writer, to the vacancy in the U. S. Senate.

If he had appointed Gypsy Rose Lee, there could not have been a bigger uproar in Minnesota. The general feeling was summed up by one newspaper editorial that followed its statement of the facts of the appointment with the simple comment: "Good God!"

Time passed. Last fall Joseph Hurst Ball was elected to the Senate with the enthusiastic backing of the "Good God!" newspaper, among others. In March he was one of four senators who offered a resolution proposing a United Nations organization, after the war, to maintain world peace. It's known as the Ball Resolution because Joe Ball is its principal author.

Action on that resolution is still pending as this is written. But already it has made history, because it is the first time legislators of the two parties have gotten together to declare that winning the peace is too important an issue to be kicked around this country in a political football game. Two of the senators, Burton of Ohio and Ball of Minnesota, are Republicans. Hill of Alabama and Hatch of New Mexico are Democrats.

The senators had read the Constitution, which provides for treaty-making by the Executive "with the advice and consent of the Senate." "Advice," they observed, had fallen into the discard, the most notable act of the Senate in a generation having been its stubborn refusal to consent to the Treaty of Versailles. They wanted the Senate to revise its function of "advising," by declaring ahead of time that it stood back of the President's foreign policy.

There are a number of fancy theories in circulation as to who and what inspired Senator Ball to offer his resolution. What happened was actually very simple. One afternoon in February, Republican Senator Ball and Democratic Senator Hill got to talking about the Gillette Resolution, which calls for approval of the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter. They agreed that while it was good, it didn't go far enough; and Senator Hill, who is also the Democratic whip, said: "You're a newspaperman, Joe. Why don't you draft one?" Joe did.

The Minnesota Enigma

Senator Truman heard of it and gave a luncheon to which he invited ten or twelve interested senators. Quite a few would have been willing to sponsor the resolution, but it was decided to limit the number to four.

Washington was amazed. What was a senator from isolationist Minnesota doing in this picture? Was Joe Ball just defying the people back home, or had something been happening in Minnesota?

Something had been happening, all right. But nobody knew it until last election, when Ball—who was thirty-seven on Election Day and the youngest member of the Senate—stuck his neck out on the international question farther than any politician since Woodrow Wilson. And won.

Anxious friends had pleaded with Joe to play safe and lay off foreign policy. Instead, Joe charged up and down the state telling the voters: "There is only one issue in this election, and that is our foreign policy." Did they, he demanded, want their children's children "to die on some future battlefield, rectifying the mistakes

of appeasement-minded and isolationist leaders"? Or did they want United Nations co-operation and an international police force?

Whatever they wanted, they wanted more of Joe Ball. They also re-elected his friend, Governor Stassen, who made almost as much of an issue of postwar world affairs as Joe did.

Joe Ball's supporters found themselves wishing at times that he would be just a little more tactful. There was the time he addressed a picnic of Townsendites in the summer of 1941.

He spent half an hour explaining to the old folks why their plan was all wet. He advocated lower tariffs and reciprocal trade treaties. This was bad medicine to the farm organizations, who jumped on him for a free trader—a serious charge in his part of the country. Instead of soft-soaping people, he pursued a general policy of telling audiences what was wrong with them and their opinions.

His wife, Betty Ball, has worked beside him ever since they had adjoining desks on the Minneapolis Journal in 1928. They were married in April of that year, when they were each making fifteen dollars a week. After that there were years of ups and downs, mainly downs. Then Joe got a job with the Pioneer Press and, for five years before he was promoted to political writing, worked nights and lived on a hundred dollars a month.

A Domesticated Senator

Betty Ball comes to the Senate office building every day to help handle the enormous mail concerning the resolution. Even on a senator's \$10,000 salary they are none too affluent, with three children, the income tax and Washington living expenses. Joe dries the dishes before he goes to the capitol in the morning.

Joe, who was born in Crookston, in northern Minnesota, had to work for everything he got, including an education. He went to three colleges but never took a degree because of money troubles. As a newspaperman he was on the serious side and always did a lot of digging on his stories. He liked to play poker, but otherwise his idea of a good time was to sit up nights talking high politics and world affairs with some kindred thinker such as Governor Stassen.

In 1941, as senator, Joe took a stand for Lend-Lease, when his mail was running 10 or 15 to one against it. Later he came out just as flat-footedly for repeal of the Neutrality Act.

That summer he went home and stumped the state. Betty drove the car as they went from one small town to another while Joe explained Lend-Lease and preached the menace of Hitler at county fairs, picnics, labor meetings, and women's clubs. His audiences never applauded much. Scandinavian farmers and their wives listened and drank pop. There were Germans and Irish and Bohemians as well, whose fathers had come over here to find peace and prosperity and to escape the hated militarism of Europe. They too wanted peace. Up to now their leaders had told them that the way of peace was to distrust England and turn their back on world affairs.

The following summer when Joe came back after Pearl Harbor and talked to them about the necessity of organizing the world to prevent future wars, they still didn't do any cheering. Were they for him? Until they voted, you couldn't tell.

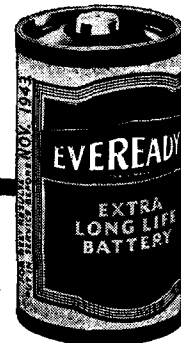
The election itself, last November, was their answer. Joe fought it out with a bitter, old-line isolationist and won.

There are many who would explain away his victory by saying that a Stassen Republican, in that election, couldn't lose. But it's not that simple. Thanks to Stassen and Ball, the isolationist myth has been exploded to fragments in Minnesota. ★★★

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extraordinary Service demands have tre-
mendously reduced the civilian supply.



"Pssst!" said Herbie, and the sheep, with head and shoulders through the widened space, decided it would change its home

TO BUY A BLACK PIG

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT DARLING

Detective Delehanty combats the black market, one ram, some hard guys and a 22-pound ham, with comic results

HERBIE DELEHANTY, the detective, is an asset of the law who gathers honors easily. In the place of science, he employs muscles and an intuition, which, like baldness and the color of your eyes, remain a heritage and not for sale. In his love nest in the Bronx, where he resides with wife and Little Hoi-bit, two years old, there is on proud display a recent photograph of Herbie and the mayor of the city of New York. It shows them shaking hands.

"You'd think the mayor would have taken off his hat," said Mrs. Delehanty. "It hides your face."

"Gracie—please don't be complainin'," Herbie said. "It was a windy day. Besides, I don't think hizzoner can lift his hat any more; there's too much on his mind."

"You mean the OCD or the OPA or the ODT?"

"Black markets," Herbie said, "is what hizzoner hates the most. It won't be tolerated in New York."

"H'mmmm," said Gracie. "Well, don't

look at me. I tramp my feet off every day. The butcher thinks he's very funny. 'Madam,' he says, 'we got globaloney and no baloney. So I asked him, 'How is it that Mrs. Herman gets a twelve-pound ham, then?' 'Did she?' says the butcher, then he shuts up like a clam."

"A twelve-pound ham," said Herbie dolefully, "is but a memory to me. But I remember yesterday you tell me Mrs. Herman gets a ham, an' I know there isn't two hams in New York if you exclude the captain an' the inspector. So I'm sort of hangin' around that butcher shop today. I'm in a place across the street from there an' havin' a glass of beer—lookin' innocentlike when a truck comes up an' a guy unloads, an' who do you think it is?"

Gracie went on setting the table in the foyer. "I'm listenin', darling. Yes? Who was the driver of the truck?"

"Benny Benito—a thief who's on parole," said Herbie. "A chump I locked up seven months ago for pickin' pockets in a church. I said to the parole board, 'No!' But Benny's got connections, and Benny's a good mechanic, so they let 'im out. I say that Benny's still a bum and that there ain't no bolts on a loin of pork. What kind of a mechanic is that?"

"Eat, darling," Gracie said. "Keep up your strength."

Herbie did as he was told. He chewed mechanically, pondering soberly the justice

by which Mrs. Herman got a twelve-pound ham. Unsatisfied, he was determined to find out.

"Not only is Benny a crook," he said to Gracie, "but he's got a brother who's a bigger crook an' never been in jail. Bummy. Bummy Benito, the fighter. The Riverside Rivet, from Riverside, New York. That's up near Tarrytown. Bummy's retired now, in the ice business or something. How do I know he's a crook? Six years ago the bum throws a fight in the Garden. What do I care it wasn't proved. I had twenty dollars on the slob. He took a dive."

MRS. HERMAN welcomed Herbie's inquiry. The ham? It was delicious. Have a piece? She held a slice in front of him. She was a motherly old lady, happy with the ham. Herbie snapped like a Newfoundland dog. The ham was good.

"For ninety cents a pound," said Mrs. Herman, "it should be carved from Mr. Hitler."

Mrs. Herman didn't know about the OPA. She said that she had heard, but that the letters got so mixed up it was not like A-B-C but difficult. At his suggestion that her ham could be less than a patriotic ham, she gasped. "How did I know?" she asked. "I was only trying to provide my family with food. I am as patriotic as the next."

"I know," said Herbie. "Sure. But in these times."

"Well," Mrs. Herman said, "the butcher didn't give the ham to me. He said, 'Mrs. Herman, we are old friends; can you keep a secret?' and I said, 'Why not?' and then a fellow comes around; he's got a truck and gives the ham to me."

"He is a guy about so big? He's got an ear sticks out like this? He's got a new mustache, with maybe twenty hairs in it?"

"Exactly."

"Mrs. Herman," Herbie said, "you now are part of National Defense—you understand? Don't breathe a word to anybody that I talked to you about the ham. That fellow comes back with anything else—just take it; pay him what he asks for it. Don't say a word. Don't say that you know me. I've taken my name out of the bell downstairs. You trust me, Mrs. Herman?"

"I always say the Delehantys are our nicest neighbors," Mrs. Herman said. "You'll have another piece of ham?"

IT WAS a June day and the heat lay heavy on the Bronx. The sun had fried the tar between the paving blocks, and Herbie wondered where the kids got the energy to bounce balls against the high wall of the packing house. He had parked his car against the curb that paralleled the

(Continued on page 71)



Troops aboard sleeper en route to new stations

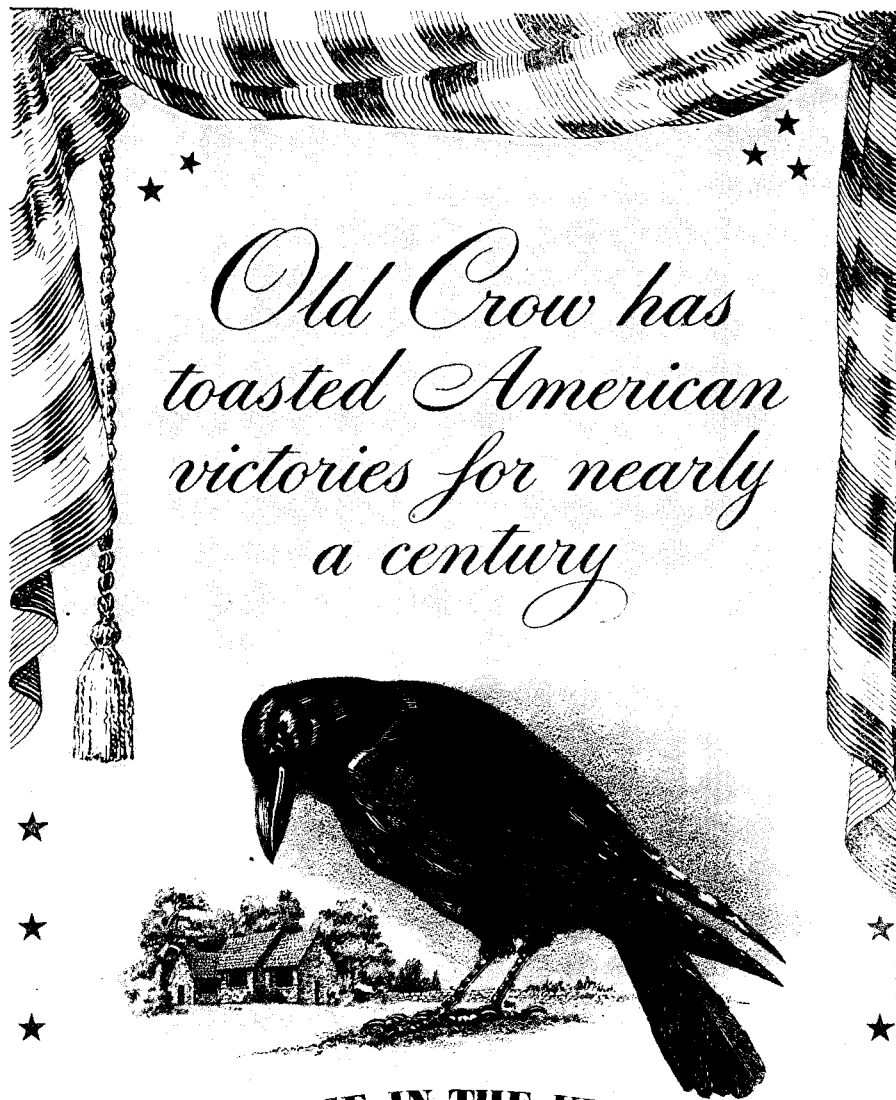
As we see them—as we meet them cheerfully heading into the unknown—we realize how little we're doing for them

If they want "snapshots from home"—and they all say they do—it's up to us who are at home to see that they get them. Right?

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Divided They Fall

Continued from page 25

terror was half forgotten. When night came—and Emilia—and the lush smells of spring—and field mice squeaking—and the fireflies tangled in tiny braids of light, Enrico didn't think of anything.

Seven had been a lucky number. It was lucky no longer. They came to get Enrico. Enrico didn't want to go. Why should he fight? He wasn't mad at anybody.

That's what he told them. They dragged him away. His mother cried. His sisters cried. Papá Luini went and sat in the back of the house and put his head between his hands. The last memory Enrico had of his home was of his mother running down the sunken lane between the peach trees, the tears streaming down her face, shouting "Dio—Dio—" after him.

There was the drill and the curses and the being knocked about. There was the stale food and the crowded barracks. There was, finally, the night when Enrico, along with hundreds of others, was jammed aboard a dirty, smelly steamer.

Enrico was sure that this was the end. He wept. He prayed. He was violently and unashamedly seasick. When at last, unbelievably, he saw land and was herded ashore, he fell down and offered a prayer of thanks to the Virgin. The land might be desolate. It might not have a spear of green—unless you called a few bedraggled lifeless shrubs green. But it was land. The worst was over.

The worst was only beginning. There were marches under a sun like a red-hot kettle in a sky of copper. There were explosions underfoot and shells and bombs overhead. There was death—a man blown to bits, another collapsing suddenly, with his whole throat flowering into blood.

ENRICO sweated with fear. He wanted to run. He didn't know where to run. He didn't even know where he was. Besides, there were the Germans.

Enrico was scared of the Germans. His own officers? They were bad enough. You expected it of them. You understood when they cursed you or planted a boot in your backside. The Germans, though. They were cold. They sneered. And they killed without even being mad at you. They killed Francesco when he started to run—and let him lie. They shot Antonio when he fell out of line and said he wouldn't go a step farther.

Yes, the explosions ahead were bad.

They were death—maybe. But the Germans were death—right now.

Enrico plodded ahead. The officers were cheerful now. They said the Inglés were beaten. When the Army stopped and Enrico was set to digging they said one more attack and they would get to Cairo.

Cairo! From what the men said, Enrico began to build up a Paradise. There was water there—good water. There were trees—green trees. There were girls—Nubian dancing girls. From what the men said, they were more exciting even than Emilia. Between curses and kicks Enrico went around dreaming of Cairo.

WHEN the attack came it was the Inglés who began it. Enrico was sleeping at the time. He woke, and for one terrified moment he thought that Padre Vesuvio had blown up. He couldn't have told you how he came to be in a trench. When the sergeant ordered him to fire he kept his eyes fast closed and pulled the trigger. When the sergeant said to run he ran back to another foxhole.

This went on for days. Enrico couldn't have told you how many. Then the word spread that the Inglés had broken through. Then the tanks came.

Enrico ran, then, without being told. He found himself part of a mob, all running. There were trucks, the rumor ran, trucks to take them where the Inglés couldn't get at them and kill them. When they got where the trucks were supposed to be, there weren't any trucks. The Germans had taken them.

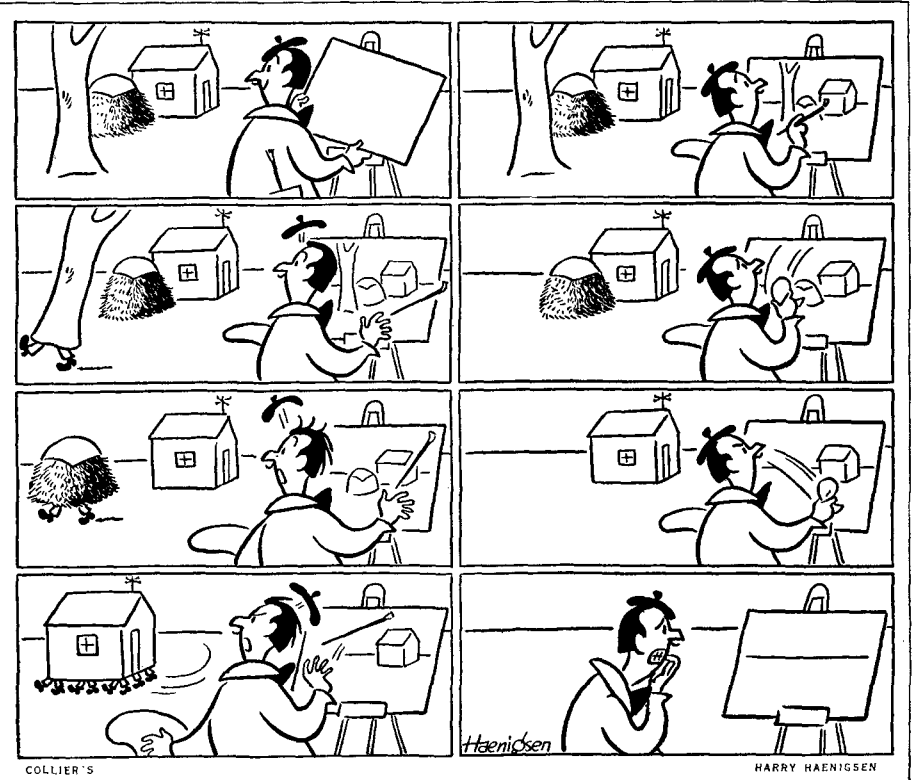
Then the bombers came. The mob split. It ran every which way. Enrico was in a group which ran right into the desert. Suddenly there were more tanks.

Enrico gave up. He flung himself on the ground, hugging it.

It was some time later that he realized that the tanks had gone on. He got up. He was alone. He was still terror-mad. He ran for a while. Later he walked. It was just before dusk that he tumbled over a hummock of sand into a hollow. When he started to get up, there was a man pointing a machine gun at him.

Enrico flung up both hands. He screamed out not to shoot—not to shoot.

The man cursed in Italian. He lowered the machine gun slowly. Enrico sobbed in relief. He dropped in the sand, panting, making animal-like noises. After a



COLLIER'S

HARRY HAENIGSEN

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

Linda Wheaton was in love, on the verge of marrying, when her fiancé's mother came to her. "Linda," she said, "I'd rather die than tell you this." But tell her she did. And what she told her starts a fascinating story

BY
**FAITH
BALDWIN**

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

while it occurred to him to ask the man what they were going to do now.

"I'm staying right here till morning," the man told him.

"But the Inglés—if they come—"

"I'm going to surrender, you dumb ox."

"Surrender?"

"Yes, you ape. Surrender. Give myself up to the British. Then, I'll be safe."

Safe! A beatific smile spread over Enrico's face. Safe! "Me—I'm going to surrender, too," he announced.

RINO NEGRI wasn't like Enrico. He knew where he was. Rino was educated. It was not a formal education. It came from diving in and out of the canals and dodging through the narrow streets and age-old squares of Venezia with a band of youngsters like himself. By the time he was seven Rino knew how to snatch a loaf of bread or a string of fish from a vender's cart. He could make away with a necklace from the shops in the colonnades around the Piazza San Marco, or grab a handbag from a woman and be off like an eel slipping into water. He could tell you which of the *carabinieri* could be wheedled into letting you go and from which ones the only thing was to wrench away with a sudden twist even if it meant leaving half your ragged shirt behind. One look at a tourist and he knew what to do. He knew which ones were best approached by impudence and for which ones all you needed was to put on a saintly, ill-used look to get a whole pocketful of centesimi, with, perhaps, a lira or two thrown in. Yes, there wasn't much danger of Rino starving, even if he was on his own in Venezia. A boy as smart as Rino learns fast.

Occasionally in that first year and in the year that followed he visited what once used to be his home. He couldn't have told you why. It was, possibly, the same instinct which takes a cat back to the house where its owner formerly lived. In any case, every now and then, Rino would slip away from the other youngsters and make his way to the narrow, smelly streets back of the Rialto Bridge and come into the tiny square with the statue in it. He would sneak over cautiously to the wine-shop. If Papá Negri was in there, drinking himself fuzzy, it was all right.

Rino would slide like a shadow around the edges of the square and follow the tiny sidewalk with the filthy water lapping at it. He would glance around first. Then, he would go down the steps to the basement room and stand there, just inside the door, looking—the moisture oozing through the walls, the dirt, the cobwebs, the squalling brats crawling around, Papá's new woman bending over the washboard.

It may be that Rino didn't see that. It may be that instead he was staring at the neat room he remembered and his mother sitting in her chair, ready to cuddle him.

You couldn't tell. He would stand there for a while, not saying anything, paying no attention to the brats or to Papá's new woman if she spoke to him. Then, as quietly as he'd come, he'd drift away, that is, unless his ears heard Papá Negri's step down the street. If that happened he'd be up to the sidewalk and down it like a flash. When a boy is as quick as Rino it doesn't take more than one or two beatings to within a small fraction of your life to teach you you're not wanted—not if you've seen your own mother beaten so that she died of it later.

He got to be nine. He was growing bigger. He knew more. It was true that he couldn't read or write more than signs and street names and suchlike words. It was also true that his ideas of any part of the world outside of Venezia were skimpy. Occasionally he'd look at the big ships gliding down the Canal of the Giudecca and wonder what it would be like to go on board them and see the things they saw. Now and then, too, he and the other boys would chat idly about America. Luigi had an uncle who'd been in America. In America, Luigi said, his uncle said you could pick up gold in the streets and everybody had two motorcars and even the working people had toilets finer than the ones in the Palazzo.

Rino didn't really believe this—especially the last. He didn't really care, either. He knew Venezia and the people of Venezia. He knew the best places to hide and the best holes and corners in which to sleep. He knew that you could beg from the poor people where you couldn't get a copper from the rich except from the tourists.

RINO could tell you, too, which shops had alert owners and which had proprietors who were just a little slower on the uptake. This, and knowledge like this, was what was valuable. This was what kept you alive and what else was there worth knowing? There was only one test of anything for Rino—what could you get out of it?

It was this rule of life which drew his attention to the Party. The men in the Party had swank uniforms. They got all the swell jobs and all the graft and the best of the girls. They did what they liked. Rino used to watch them and envy them. But he couldn't see any chance for a boy like himself. The Party was like Il Paradiso, swell to dream about but unreachable.

Instead Rino gave his attention to more practical things, to bigger and more profitable depredations, to making friends with one or two of the gondoliers so that, once in a while, he could wangle his way out to the Lido where the tourists were richer. He also came upon other less-open sources of income, which were also the means of his learning a great deal that isn't in text-



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books. By the time he was fourteen there were centuries of a certain sort of knowledge behind his bright, black eyes.

It was in this year that Il Duce came to Venezia. Rino was curious. He found himself a niche in the crowded Piazza San Marco. Behind him the domes of the great cathedral were gilded with moonlight. Before him, at the far end of the Piazza, subdued lights, slanting upward, threw into relief a tribune draped with flags.

Rino watched. The lights flared up. *Giovinetta* burst into sound. Above Rino's head a covey of planes, wings silver in the moon, dipped downward in unison. At that same and exact moment Il Duce stepped into view.

Rino didn't have a squashy pumpkin for a heart. But he was Italian. He could appreciate dramatic, split-second timing. His arm shot up spontaneously. His voice joined with ten thousand others in the staccato cries of "Duce! Duce!" In the same mood he and the other boys savored Mussolini's speech—the gestures, the dramatic pauses at just the right moment, the ear-filling phrases—"eight million bayonets—decadent democracies—the Empire of the Caesars—" It was a good show.

The other boys applauded and forgot. Rino wandered off by himself the next morning.

Sitting on a deserted parapet, the sun sparkling on the water, he did some serious thinking. He was older now. The Party was difficult to get into for a boy like himself. Still, there wouldn't be any harm trying.

SO RINO began to hang around Fascist headquarters. He was quick to salute whenever a uniform appeared. If one of the Party paused and rubbed his chin, there was Rino at his elbow, eager to help. After a bit the Fascisti stopped kicking him out from underfoot.

This was as far as he got until General Ettore Borromeo was transferred from Milano to Venezia to take charge of Ordnance. The general had certain tastes. He looked around. He noticed the lithe curly-headed lad who was always hanging about. His eyes had that certain knowledge in them. The general made a few discreet inquiries. Then, he called Rino into his office and asked a question or two.

The question didn't shock Rino. How could they? All he thought of was that here, at last, was his chance. He couldn't conceal his eagerness. The general leaned back. He decided to give Rino a try.

It wasn't long before the general congratulated himself. He had found a treasure, a lad who knew Venezia and its people—at least that part in which Ettore Borromeo was interested—as well as the general knew his own toes—or better, since the general had a degree of portliness. He put Rino into the *Avanguardisti*! He gave him a uniform.

At last Rino had his foothold. He didn't waste it. In the next few years he wormed his way forward, little by little, always humble, always indispensable to the general, his wise, street-urchin eyes noticing everything and filing it away—the secret vices, not only of the general but of the other men in the Party, their weaknesses, their graft. He didn't work. He didn't drill. But at eighteen there was a lieutenant's insignia on his shoulder.

The day Rino got that, he went off by himself again. He thought things over. He considered what he knew about this man and that woman. Above all, he reckoned up what he knew about the general. He decided that he was secure enough. There were a few small matters to take care of. Rino took care of them. A month later, on a bright March morning, he went in to see General Ettore Borromeo.

It took Ettore Borromeo a moment or two to comprehend that this street arab, this *thing*, was actually asking for part of the easy money. When it did percolate,

he swelled up. He came near to apoplexy. Rino took it easy. He didn't say a word about the general's peculiar tastes. After all, they were not uncommon in Venezia. What he mentioned were a few things about the general's handling of Ordnance, things of which Rino had thoughtfully collected the proof. Ettore Borromeo collapsed like a pig's bladder when you stick a pin into it. Rino went out of the office a captain-in-ordnance.

He was on top now. He expanded. He bought uniforms, swank uniforms, all he wanted. He got a motorcar. Some of the Party went off to Spain. Others died in Greece, or advanced and retreated under the hot sun of Libya. But not Rino. He preferred to save his own skin.

So Rino stayed in Venezia. He still looked after the general, half-contemptuously, as when you throw a centesimo to a street urchin. Mostly he was busy with what he'd achieved. He strutted in parades.

Ordnance. They didn't say anything until they were ready. Then, they called on the general. They had the facts—and the figures—the shipments that were short and how much—the equipment that was in the books as being there and wasn't—the defects in the shells and the wire and the hundred and one other things.

THE general was caught. He sweated; his eyes bulged. Then he saw an idea and caught at it. Rino Negri! A scapegoat! Rino Negri was in Ordnance. Hadn't he foolishly but honestly given Rino a free hand? The general worked fast and, for once, efficiently.

This was how it happened. One week Rino was on top of the heap. The next—rank gone, money gone—he was on his way to Libya. It was that—or else.

He didn't like Libya. He didn't like the work or the sweat or the sand or the flies or the German noncom. He didn't like

might get themselves captured quicker than one. He let Enrico live.

While Enrico and Rino crouched in their hollow and waited till morning, some distance away a third man was stumbling toward them. Lieutenant Ricardo Pingatore was neither an ignorant peasant nor a smart, shifty street urchin. He was that rare specimen, a Fascist who really believed in Fascismo.

At the moment, however, both his vitality and his enthusiasm were at low-water mark. Toward evening of the previous day his unit, which had been in reserve in depth behind the Germans, had been ordered to help block a gap in the line. Ricardo had acknowledged the order in a white-hot surge of eagerness. Now, at last, the unit which he himself had trained, which, so he believed, he had indoctrinated with his own fanaticism for Fascism, was going to have its chance to show the Nazis that there were some Italians, at least, who could fight and die as well as any German.

In this spirit he had led his men forward. Over the ridge in the distance the British had appeared. His men had stopped. Ricardo had turned on them in amazement. He had ordered them forward. Instead of moving, his men had stood there. Worse, the front ranks had begun unobtrusively to get behind the rear ranks—or at least they would have got behind them if the rear ranks hadn't declined the honor.

It was then that Ricardo had understood. He had pulled out his pistol and shot one man. In five minutes he was alone.

Ricardo had gone slightly mad. He had turned and charged by himself toward the British. It was, perhaps, unlucky that the shot which felled him only creased his head.

WHEN he came to, it was night. It took him some time to recall where he was and why. When it was straight in his mind he staggered to his feet. He looked at his pistol and thought of suicide. Some inner core of obstinacy prevented him. Taking out his compass he determined his route. Somehow, he told himself, he would get back to the retreating army. He would prove to these Germans that there was one Italian who would stick it to the end.

This was the man who, with bandaged, throbbing head, was plodding toward the hollow. To explain him and how he came to be in Libya at all is a different matter. To understand Ricardo Pingatore you need to move backward in time to a *pensione* in Firenze and a grave-faced boy standing in a doorway and listening to the tourists as they grumbled at Italian inefficiency and jeered half contemptuously, half indulgently, at all Italians and boasted of how superior was the good old U. S. A. and called out orders and complaints to an anxious little woman who ran about with a *Si, signor, si, signora*, and tried her best to meet their wishes.

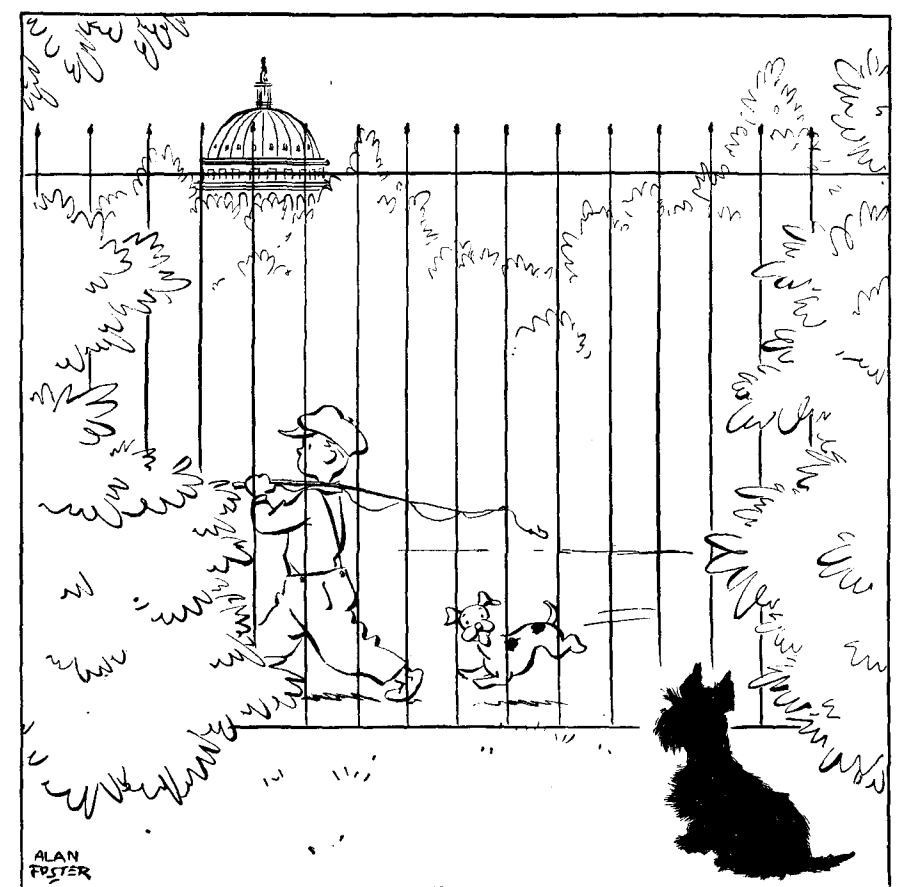
This woman was Ricardo's mother. And Ricardo was proud, and sensitive; just how sensitive his mother never had time to realize. A widow whose husband, though brilliant intellectually, has left her only a little, hasn't time to worry about her son.

So Ricardo, fair-haired, high-browed, quiet, went his own way. He steeped himself in the past glories of Firenze and of Italia, and of the great Roman Empire. He wandered through the old city. He looked around him. He thought. He searched, unconsciously for something or someone to armor him against the scorn of the Americans and to give him that in which he could lose himself wholly. For Ricardo had in him, though neither he nor his mother knew it, that spirit which blazes most fiercely at the stake. He was the most unfortunate of beings, an idealist.

Such a boy was a sitting pigeon for Fascismo. It captured him, body and soul, and in the Italy of his day, there was no other strong influence to counteract it. He

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"Executive duties often keep us a little too confined"

He swanked at soirées and salons. He made love to the girls and the women. He turned up his nose at the Germans who, ever since the Greek affair, had been drifting unostentatiously into Venezia, nosing round, asking questions, looking into things.

That was where he made his mistake. The old Rino wouldn't have made that error; the new Rino was a bit too confident. He knew all about General Ettore Borromeo. He knew all about the other Fascist big bugs, too. As for the Germans, what could they do? This was Italia, wasn't it? So long as he held the whip poised over the general, what could anybody do to him?

THIS was what he thought, when he did think of it. He was really too busy to think just now. There was a new dancer, a creature all glitter and fire and big black eyes and lovely rounded thighs, a girl that the old Rino could never have hoped to get. But the new Rino had her. He hadn't time at the moment for anything else.

That was how the blow caught him. Rino hadn't been at the office. But the Germans had. They'd been nosing into

the chances of getting killed, either. There didn't seem to be any way out of it, not for the moment. Malingering got you nothing except a boot in the hindquarters. Toadying didn't work either, not with this noncom. Reluctantly, Rino buckled down to work. He learned fast. He kept his eyes open. Soon, in the Field Recovery Section in which he'd been placed, he was reckoned one of the best.

That didn't mean he was reconciled to being shot at. Ponder as he might he could see no way of getting back to Venezia. But keeping alive was still important. Rino thought over how to get out of this mess and stay alive. When the British attacked, Rino waited a bit. He waited until he was sure that the British were going to win this time. He waited a bit longer until his unit was isolated. Then he picked up a machine gun. The German noncom turned to look. Rino put a burst into him. Next, in a natural extravagance of feeling, he emptied the magazine. After that, he set out to get himself captured.

He was sitting in a hollow waiting for a chance to be captured when Enrico approached. Rino's first impulse was to blast him. Then he reflected that two Italians

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"Think of the fellows fighting fever, filth and the enemy... Their only quitting signal will come with death or victory.

"Read the casualty lists... read 'em aloud to yourself... then work, Brother, work and pray.

"But that's not all... not by a long sight!

"Promise to have a good America waiting when I return. This time I'll want a job instead of your dimes... this time I'll want peace which is lasting... a world that's designed for living together. I'll want freedom and bread... justice and plumbing... equality and a stout pair of shoes!

"It's up to you thinking people back home to see that I get 'em. Out here, we're too busy fighting to do anything about it!"

They're beginning to ask these things... fighting Americans all over the world. They are reasonable and just. They must be answered.

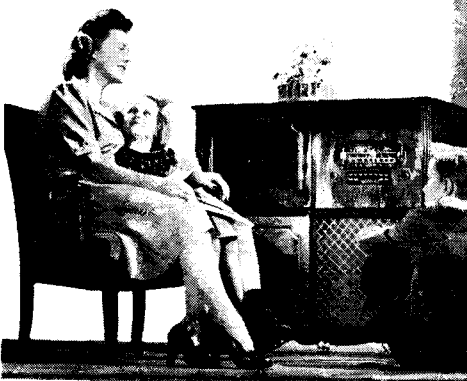
One small way that every one of us can help is by buying more War Bonds... bonds to put weapons on the production lines... bonds to provide jobs for the men who come back! War Bonds to help win the Victory... War Bonds to help win the Peace!

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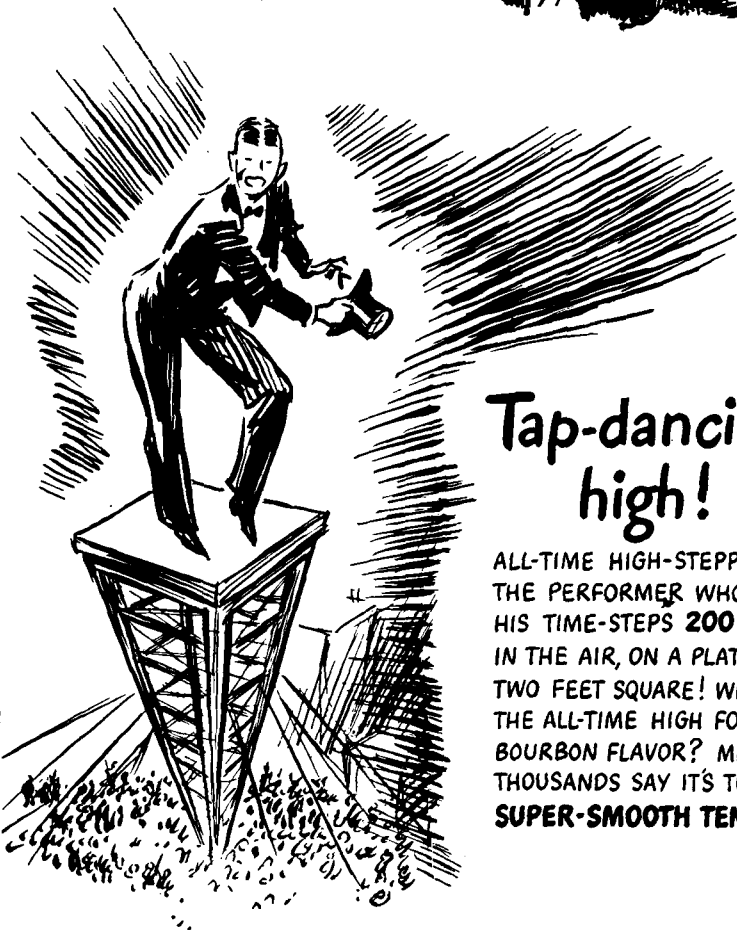
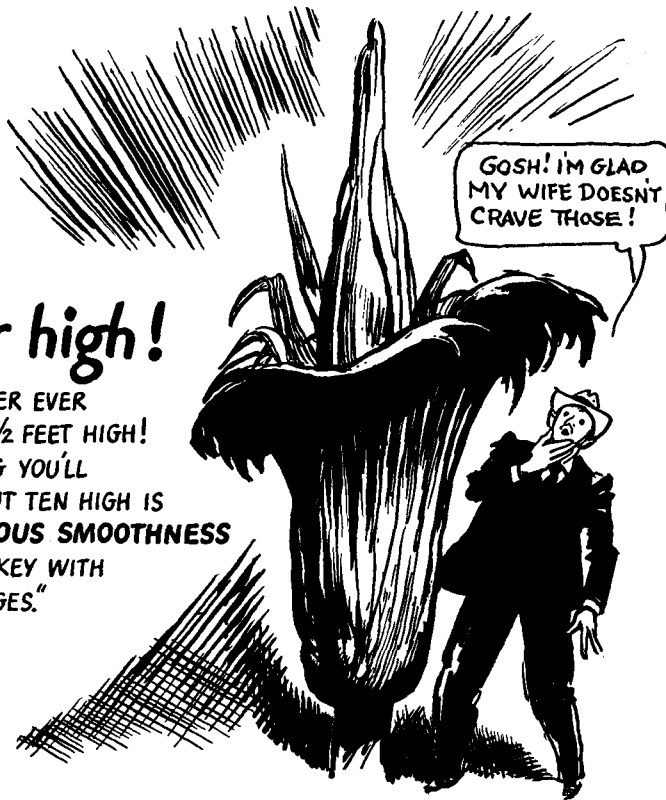


Famous Highs

by
C.A. Voight

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became a fanatic for Fascismo; he could see no other side. When, at last, the chance came to go to Libya he embarked like a bridegroom going to his bride.

What he found in Libya did not destroy his faith. But it did irk his pride. Here not Fascists but Nazis were in control and here was the same sneering contempt of the Italians which, as a youngster, he had seen in the tourists at his mother's pensione.

This bit deep. It bit deep, too, to see the way in which the Italians accepted it, and Ricardo was too intelligent not to perceive the inefficiency and the self-seeking and aversion to danger of his fellow officers. What appalled him was to realize also that the Italian soldiers did not want to fight.

Such a series of shocks would have cracked the religion of a lesser man. Not Ricardo. It was not Fascismo which was at fault. It was the imperfection of the vessels into which it had been poured. Ricardo turned blindly to the one way left of proving to himself and to the Nazis that Fascismo was worth as much as Nazism—or more. His unit would give the lie to Nazi sneers.

You can understand now why, when his men dissolved from around him, something in Ricardo Pingatore snapped. You can also understand why he staggered back stubbornly across the desert. When all else in his religion fails a man, there is still himself to offer up on its altar. Rino would have sneered at him. Enrico would not have comprehended him, even vaguely. Yet, as it happened, both of them were to meet him.

It was accident which brought about the meeting. As the first streaks of dawn appeared, Ricardo was stumbling eastward. His course was taking him a little to the right of the hollow where Enrico and Rino waited.

But a flight of airplanes came swooping over the horizon, filling the air with noise. Ricardo paused to look. Enrico looked, too, and uttered a wail of terror. He ducked. The sound and the movement caught Ricardo's attention. He turned. He made out the hollow. He saw the two men. He began to walk over to them. With an oath, Rino slipped the lever of the machine gun from safe to automatic. At the same instant Ricardo saw that these two were Italians.

"What are you men doing here?" he asked in his voice of accustomed command.

Rino's finger almost caressed the trigger. But he didn't quite dare. The street arab, up against authority, waits and watches. Rino waited. Ricardo repeated his question, more sternly this time. Enrico looked at Rino. But Rino wasn't saying anything. He was watching.

"We're waiting," Enrico stammered nervously.

Ricardo rubbed his throbbing head with his fingers. "If you wait here you'll be captured," he observed. "Come on," he added. "Follow me."

"But we're waiting," Enrico said, spreading his hands, as if those words explained everything.

"Waiting for what?"

"For the morning. For the Inglés."

Ricardo understood. This, on top of what his unit had done? His lips drew back from his teeth. "Come on," he said in a low, savage voice, feeling for his pistol. "Move."

"I wouldn't do that," Rino's voice said.

Ricardo looked. His hand stayed where it was. The muzzle of the machine gun was unwavering.

"Go on," Rino sneered. "Go and get yourself killed. I'm surrendering."

Ricardo stared at him. "Have you no pride?"

Rino laughed at him. "Move on, pretty boy," he said insultingly. "The Germans'll be glad to see you."

IT WAS the word Germans that did it. Eyes fixed on Rino, Lieutenant Ricardo Pingatore began to draw out his pistol, not in a hurry, but slowly, deliberately, as if on this one test rested the whole meaning of life.

It awed the street urchin in Rino. Enrico watched uncomprehendingly. Rino cursed. The muzzle of the machine gun wavered.

Ricardo smiled. He had won. He started to lift the pistol. Here were two Italians who in spite of themselves would do their duty—or else. Rino glanced around wildly. He saw the desert. He saw more. He saw a tank in the distance. It would be British. That tank was life. To survive—with a savage oath he steadied the muzzle of the machine gun and fired. Ricardo fell, coming all to pieces at once like a jointed doll when you cut the string that holds it together.

Enrico stared. Enrico started to shiver all over.

"Now," Rino said. "Now, we're safe."

THE END



Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 17

"Sure," he said. McClure set our course due south. Thatcher, looking behind us, said that smoke was beginning to rise. I told him to watch out for planes and let me know when he wanted the turret.

I nosed down a railroad track on the outskirts of the city and passed a locomotive close enough to see the surprised face of the engineer. As I went by I could have kicked myself for not giving the locomotive's boiler a burst of our forward .30-caliber guns, then I remembered that we might have better use for the ammunition. A string of telephone wires shone like silver strands in the sunlight. It wasn't difficult to imagine the excited voices coursing over them, giving our direction to those waiting for us ahead.

It was McClure who spotted the six Japanese biplane pursuits, ugly black crates that look as slow as observation planes. They were flying well above us in close formation. We watched them, waiting for them to dive and hoping that if they did so, our extremely low altitude would cause enough of them to crash before they could pull out.

Plenty to Think About

But the planes stayed where they were, and we were in no mood to go up there and fight them.

There was the gas to consider. All our auxiliary gas was gone now. We were starting in on the wing tanks. With the city behind us, I dropped the speed back.

Presently we were out over water again, for the coast line of Honshu, the main island on which Tokyo is located, slants to the southwest. We were going due south because it was part of the plan to confuse possible pursuers and to keep from tipping off our eventual intention of swinging westward to China.

Thatcher now got a chance to use his guns, but not on a plane. A big yacht loomed up ahead of us and, figuring it must be armed, I told Thatcher to give it a burst. We went over it, lifted our nose to put the tail down and Thatcher sprayed its decks with our .50-caliber stingers.

Not much later, as we edged along about 20 feet over the water, I looked ahead and four or five miles immediately in front of us three Japanese cruisers appeared. They were coming our way, fast. They spotted us about the exact instant we spotted them. I looked down at the water a moment, gauging my clearance, and when I looked up again the three cruisers were turning with amazing precision, leaving big white wakes for tails, to face us broadside.

I wanted no part of them. I skirted deeply around them, and they didn't fire a shot.

McClure got us back on our course. Now, in line with the long-rehearsed plan, we altered our course to southwest. The island of Honshu has a lumpy, half-submerged tail of islands curling southwestwardly from it. Our marker was the volcanic mass named Yaku Shima, which rises out of and forms a kind of eastern barrier of the China Sea.

We bored along our course through the long bright afternoon, all of us under considerable strain. Then, with a yell, we spotted what was unmistakably Yaku Shima and the smaller near-by Sumi Gunto. I flew between their wide-set gorge, held the course a bit longer, and then turned due west. We were now on the 29th parallel and winging out over the China Sea for our still-distant Choo Chow Lishui.

That broke the ice.

"Wow! What a headache I've got," Davenport said into the interphone.

I guess everybody had one. I told

Thatcher to keep his eye peeled on the rear. I said that this thing wasn't anything like over. He said he wasn't asleep.

We were flying so low and were so much on the lookout that once the plane edged toward the water when I looked up momentarily, and we came mighty close to touching it. All our nerves were on edge, so I told Davenport to do the looking around while I did the piloting, and after about 10 or 15 minutes we reversed the jobs.

We could smoke now, and that helped a lot. The extra gas, of course, was all out of the ship, so there was no danger from the cigarettes. Thatcher passed up some of the chocolate bars from the rear and we nibbled on them. But none of us had much of an appetite. Besides, they made us thirsty and we had no water. We had found one vacuum bottle in the plane after the take-off but had finished it before we got to Tokyo.

We saw an occasional fishing boat or yacht in the China Sea as the afternoon wore along and we figured that they were probably radioing ahead to Japanese-held airdromes on the China mainland, giving them our direction.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were halfway across the China Sea, we spotted two submarines being refueled. They were tied up to a tanker. I wished we had saved a bomb. There didn't seem to be much good using our machine-gun ammunition on them, either. There would be plenty of uses for it over Japanese-held China, I thought. It was just impossible for me to believe that we were going to get away from the raid as easily as this.

Clever crawled up from his bombardier's nose and climbed into our compartment.

"Were you scared?" he asked me.

I told him I sure was.

I guess we all wanted to be together, now. We smoked a cigarette and talked as best we could, and I tried not to notice that the weather was going bad. The engines were wonderful. I felt like getting out on the wing and kissing them.

Stormy Weather Over China

Local showers splattered our windshields. We had not expected good weather all the way. The Navy had warned us that this time of year often saw storms gather and roll off the shelf of China without much warning. I hoped this one wasn't going to get as bad as it promised to get. Finding Choo Chow Lishui, without radio guidance, would be a tough job under ideal weather conditions. Now it was beginning to be a terrific task.

Clever went back to his bombardier's nose and found out what was wrong with the automatic pilot. The improvised bomb sight—a rod of duralumin stuck downward at a tangent like the barrel of a rifle—had been fouling the gyroscopic action of the robot mechanism. The thing was soon working. That gave me my first chance to get up from my seat since about 8 o'clock that morning. Davenport stayed in the copilot's seat, ready to grab the controls if anything went wrong with the automatic pilot, while I stepped down into McClure's navigation pit and stretched.

Thatcher saw me there and he crawled up. He seemed worried.

"What should I do if I have to bail out over water?" he asked me.

I told him we were going all right and that there wasn't anything to worry about. But he wanted to know. So I told him that the thing to do was unfasten the leg straps as you came down, then when you were eight or ten feet over the water, to unhook the chest buckle of the chute



For YOUR CAR Too

Willard Batteries are serving at the front—and serving well. On the home front, too, Willards are serving well—starting cars, trucks, tractors—aiding essential transportation with its wartime load. But take care of your battery—save critical war material by making it last as long as possible. And when you DO need a new battery buy wisely—buy a Willard.

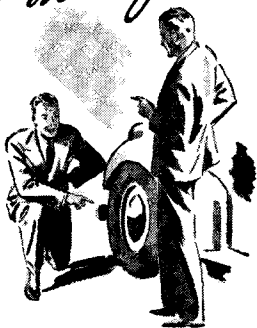
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"In 18 months of war, TIRES show

*The proof's in
the mileage—*



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★

**For Victory... it takes
War Bonds and
MORE bonds**

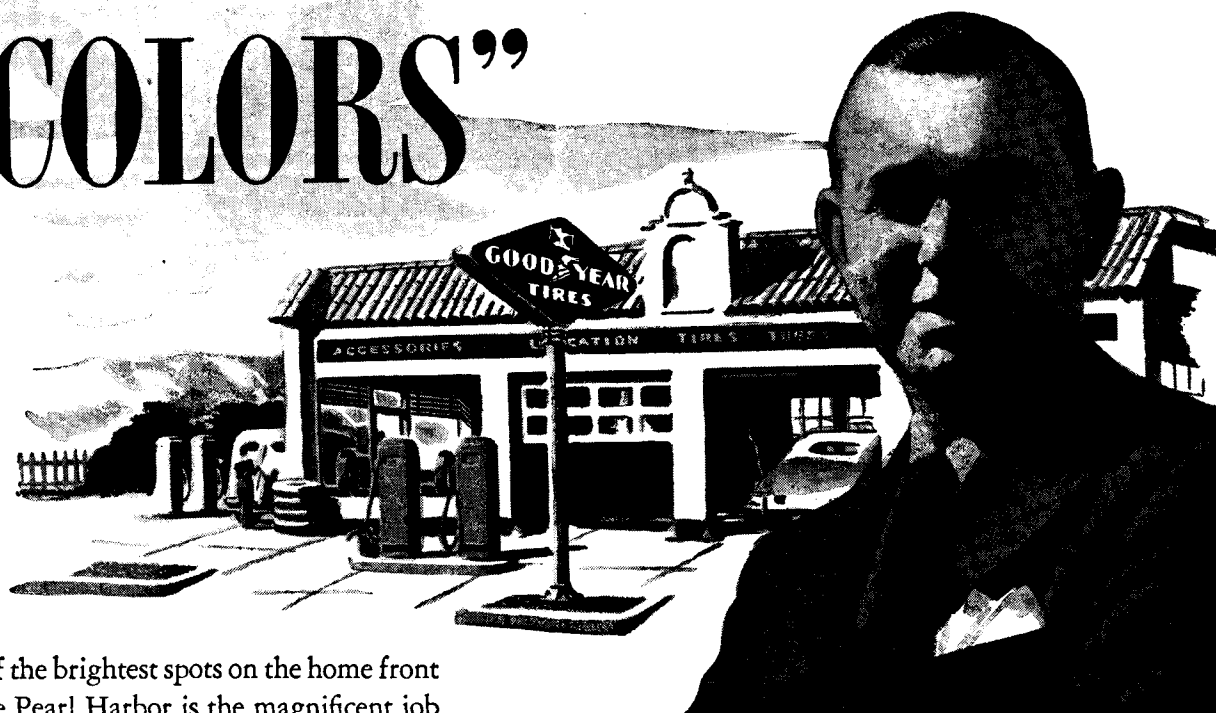
★

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

47,112 MILES OF TOUGH GOING!

This actual photograph shows a pair of Goodyear tires purchased in February 1941 by Mr. W. H. Baber, Superintendent, Llano Seco Rancho, Butte County, California, who writes: "To date these tires have given 47,112 miles of service and are still going strong. Since ranching is my business, much of this mileage has been driven over country and second-rate roads, and I can assure you these tires were never babied."

their TRUE COLORS"



ONE of the brightest spots on the home front since Pearl Harbor is the magnificent job tires have done in keeping America's cars running.

And what's even more pleasing to us Goodyear dealers is the way Goodyear tires are living up to every claim we made for them back in prewar days — claims some folks may have thought were exaggerated then.

But now countless car owners are discovering for the first time how much more mileage you really do get for your money from Goodyears — *a performance-plus that runs into many precious months' extra service!*

Let's look at the record

Fact is, many Goodyear users are still riding on tires that had given better-than-average service before rationing began 18 months ago.

Proof? Just take a look at the letters reprinted on the opposite page, just a few of many reporting performances of 40,000 to 60,000 miles from veteran Goodyears that are still on the road.

The pay-off is that these tires are still far from being down on their uppers, even after plenty of tough going, as you can see from the photograph of Mr. W. H. Baber's Goodyears — a typical example.

What about tomorrow's Goodyears?

The same skill and quality that gave these Goodyears their long lease on life will go into future tires made of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

Just when such tires will be available to the public is something for the future to reveal. But they're in the works. The Army is already using some Goodyear-built synthetic tires, so you can be sure they'll be proved and tested when you get them.

Meanwhile, count yourself lucky if you're riding on long-mileage Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly, obey the wartime driving rules* that bring out their full quota of extra miles — and you'll see why so many car owners now say, "*When I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!*"

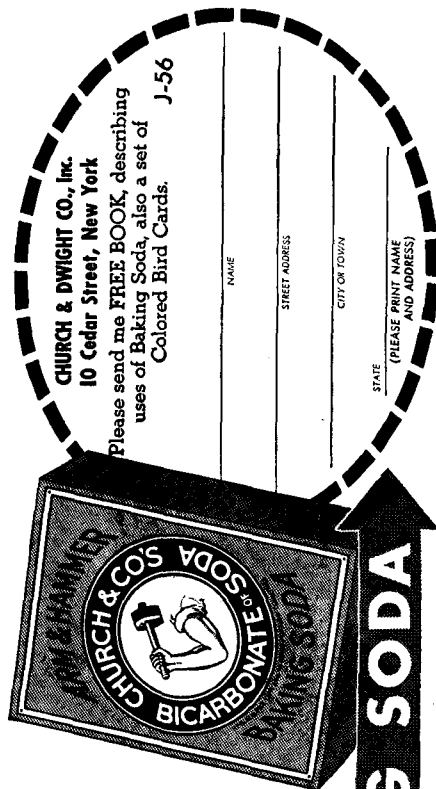
*WARTIME DRIVING RULES FOR MAXIMUM MILEAGE

- 1 Drive under 35 miles per hour
- 2 Drive only when necessary
- 3 Keep tires inflated to 32 pounds
- 4 Avoid sudden stops and starts
- 5 Avoid bruising your tires
- 6 Share your car with your neighbor
- 7 Have your tires inspected regularly.

Regular tire maintenance service costs little under the Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Plan. Ask your dealer.

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-i-gum)—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



"I really don't know of a single product that does so much so well and at such little cost. I order several packages at a time for convenience and economy."



"So I keep it in the medicine cabinet—use it whenever Bicarbonate of Soda is required and for minor scalds and burns as my first aid courses recommend."



"Goodness, I'm using it all over the house these days—and saving in many ways. It's an excellent tooth cleanser—the whole family prefers it to any other."



"In emergencies it's remarkable how many things one can save. Take that old kitchen standby, Baking Soda, for instance."

ARM & HAMMER OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

and fall in the water. That would let the chute sail a little out of the way and it wouldn't come down on you and snarl you.

Then I asked him what made him think we'd bail out in water.

"I wasn't thinking so much about this," he said, pointing down. "I thought we might have to bail out over land and that I'd come down in a river or a lake."

There was one silver lining to the increasingly bad weather: If it kept up, our chances of being attacked by Japanese planes when we reached the Chinese coast would be pretty slim. And after another hour there wasn't much doubt that it would keep up. It was getting worse all the time. It was going to get dark early.

After I went back to the pilot's seat and relieved Davenport, I raised our nose up to about 500 feet and completely lost sight of the water. I came back down to 50 feet and the weather was getting so thick that now and then I'd have to roll back the window on my left and take a look out, for the windshield was clouding. Cigarettes had lost their taste, now.

We sighted land at 8:30 P. M. on our watches, 6:30 local time. It was an eerie, peaked island that rose up out of the mist in front of us. I had to take the automatic pilot off now because the worse the weather got, the thicker the islands came. I'd fly blindly through clouds and squalls so thick that I could hardly see the nose of the ship. Once, one of the islands loomed up so close to us that I had to put the nose of the ship up in a hurry to keep from colliding. It got nerve-racking after that, flying blindly and hoping I'd see the islands in time to pull up.

There were two courses open now. I could continue what I was doing and stay low, looking for some memorized landmark or landing point, or I could climb, try to get above the storm and fly due west on instruments until the wing tanks gave out. Then jump.

That latter course meant losing the plane. It meant too much to me. And it would mean a lot to the Chinese, too.

"Mainland!" somebody suddenly yelled in the interphone. I got a thick view of surf breaking over a beach, but all of us soon had our doubts. I asked McClure what he thought, after it was obvious that this was just another island.

"I think we ought to be a little farther south," he said. "It must be all occupied along here. I can't tell much about anything, with this visibility."

Looking for Choo Chow Lishui

I flew south, very low, for about 10 minutes. Then McClure said, "I don't think we'll ever find anything this way." That made up my mind. I decided to go up and fly in on instruments, but it hurt me to think of losing the plane. Choo Chow Lishui is about 100 miles inland. Even though we found it, it would be unlighted. We wouldn't know whether it had been occupied or not. But it seemed like the only thing to do.

I made three big circles, gaining altitude without using too much gas. At 500 feet we suddenly ran into a clear hole in the weather. Davenport yelled and pointed down. There below us in the dusk was a clean, concave beach. Land extended as far as we could see in the hole in the weather. It looked durable with a strong suggestion of mainland.

I had to make up my mind in a hurry. The thing to do, I decided, was see if I could get down on the beach. If I could we'd spend the night in the plane, take off at dawn and find Choo Chow Lishui in daylight. I had a little over a hundred gallons of gas left.

I dropped down low and dragged the beach, inspecting it for logs. The sand was wet from the rain that was pounding down, but it looked firm enough to support

that touchy nose wheel of ours. There were no logs to tear the underpinning off us. It was by all means the best thing I had seen for 12 hours or more.

So I spoke into the interphone and told the boys we were going down. I told them to take off their chutes. (I didn't have time to take off mine) and to be sure their life jackets were on, as mine was. I put the flaps down and also the landing wheels, and I remember thinking momentarily that if this was Japanese-occupied land we could make a pretty good fight of it while we lasted. Our front machine gun was detachable.

McClure placed our .45s and their holsters behind our seats. The .25 Ellen had given me was in my shoulder holster, under my shirt. McClure now came up from his navigating well and knelt behind our pilot seats, sticking his head between us and bracing his shoulders against our back rests.

The concave shape of the beach meant that I would have to come into it over water and make a slight turn before putting the plane down.

Davenport was calling off the air speed. He had just said "One hundred and ten," when, for some reason I'll never understand, both engines coughed and lost their power.

In the next split-second my hands punched forward and with one motion I hit both throttles, trying to force life back into the engines and both prop pitch controls. And I tried to pull back the stick to keep the nose up, so we could squash in. We were about a quarter of a mile offshore when we hit.

The two main landing wheels caught the top of a wave as the plane sagged. And the curse of desperation and disappointment that I instinctively uttered was drowned out by the most terrifying noise I have ever heard.

It was as if some great hand had reached down through the storm, seized the plane and crunched it in a closing fist.

Then nothing. Nothing but peace. A strange, strange peaceful feeling. There wasn't any pain. A great, restful quiet surrounded me.

Then I must have swallowed some water, or perhaps the initial shock was wearing off, for I realized vaguely but inescapably that I was sitting in my pilot's seat on the sand, under water.

I was in about 10 or 15 feet of water, I sensed remotely. I remember thinking: I'm dead. Then: No, I'm just hurt. Hurt bad. I couldn't move but there was no feeling of being trapped, or of fighting for air.

I thought then of Ellen . . . strange thoughts filled with vague reasoning but little torment. A growing uneasiness came through my numb body: I wished I had left Ellen some money. I thought of money for my mother, too, in those disembodied seconds that seemed to have no beginning or end.

I guess I must have taken in more water, for suddenly I knew that the silence, the peace and the reverie were things to fight against. I could not feel my arms, yet I knew I reached down and unbuckled the seat strap that was holding me to the chair. I told myself that my guts were loose.

I drifted up off the seat and started to the surface. It was like a dream of trying to escape from something that moves very swiftly, while you move slowly. There was no power in my arms or legs, only an instinctive want to live—a want that I couldn't understand. It didn't seem possible to hold the water out of me even one more second.

My pneumatic life belt brought me to the surface. Through some streak of luck the shock of being thrown out of the plane in the crash had broken the dioxide capsule that inflates the belt.

Moments of Despair

I came up into the driving rain that beat down out of the blackening sky. I couldn't swim. I was paralyzed. I couldn't think clearly, but I undid my chute.

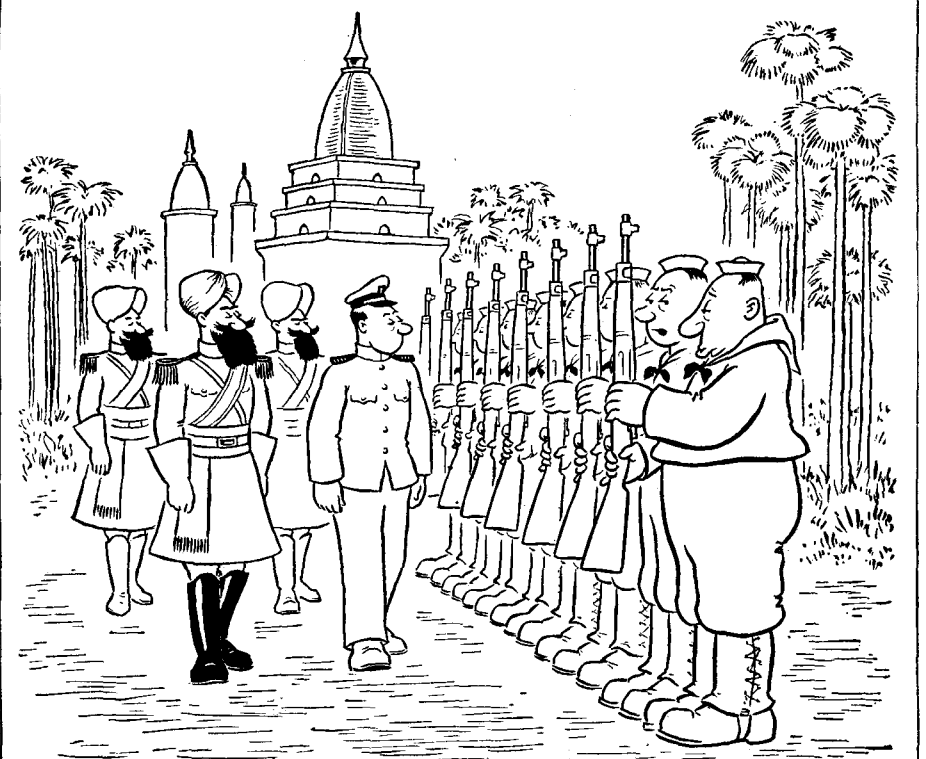
The waves lifted me and dropped me. One wave washed me against a solid object, and after I had stared at it in the gloom for a while I realized that it was one of the wings of the plane. I noticed that the engine had been ripped off the wing, leaving only a tangle of broken wire and cable. And with the recognition came a surge of nausea and despair, for only now did I connect my condition with the condition of the plane.

Another wave took me away from the wing and when it turned me around I saw behind me the two tail rudders of the ship, sticking up out of the water like twin tombstones.

The waves had brought me in now to

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Well, you can't have a drink of water now, Alfred, and that's that!"

COLLIER'S

the point where they were breaking. I struggled feebly against them, but they'd lift me up and pull me under with their punishing roar in my ears and I'd roll around on the bottom until my belt brought me to the top again.

Once I felt the slipping sand of the beach's edge under me. I tried to crawl up out of the water but the suction of a returning wave pulled me in again. This happened several times. But then one wave carried me so far in that I crawled up on the beach out of their reach.

I stood up. My legs felt numb. I thought that if I walked around a little bit it would bring circulation back to them. So I walked around in circles on the beach in the rain.

I was the only one on the beach. That didn't impress me much when I first thought of it. When I did comprehend what it meant I started to curse in a muffled voice I couldn't recognize. I cursed myself for the loss of my men and the loss of that ship.

My voice sounded so strange to me, and the words came so thickly, that I vaguely reached up to my mouth and felt it. The bottom lip had been cut through and torn down to the cleft of my chin, so that the skin flapped over and down. My upper teeth were bent in. I reached into my mouth with both of my thumbs and put my thumbs behind the teeth and tried to push them out straight again. They bent out straight then broke off in my hands. I did the same with the bottom teeth and they broke off too, bringing with them pieces of my lower gum.

I stood in the rain with that wet handful of teeth and gum for a while, trying to think. Then I dropped the stuff on the beach. I guess I must have been punch-drunk because I remember saying to myself that now I'd have to go to a dentist.

For some reason I can't explain I started to stagger up the beach. I didn't know where I was going. After a bit I thought I heard someone behind me and when I looked around, there was Davenport walking toward me.

Davenport came up to me. We didn't say anything. He took my head in his hands and held it back so he could see it a little better. I tried to say how glad I was to see him, but he said, "Good Lord! You're really bashed open. Your whole face is pushed in."

What he said meant nothing. I was looking at the blood running down his forehead from his head. I asked him mushily if he was hurt bad.

"I think so," Davenport said. "I don't know."

Speaking, and the sight of each other, seemed to bring us further along toward complete consciousness, and both of us began to moan, standing there next to each other in the black rain.

All Alive, but Dazed and Injured

Then Davenport wandered away from me and began calling, "Hey. Hey." I couldn't understand it, and I guess he couldn't understand it himself.

I turned around again and there were two men on the beach. I could hear someone else flopping in the water. I stumbled up to the first one. It was McClure. He was dazed and groaning. I looked him all over. He had some cuts but they didn't seem bad.

I went over to Clever. He was in the sand on his hands and knees with his head hanging down between his arms. He didn't crawl and he couldn't speak. When the waves would come in they would flow around him a few inches deep and then go out again, so that his knees and his hands sank down a little in the slipping sand. When the water was in, you could hear the blood that was pouring from his face and head fall into the water.

I tried to pick Clever up. Finally the two of us stumbled up on the beach. He

walked a few feet and fell down on his hands and knees again. He didn't even moan. I turned around, looking for somebody to help me with him, and there was Thatcher walking up out of the water.

Thatcher had a bleeding bump on his head but he seemed all right.

We all got together now on the beach, near where Clever was on his hands and knees, bleeding terribly. It was very dark now and the rain was getting heavier. I kept trying to think straight but all I was able to do was moan. Davenport began to call "Hey" again. Thatcher, McClure and I called with him. I guess the noise must have aroused Clever, for he looked up as if he didn't recognize any of us. He struggled to his feet, tried to walk and fell down again on all fours.

I decided to build a fire. I was out of my head. Very plainly in my scrambled brain I could see hundreds of square flat boards, nice and dry, spread all around the beach. A fire would be best for us, I said. We were all shivering. There was a tiny cliff rising four or five feet at the back of the beach. I saw myself collecting the square dry boards, stacking them against the cliff and lighting the fire.

The Inquisitive Strangers

We must have lain there in the rain on the beach for half an hour, trying to talk. Then, as if I were still dreaming, I saw Thatcher do a strange thing. He was the only one who had saved his .45. Now he reached into his holster, got it out and aimed it up over my head. I just watched him.

"Shall I shoot them, Lieutenant?" Thatcher asked me.

I rolled over to look. Two men were standing on the top of the little cliff, staring silently down at us.

They were strong, squat-looking men, bundled up in some sort of coat that shone almost like a raincoat. They had on flat, woven hats. We looked at them. I told Thatcher not to shoot. I don't know why I said it.

"Hey," Davenport called.

Cautiously the men stepped down the embankment and walked over to us. I tried to study their faces but it was too dark.

I had sense enough now to experience some distantly alarming feeling that these might be Japanese. But it wouldn't have made much difference, then.

The men went from one of us to the other, peering at our wounds and humming, "H'mmmmm. H'mmmmm." That's the only way I can spell it. It was half mournful, half incredulous. We just stood there or lay there, too broken up to do anything about it.

Six more men now ran down the embankment. They examined us very carefully and hummed.

Then one of them looked at me. He touched his chest, simply.

"Chinga," he said.

We had been found by Chinese.

They bombarded us suddenly with many questions in Chinese, and that made us remember a Chinese phrase we had memorized during the last week of our training.

"Lishua Megwa. Lishua Megwa," we babbled. They nodded. It is Chinese for, roughly, "American."

One of them now counted us elaborately on his fingers. Then he pointed toward where the plane rested, counted five on his fingers, then paused, ready to count more.

We told him by gesture and counting that there were no more men in the plane. It took some time, but at last they understood.

They helped us up now, the rain running off their wide hats when they bent over us. McClure let out a terrible scream when two of them took him under the armpits and lifted him. They dropped him

Guarding "SEE-ABILITY" on the home front



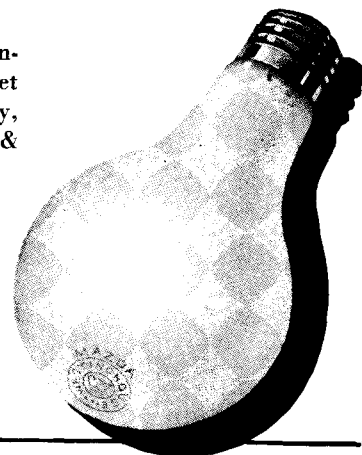
TODAY, parents have a two-fold responsibility—safeguarding children's precious eyesight with good "See-ability" and, at the same time conserving lamps. Not only do war plants need thousands of Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, but our fighting forces need radio and electronic tubes made of the same critical materials.

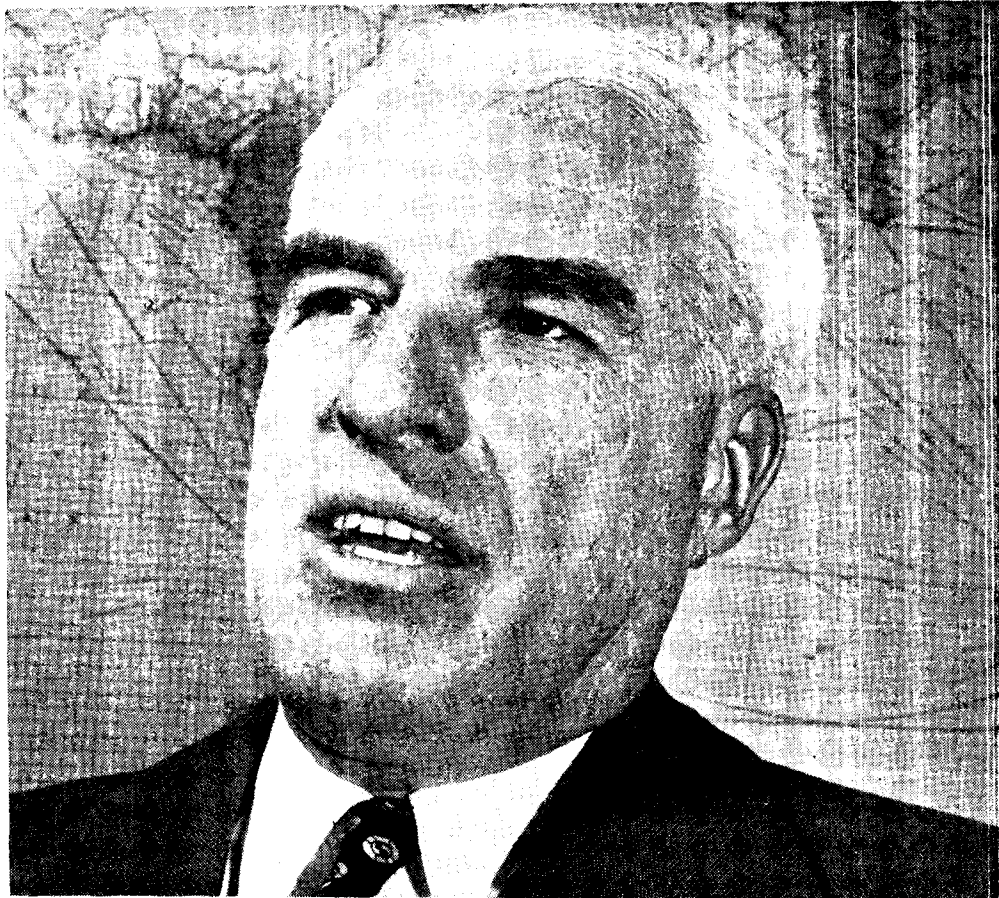


YOU CAN HELP conserve lamps and still get the "See-ability" needed to protect priceless eyesight by, 1. Moving lamps closer to where you read or work; 2. Keeping lamps and shades clean; and 3. Using only the lamps you need.

Additional suggestions on conserving lamps are contained in a new Westinghouse booklet "How To Get More Light For Your Money." For a free copy, write Department T-6, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J.

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* MAZDA LAMPS *
FOR GREATER "SEE-ABILITY"





“We’re in this war because we believe our existence as a free people depends on destroying the enemy. How can we do less than our utmost?” asks Stettinius

THOSE LEND-LEASE RUMORS

BY FRED C. KELLY

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.

The boss scotches some of the tall tales you hear nowadays about the food and material we are giving our war allies

PAYMENT for Lend-Lease shipments?” said Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Lend-Lease Administrator, in reply to a question. “I hope the question of war debts will never come up. Lend-Lease is not a loan of money. It is a weapon, one of the most powerful we have. We are being paid right along in the damage our allies are doing to our enemies with what we send them.”

“You doubtless know,” I said, “that many rumors are in circulation about Lend-Lease.”

“Indeed I do,” said Stettinius. “I have been collecting them.” He pulled out a drawer of his desk, from which he took a sheaf of papers. “Here are some samples. I’ll read them to you and give you the facts.”

Rumor: We are not allocating enough material to China.

Truth: The Chinese problem is not one of allocation; it is one of transportation. About half of the Lend-Lease supplies sent to China are now in India. Air-borne shipments to China are increasing, but supplies will necessarily be restricted until such time as the air freight is supplemented by ground freight. Freeing the Burma Road is one of the greatest contributions we can make at present in battling the Japanese.

Rumor: Americans have less available meat than ever before because so much is being sent abroad.

Truth: Last year we got more beef from Australia and New Zealand than we sent

to all the nations entitled to Lend-Lease aid.

Rumor: The Soviet government has complained because oleomargarine was substituted for a promised shipment of butter.

Truth: No such complaint was ever made by the Soviet government. On the contrary, the Soviet Union has asked for oleomargarine as well as butter. The butter they received amounted to only about two or three ounces from each person in the United States during 17 months.

Rumor: Lend-Lease purchases caused a shortage of canned fruits and vegetables.

Truth: Last year we shipped under Lend-Lease less than one per cent of our canned vegetables and less than two per cent of our canned fruits. At the same time, Australia and New Zealand provided our forces there with more than 16,000,000 pounds of canned fruits and vegetables as reverse Lend-Lease, without payment by us, in addition to 60,000,000 pounds of fresh fruits and vegetables.

The Argentine Beef Question

Rumor: The British could obtain their beef in Argentina and it would not be necessary to ship any from here.

Truth: Great Britain does buy with her own resources all the beef that can be shipped from Argentina—besides buying from Canada, New Zealand and Australia. We send only a trifling amount of beef to the British—only the balance of their minimum essential requirements, not obtainable from any other source. In 1942, our entire shipments of beef under Lend-Lease amounted to only two tenths of one per cent of our own supply.

Rumor: There is great unemployment in shoe factories here because so much leather has been sent to Russia.

Truth: On the contrary, shipments to Russia created greater employment in American shoe factories, for we have sent to the Soviet Union three million pairs of army boots. Shoe leather itself sent to Russia under Lend-Lease was less than five per cent of the United States supply. That leather also went into shoes for the Soviet armies that have been battling the Nazis so magnificently in snow and mud and ice.

Rumor: The British sell Lend-Lease food at a profit.

Truth: Inasmuch as only about ten per cent of the British food supply is obtained under Lend-Lease, it would hardly be practical to have a separate system of distribution for it, and it is distributed through the usual outlets. The proceeds of all sales go to the British treasury. These proceeds are in sterling, not dollars; and it was reported some time ago that Great Britain was subsidizing sales of foodstuffs at an annual rate of something like \$500,000,000, to keep retail prices low, within reach of all. At the same time, the British are providing our forces under reverse Lend-Lease with great amounts of clothing, food and other supplies that we don’t pay for, although the British treasury pays for them in sterling.

Britain’s Increased Crops

Rumor: Agricultural machinery should not have been sent to England when our farmers are in great need of machinery.

Truth: Agricultural machinery sent abroad under Lend-Lease is under a program reviewed in co-operation with the War Production Board and endorsed by appropriate allocation committees. The amount shipped in the year ending November 1, 1942, was only 1½ per cent of our production. It should be remembered too, that, on average, one ton of farm machinery should make possible the production of eight tons of food abroad. Great Britain now produces 60 per cent of her own food, instead of only 40 per cent as was true before the war. Increased production there has reduced the amount of food Great Britain needed from the United States and the amount of shipping required to move it.

Rumor: Lend-Lease machinery will be used to manufacture goods that will compete with American goods in postwar markets.

Truth: Lend-Lease agreements provide that defense articles not destroyed, lost, or consumed, will be returned to the United States at the end of the emergency to the extent that the President determines to be useful.

Rumor: Lend-Lease is ruining private exporters.

Truth: United States cash exports in 1942 totaled \$3,158,000,000, which exceeded the average for the prewar years, 1936-38. Lend-Lease is mindful of the fact that its exports of some commodities to some destinations work a hardship on exporters and is seeking in every way to minimize this effect. And it should be remembered that Lend-Lease is introducing into many markets American goods never before distributed there.

Rumor: Britain is getting more than her share of Lend-Lease goods.

Truth: Lend-Lease goods are distributed in accordance with strategic decisions by the top military command as to where they will do the most good, with consideration given, of course, to availability of shipping and inland transportation. We have sent more planes, tanks and trucks to Russia than to Great Britain.

It is indeed a total war. So vast is its scale that even tacks are essential. From tacks to tanks, from carrot seeds to blockbuster bombs, Lend-Lease puts American supplies to work against the Axis in every part of the world and speeds the winning of final victory. ★★★

(Continued from page 41)

again. McClure got up by himself and made a show of walking along. “I think my shoulders are broken,” he said. “I hit the backs of your seats.”

Two of them carried Clever, two of them braced me, and we went up the beach a few yards to a point where the embankment ended. The Chinese led us along a rude, narrow path, our feet slipping in the mud, the wet leaves brushing over us. It was wholly unreal.

We followed the path for several hundred yards, moaning. It was an ordeal that brought my reasoning back a little more. I had a burst of fear because I now vividly remembered something that had been pounded into us during the lectures. We had been told that there were many places along the coast of China where the Japanese had installed puppet governments; that Chinese in power in these areas sometimes sold information to the Japanese.

I had no idea where these men were taking us, now, and though later it made me ashamed to think that I had mistrusted them, that night I wouldn’t have been surprised if they had carried us to the Japs.

They did not. They took us up to a low thatched-roof house that we didn’t see until we were within a few yards of it. It was made of mud blocks. It was rectangular in shape with a door in the center and a dim light shining from it. We fell into the place, mangled and moaning.

It had a dirt floor, and by the smoky light of a lamp, I could see it was roughly divided into two rooms. In the far right-hand corner of the larger room was a low bed made of rawhide strips, stretched over a kind of cot structure. Davenport, Thatcher and I sat down on the bed, our backs to the mud-brick wall. McClure tried to lie down across the room from us but he screamed again when he stretched out. So he pulled himself up against the wall, propped himself against it in a sitting position and asked Thatcher to put something behind his back.

Poor Clever had not said a word. He was bleeding terribly. He crawled over to the corner opposite us and passed out.

Not a Nightmare

The lamp gave off more smoke than light, but there was enough light to see two Chinese women moving about in the other room. They were dressed in rough-looking pants, with a short skirtlike robe to the knee. One of them came up to us on the bed and handed us a quilt of some unfinished material. We spread it out over us, for now we were trembling with cold as well as with pain.

When I warmed up a bit, and I knew for sure that this was no frightening nightmare, I told myself that it was time to see just what had happened to me. I pushed the quilt aside and, with the help of the Chinese men, I got out of what was left of my pants.

I had no idea that there would be anything wrong with my left leg except a bruise. It was cut from my upper thigh to my knee and cut so deeply that it lay open wide enough so that I looked into it and saw the gristle and muscle and bone.

It wasn’t bleeding badly—just oozing. My circulation probably had slowed down because of the shock and the cold. I just stared at it, hypnotized and detached. I had never seen anything like it.

Most of my shirt was torn off, so I began to get out of the rest of it. The Chinese men helping me let out a low hum. I looked up at them and saw one pointing to my left arm. The biceps, halfway between my elbow and shoulder had been cut as cleanly as if by an ax. The biceps had ripped downward until it lay in the crook of my arm. I didn’t even know it was hurt.

The others, except Clever, were un-

Would you trust this man?

(Case No. 199267 from U. S. F. & G. files)

A SOUTHERN real estate company trusted him. And why not? He was secretary of the concern . . . employed for over 15 years . . . enjoyed an irreproachable reputation . . . was married and had several children. Yet he embezzled nearly \$30,000! Fortunately he was bonded through U. S. F. & G., so his company was spared financial loss.

Appearance, reputation, background provide no absolute clue to character. The only sure protection against embezzlement losses lies in insurance, and when an insurance company is willing to write fidelity bonds covering your employees that is a tribute to their honesty and integrity. If your company has not reviewed its bonding program in the light of today's employment problems, we suggest that you do so at once.

Illustrated on this page are other cases, showing some of the hazards that demand insurance protection as a safeguard against financial loss. Your local U. S. F. & G. agent will be glad to make an audit of your present insurance program to help guard against wartime risks. He is one of thousands serving communities great and small throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him today.

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HOME OFFICES  BALTIMORE, MD.

Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

(Case No. 1-B-3524)

Robber makes off with payroll

It was an unhappy payday for the employees of the dress manufacturing concern when the robber held up the bookkeeper and made off with the \$2,140.49 payroll. But thanks to payroll insurance, the concern suffered no loss and the employees received their pay. Crime usually increases during a war. Are you protected against such losses?



(Case No. 1-A-2253)

Wind causes costly injuries

It was an ill wind for the young woman who, struck by a sudden gust, fell and sustained serious injuries. \$1,000 in medical expenses were paid by U.S.F. & G. . . . but since she had taken out too little accident and health insurance, she was forced to pay the rest of the bill herself. Are you adequately insured against medical expenses, and against loss of time from work?

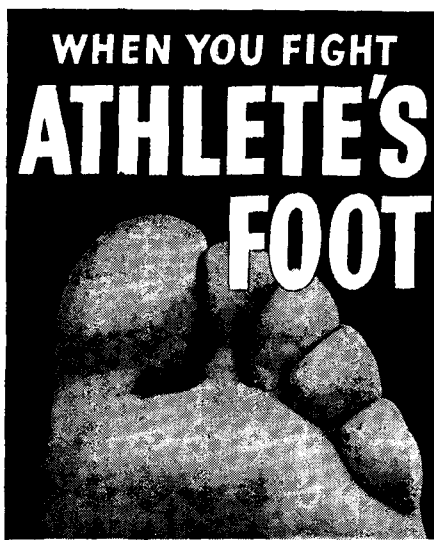


(Case No. 21-G-1326)

Tire spins stone through window

One moment the proprietor of the Pennsylvania store was sitting peacefully in his shop . . . and the next, his display window was shattered to bits. The cause . . . a stone kicked up by a passing car. The cure . . . a plate glass insurance policy with U.S.F. & G. who replaced the window and saved the shopkeeper loss. Are your windows, glass doors, or display cases protected?





**FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI**
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

**Facts
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MUST
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Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

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Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.



**DON'T
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This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. And *McKesson makes it.*

**MONEY
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Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big, long-lasting bottle for \$1 so you can afford to use Soretone liberally.

If not relieved within a reasonable time, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

dressing also. We looked ourselves over first, then turned our attention to one another. Davenport kept looking at me and finally he said, "Lawson, your face looks terrible. How do you feel?" There wasn't anything to say. The Chinese men and women kept moving among us, speaking softly. There was little or no change in their worn faces, but there was in the sound of their voices. They kept saying, "H'mmmmm."

I looked through my torn clothes to see what was left. My shoulder holster with Ellen's gun had stayed on me. My wallet was also in my trousers. I opened it now and water ran out of it. I took out Ellen's picture and examined it. I went through the rest of my wallet and found \$14, some stuck-together 3-cent stamps, my California driver's license, Social Security card, private pilot's license and a filled-out form listing my blood type and the immunizing shots I had taken for this trip. I looked at all these things as if I were examining a billfold I had just found. I handed Ellen's gun to Thatcher and told him to hide it.

"Me . . . Charlie" Enters

Outside, the rain was thumping down, but above the noise of it I heard someone coming. Pretty soon an amazing-looking man appeared in the faintly lighted doorway.

He had one of the strongest faces I've ever seen. He wasn't a big man but he gave the impression of enormous strength. His immobile face was an iron mask of determination.

His black eyes, set in that muscular dead pan, darted around the room. Then he stepped forward briskly and went from one of us to the other, looking at our wounds and closely and suspiciously examining all buttons, insignia and other identifying markings left on our torn clothes.

He was dressed in an old pair of American-looking pants, heavy shoes, a thick hunting shirt, open at the neck, and he wore no hat. His wet hair was pitch-black and coarsely combed. The Chinese showed him quiet deference.

When he had completed his inspection of the room he spoke for a minute or two to a tall man who had accompanied him. He looked at us without a sign of pity in his inscrutable face. I just looked back at his stony face, wondering if he was planning to sell us.

Then he came up to me and stood there looking down at my mashed face.

"Me . . . Charlie," he said.

I couldn't believe my ears until he said it again, solemnly.

We broke out in a rash of garbled questions: Where were we? Could we get to Choo Chow Lishui in a hurry? Where was the nearest doctor? Would Charlie help us? We had money. . . .

Charlie stood there and stared back at me. If he showed any expression at all it was one of impatience.

"Me . . . Charlie," he repeated.

"Lishua Megwa," Davenport said, pointing to us. Charlie stared. Then we all tried to pronounce it. Charlie finally nodded briefly, without expression.

"Melican," he stated.

"Yes, yes, yes," we all said, so animatedly that McClure moved out of the one comfortable position he had found and had to yell for help to get back in it, the pain was so great. Poor Clever just lay there in the corner, his face oozing. We flooded Charlie with questions, our voices finally trailing off when we realized that he didn't understand.

Davenport started from the beginning again. "Lishua Megwa," he said.

"Melican," Charlie returned.

We all tried different pronunciations of Choo Chow Lishui. Charlie shook his head.

"Chiang Kai-shek," we said thickly. "Chiang Kai-shek . . . we're friends."

It was hopeless no matter how we pronounced it. "Generalissimo" didn't help, either.

"Chungking," Davenport said.

Charlie nodded. "Chungking," he repeated, almost as Davenport had.

"Chungking . . . we go, go."

Charlie didn't move. "Chungking . . . many . . . many day. Many."

"How many?" I counted off numbers on my fingers, which I noticed only then were cut.

"Many day," Charlie said, shaking his head.

For at least an hour we tried to find out how many days. We got hopelessly mixed up in days, hours, miles and li. The li is a Chinese measure, roughly a third of a mile. We'd say something about days, and Charlie would think we meant li, or miles.

"Doc-tor," we said. Charlie understood.

"Doc-tor," he repeated. Then held up three fingers and added, "Day."

Three days! We needed one this instant, for the shock was beginning to wear off all of us except Clever. I thought of the medicine kit in the plane and now I sent Thatcher—who was in the best condition—back to the beach to see if he could get to the plane and find it.

"Charlie go doc-tor," Davenport said, pointing to him. "Charlie bring doc-tor here . . . maybe one day . . . two day?" We said it as many ways as we could, until Charlie understood.

He shook his head. We were afraid to believe what our new-found knowledge of pidgin English and gesture language was telling us.

I pointed to Clever, at the cuts on Davenport, at McClure's jammed-down shoulders and at my leg and arm and mouth, and begged him to bring a doctor.

Charlie shook his head a little impatiently, dismissing the thought. He stared at us impassively for a while. Then he said, "Doc-tor . . . one li."

One li! He had said three days before that. We tried to tell him something was wrong.

"Doc-tor . . . one li," he insisted.

"Bring doc-tor, one li."

Again he shook his head and before we could cry out in anguish he said, "Doc-tor, one li, Japanese man. Japanese doc-tor."

The word came down heavily on us in the smoky room.

"Maybe Japanese men . . . Japanese soldier . . . catch us," we said to Charlie.

Charlie comprehended, and for the first time during the whole painful meeting the trace of a smile touched the corners of his hard mouth.

"Japanese men," Charlie said, "no come out at night." He said it with his teeth set—a hard fighting glint in his eyes.

Thatcher came back about this time and our worst fears about our stuff in the plane were realized. "I couldn't even see the plane," he said. "The tide seems to have come in and covered it—and there wasn't anything washed up on the beach."

I could feel his words in every one of my cuts and I guess the others could, too.

One of the Chinese women, the one who had given us the now-bloody quilt, brought in some hot water in small bowls and in earthen pots. We drank some of it and washed some of the blood off us. With the help of the Chinese we got the unconscious Clever on to a mat and covered him. None of us had any desire for food, though we had had none since supper the evening of the 17th. Now it was two or three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 19th.

We talked nearly all that night to Charlie, and when we weren't talking to him we mumbled among ourselves or just moaned as the shock continued to wear off and the pains became worse. Charlie again inspected every article of clothing we had with us. Then he left, after an-

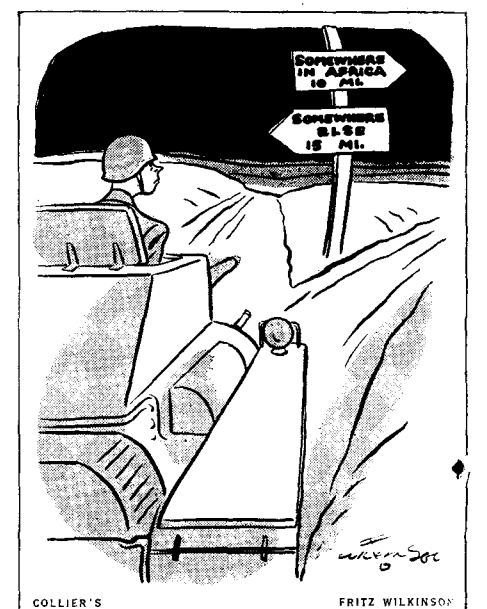
other hour of words and gestures had told us that he would come back soon. He said "Boat" many times.

We talked about him for a while, wondering who he was and what our chances were. We decided that the Chinese who had found us on the beach were fishermen and that Charlie was some kind of official.

And we talked about the crash. I came to what must be the only answer, for I've never found another. When the wheels caught the top of that wave, as we came in toward the beach, the plane stopped as if it had hit a solid wall at 110. That shock, plus the weight of McClure being thrown against the back of my seat, ripped the seat up by its roots and catapulted me—I was strapped in—through the glass, plastic and metal windshield.

I decided then, and still believe, that my leg was laid open as I shot past and scraped along the left side of the pilot's compartment. The leg evidently grabbed the metal clip on which we stick our ear-phones.

The same thing happened to Davenport, he said, after I had mumbled my



version. But he went through cleaner than I did. Clever, we found out later, was crawling back through the narrow tunnel leading from the bombardier's section in the nose of the plane when we hit. He shot forward and through the transparent, metal-braced nose.

McClure stayed in the plane because much of the catapulting force must have been spent on the backs of our seats. But as Mac sat there propped against the wall of the fisherman's hut, aching and knowing that some kind of Japanese detachment was near by, he couldn't remember how he got out of the plane.

Heavy Clothes Saved Him

Thatcher said he bounced around in the back like a pea in a drum. Unlike the rest of us, he had dressed in heavy clothes the morning we took off. That saved him. He was knocked out for a little time, regained consciousness with water in the plane and got out by an emergency exit. He said the plane was upside down.

I began to shake with the cold. The quilt had turned icy. I pulled it away from where it was sticking to my leg and saw that the blood had been coming out faster, hitting the quilt, seeping through it and then cooling off in the night air that filled the room. Outside, the rain came down hard. It would have been easier just to shut my eyes and pass out. But whenever I did I remembered my cuts. And this unspeakable pain.

I asked Thatcher for his roll of bandage and wrapped it around my leg cut. Our rolls of bandage had been ripped off our provision belts, along with everything else. Then I took my trousers belt, put it around the bandage on my thigh and

pulled up on it as tightly as I could. It just closed the middle part of the gash. The two ends sagged open. I loosened the belt and tried it down a little farther, then tied my necktie around the upper part. Thatcher ripped off a piece of my torn shirt and we tied my torn biceps back in place.

I wondered all the time whether Charlie would come back, and if he did come back whether he'd bring Japanese.

Just before dawn an elderly Chinese appeared in the doorway and came in. He looked me over from head to foot, but seemed most interested in my mouth. Finally he fumbled in his loose pockets, drew out something and gently pushed my head back until I looked up at the dim, thatched ceiling. He put a piece of what looked like rice paper over my mouth, after fitting the torn flesh in more or less the place it belonged. When the blood soaked through the paper he sprinkled some powdered matter on the places where the blood came through. He didn't say a word, nor did I. To this day I cannot say who he was, where he came from or what he did to me. Charlie must have sent him.

The Agony of Waiting

The blood, powder and paper formed a kind of crude plaster that kept my mouth in shape and stopped a lot of its bleeding the rest of the night.

Only Clever slept. The rest of us sat there or lay there under the soaked cover, waiting. Our aches, the enormity of the problem of getting away from here, and the Japanese were on our minds. Sometimes McClure called to Thatcher to help him. Nearly every position McClure assumed was excruciating. Sometimes Davenport talked to McClure and Thatcher. I couldn't speak now. But I could listen, and I could hope that Charlie would come back. When McClure asked me if I trusted Charlie, I nodded that I did.

After an overpowering eternity, the gray, cold, rainy dawn filtered into the room like a ghost. I shifted the plaster a little and told Thatcher to go down to the beach again, locate the plane, get what he could out of it and pick up whatever had drifted in. Thatcher looked at me a moment and I could tell he was thinking about his chances of being captured. But he said, "Yes, sir," and went out. I don't know what we'd have done without Thatcher.

Clever groaned and opened his eyes. It must have been an effort, with the blood caked around the lids. He looked slowly all around the room, and then at us. "I thought I was blind," he said. Then very quietly he asked where we were, what had happened, whether we were going to get away. He was silent after that, but just looking at him made all of us begin to hurt more and we were moaning without shame when Thatcher came back.

Thatcher was wringing wet. In his hand he had a carton of cigarettes and a life belt.

"I got to the plane all right," he said to me. "But this is all I could find. I couldn't get down in the forward part; only in the tail. It's sticking up again on account of low tide."

The cigarettes weren't much of a substitute for the morphine and iodine I had been trying not to think about. But they helped. We peeled the cellophane off them and they burned, even though they were very damp.

Charlie came back about 7 o'clock that morning. With him he brought a number of ragged, docile Chinese men. I could see them through the door, standing miserably in the rain. Some of them carried stout bamboo poles about 10 feet long. Others carried ropes. They seemed to be reluctant to do what Charlie was ordering them to do. But when they spoke back to him, complainingly or stubbornly, his

strong voice rose above their voices indignantly.

Now I saw other coolies, if that is what these men were, carrying four flat lattice-work squares. They were about three-by-three and something like a grating. To the four corners of each crude square stretcher I saw Charlie and one of his lieutenants tie the short ropes. It was agonizingly slow work.

The thought that the delay might result in our capture was intolerable. I yelled out to Charlie thickly and told him I could help with the knots, for the Navy boys had shown me things I didn't know could be done with a rope.

Charlie ignored me. The important thing, I kept telling myself, was that Charlie had not only come back but was obviously planning to have us carried away.

About three hours after they began work, the Chinese had the carriers ready. They slipped a bamboo pole through the joined ends of the ropes on the last square stretcher, made it fast, and Charlie beckoned for one of us to come out.

McClure got painfully to his feet, tried to stretch without hurting his shoulders and walked stiffly to where his short, square stretcher swayed between two Chinese. Each had an end of the pole on his shoulder. Charlie made motions to McClure to get up on the stretcher.

It was tough on McClure, with those shoulders. He couldn't raise his arms more than a few inches. But he finally made it.

The Chinese helped Clever out next, then Davenport, and carried them away. McClure had been gone about an hour and a half before my time came. They brought my stretcher into the house. A couple of them held me while I got up and tried to walk, but I couldn't help myself up on the carrier. I pulled the plaster on my mouth down a little more so I could enunciate better and ask them to lower the platform to the dirt floor. I wanted just to drop down on it. They couldn't understand me. When I pushed down on the side of the stretcher and looked pleadingly at them, I guess they thought I was just testing the strength of the thing.

Saved the Quilt

Finally they got it. I half rolled onto it as it touched the ground and lay there, moaning. When they lifted it my numb lower legs dangled over the front end.

Just as they lifted me there was a commotion outside. The men who were to carry me put me down on the floor again and ran out. I lay there about fifteen minutes before asking Thatcher to go outside and see what the trouble was. He came back and said, "I can't make head or tail of it. It's just jabbering."

It was cold on the dirt floor. The only clothes I had on were my shorts. I crawled across the floor to the bed, pulled myself up on it and drew the stiff, blood-crusted quilt up around me, moaning.

The woman who had loaned me the quilt now came back into the room, looked at its condition and snatched it off me, holding it up and examining it. She made small, impatient, clucking noises. I didn't know what to say. I had my money and I offered her some bills and reached for the quilt. But I don't think she recognized the money. One of my shoes had been torn off when I went through the windshield, but I had gotten there with the other one. I offered it to her, feeling pretty foolish for I had made a terrible mess of her quilt. She examined the shoe closely. Finally she took it and the life belt, and handed the quilt back to me.

After another fifteen minutes, Charlie led the two coolies back into the room. They got me back on the stretcher and carried me out. I don't think I cared much where they were taking me, by that time.

(To be continued next week)

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Watch the Burma Front!

Continued from page 13

sodden biscuits, canned bully beef or sausages, precooked dehydrated potatoes and tea. This existence went on week after week and rapidly wore the men down.

One branch of the Allied forces fought in the Burma campaign with unqualified success but without much publicity. It was the navy. This was not a navy in terms of battleships such as roam the southwest Pacific or the Mediterranean, but a navy composed of armed motor launches on the river and coastal steamers on the Bay of Bengal. After all, this war in Burma is one that you could tuck in your vest pocket when looking at the world-wide struggle.

Launches of the Burma and Royal Indian navies sank numerous launches and sampans in which the Japanese were bringing reinforcements and supplies from Akyab. Steamers armed only with a couple of Bren guns sailed in daily with necessary equipment, despite the danger of Japanese air attacks.

Ground transportation, difficult at first, was eased as engineers carved roads in almost trackless country. Hundreds of trucks of American make carried supplies to supplement those brought in by steamers. Before these roads were built, supplies were delivered by mules and sampans.

Japs Hold the Advantage

The question of supply has been easier for the Japanese because their lines of communication from Akyab are shorter, they have more launches available and, most important of all, the Japanese army fights with less equipment than do their Western enemies. The Japs' diet, with rice as a foundation, is more compact than the bulky canned diet of the British; and there is no problem of bringing up ammunition for big guns, as the Japs have not used heavy artillery.

When the rains come, ground campaigning will be finished "for the season." Rains come variously from mid-April to mid-June and in small areas are torrential—as much as five hundred inches in a six-month period. Water turns roads to rivers and camp sites to lakes.

Through rains, the fight for Burma can be carried on mainly by the U. S. Army's Tenth Air Force. Heavy bombers (Flying Fortresses and Liberators) strike long-distance targets like Rangoon and Bangkok; Mitchell medium bombers attack intermediate points; and fighters, mainly Curtiss Warhawks, bomb and strafe troops in transport.

The leader of the bomber element of the Tenth Air Force is rugged, genial 48-year-old Brigadier General Caleb V. Haynes. Haynes frequently has flown with his men, who have stepped up their mission average to three a day.

Some men on these flights have been in operations over Burma more than a year, while others are arriving almost daily in increasing numbers. Their camps are tropical Little Americas marked by the Stars and Stripes fluttering at the top of bamboo poles in the vast east central plains or in luxuriant tea gardens in northern Assam. At bomber bases, crews and maintenance men live in clean, recently erected, mud-walled, thatch-roofed barracks; and at fighter bases nearer the border, many live in spacious tea planters' bungalows. In both, native bearers do the housework, and Americans are rapidly building up pidgin vocabularies, with such expressions as *tik hai* for "Okay" and *panny* for water. While there will always be kicks against service messes, food generally is good (far above the British standard), with American canned foods and locally obtained products added to the rations drawn from the Indian army.

If Americans in these camps suffer from anything, it's boredom. They don't like spells between hops over enemy territory.

"We are all barracks-happy," one navigator who has been overseas more than a year told me. "Newcomers think we are nuts. We live so much to ourselves here that everybody knows everything about everybody else's wife and troubles."

Recognizing this, the Army tries to maintain a flow, although uneven, of GI Hollywood movies and occasionally permits officers and men two- to ten-day leaves in Calcutta, New Delhi or the mountain resort, Darjeeling. Recently, the Red Cross invaded these camps, bringing with it female recreational workers, enlisted men's clubs and also sporting equipment.

Even bombing missions, since most of them require from eight to twelve hours' flying time, are grinds, except for the fleeting minutes over the target or a chance engagement with enemy aircraft. When I accompanied one crew in a Liberator over Rangoon, the pilot, twenty-four-year-old Lieutenant Willard (Willie) Short of Chillicothe, Texas, was bored by the vast panorama of jungle and Bay of Bengal water. Copilot William Eichler of Providence, Rhode Island, did the flying. One gunner read a detective story while the others slept. Otherwise, only the navigator and the radio operator seemed actively at work.

Once over Japanese territory, however, they became keyed to the spirit sprinters have when they're on the marks. "Give the guns a test squeeze, pal" and "Hot damn—no clouds over the docks" flowed over the interphone. Then our bombardier, Captain Robert Kirkaldy of Dorchester, Massachusetts, split the dock area with 500-pounders with Annie Oakley precision.

Lieutenant Short wheeled the monster about; then from the forward turret, Kirkaldy and I watched three silver specks growing larger and taking definite shape as they approached our flight of four bombers. The plane shook as Top Turret Gunner Jesse LaRue of Cumberland, Maryland, got a Zero in his sights. Our tail gunner had the final squint as he saw it spinning earthward in a billow of smoke. Other Zeros either got it from other planes or scooted off.

There were a few minutes of "Attaboy, LaRue" and excited conversation about the kill, as we chewed fried chicken; then as we flew back over friendly territory, crewmen closed their eyes and slept out the homeward hours. Short and the crew have since been shot down over Burma.

Warhawks Go Diving

Fighter pilots fly oftener, although fewer hours at a time, sweeping northwestern Burma. Men like Lieutenant Frederic Hoffman, twenty-five, of Los Angeles, and Captain Jack Hamilton, twenty-five, of Jasper, Florida, dive their P-40s above the roads and rivers of Burma several times a week and have records of dozens of missions. Their principal job now is to support British-recruited Kachin troops and the American-trained Chinese infiltrating there.

In air combat, their record has been superb. With a loss of only one of their planes, they knocked off at least twenty Japanese planes for sure and probably thirty others. There is some difficulty in establishing claims because many victims fall deep into impenetrable jungles.

"Those jungles down there look like green overcast," pilots tell me, "and we seldom see any movement or sign of life, but we blaze away where we're told to,

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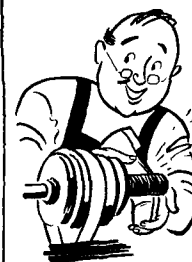
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MODERN
UNDERWEAR

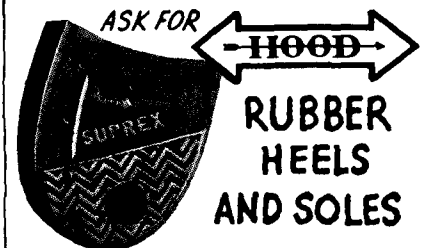
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"KIDS ARE TOUGH ON SHOES... BUT REBUILT SHOES ARE TOUGHER"



HOOD RUBBER HEELS ARE BUILT TO STAND TOUGH WEAR

and they tell us it's doing a lot of good." American Intelligence officers told me that agents reported these continual attacks "are driving the Japanese to desperation."

But despite all the diligence of American and R. A. F. pilots, air attacks alone will not drive the Japanese from Burma. As demonstrated by the British push into Arakan, small-scale overland drives alone also will not do the job. The way Burma will have to be retaken is with what they call "combined ops" attack—with a huge naval force landing troops at numerous points along the Burma coast, with Allied offensive and protective aerial action, with large-scale overland attacks from points along the Indo-Burma border and by Chinese troops pushing south in Yunnan.

Punching the Enemy

There is a vast difference between the Allied position on the Burma front today and a year ago, when the enemy drove to the very doors of India, and the British, having suffered big losses in Libya, were ill-equipped and unprepared. Today, Allied forces are punching at the enemy, especially by air, the whole length of Burma's 600-mile jungled and mountain-ribbed border.

The Akyab campaign did not reach its objective, but it was well worth while. It diverted pressure from China on the north and regained the confidence of at least part of the native population by winning back some territory and killing what one officer described as "a damned good bag" of Japs. Wavell told me that it also "served as a valuable training ground in Jap tactics and jungle warfare for our officers and men."

The battle illustrated some of the tactics Allied forces must use. First, we must have sufficient troops to outnumber and

overwhelm the enemy. Second, we must ape the Jap tactics of infiltrating through the undergrowth at night instead of making daylight frontal attacks. Third, our patrol operations must be thorough and widespread enough to check the hit-and-run movement of enemy troops.

The British have learned a lot about fighting the Japanese from these campaigns. However, some think it may not be the British or the Indians or the Americans, but the Chinese, who will eventually beat the Japanese in Burma. For about eight months, picked American officers and men have been training Chinese soldiers in India with modern infantry and artillery weapons. Among these are remnants of troops who walked out of Burma after fighting the last campaign.

During the rainy season, military leaders will push their plans for a big-scale offensive, and the American and British air forces will continue—regardless of the rains—to beat a crescendo on Jap front and rear bases under plans disclosed by Major General Clayton Bissell, commanding the U. S. Army's 10th Air Force.

When the rains are over, the important land and sea operations are expected to start again. The outcome will depend on many things—on whether ships and supplies are freed from other fronts, on decisions in high places—but it will depend, too, on the men I saw in action last winter: Americans, British, Indians and Chinese.

If I know how tough it is going to be to lick the Japs in Burma, I also know that Allied officers and men on the Burma front—before the monsoon season of torrential rains began this year—had satisfied themselves that the overland route to China *can* be reopened and the enemy pushed back from the Chinese air bases which we need for bombing Tokyo.

THE END

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL!



No matter what happens, these flashlight batteries deliver dependable light!

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CORROSION

Remember Corregidor . . . one terrifying night after another. Deftly and courageously our Army doctors went on with their work. Often the lights flickered . . . then suddenly total darkness.

In an instant, despite the crash of bombs an heroic nurse held two flashlights. Brilliant light cut the blackness and the work continued. *That light did not fail!*

In rumbling tanks, in roaring planes and rolling ships, flashlights powered by Ray-O-Vac LEAKPROOF batteries deliver dependable light on all the world's battle fronts. The exclusive LEAKPROOF sealed-in-steel construction prevents ruinous corrosion . . . protects battery freshness after months of travel to the far corners of the earth . . . guards against brutal abuses of war.

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"Now this pair feels tight in the heel!"

FRITZ WILKINSON



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

The amazing new changes that science is preparing for us in the postwar world

Electronic Household Notes. Many a familiar home task you now do by hand will be done for you automatically in your house of tomorrow. Vacuum tubes, not very different from those in your radio set, will take much responsibility off your shoulders and will do the work better than you could, never forgetting or making a mistake.

The photoelectric tube or "electric eye" will be a familiar friend. It will turn on your porch lights as darkness falls. It will stand guard at your doors and windows to sound the alarm if burglars enter. It will maintain an invisible "fence of dark light" around the baby's crib, so that an alarm will ring instantly if the child is molested or if he falls out. It will detect fires the instant they start and will give warning. A simple photocell arrangement will automatically open the garage doors for you when you drive into the yard. Your car will be fitted with a colored light beam. That color, and no other, will activate the photoelectric cell, so that only your car can enter.

In the kitchen, a small television unit in the wall will tell you at a glance who is ringing your doorbell. Another type of electronic tube will stand ready to test the freshness of such foods as meat and eggs. You will only need to hold the suspected article under an invisible ray for a moment; if it glows a strange green color, you will know that it is past eating and should be thrown away.

Stockings to Parachutes to Window Screens and String: When your nylon stockings come home from war, they will bring you many useful new tricks. You will have nylon screens in your windows and doors—cheaper, better, more durable than the finest metal ones of today. They will never rust or need to be painted; they can be bought in any color you choose to match the trim and will stay glossy and bright almost indefinitely.

Because nylon will not crease or kink, you will be able to roll up your new screens like window curtains in the fall, instead of laboriously removing them to the cellar as you must do now. They will be so elastic and so tough that they will never sag out of shape or tear out around the edges of the frames. Even when the children push nails and pencils through the mesh, no harm will be done, for the holes can be obliterated in a few seconds by rubbing the strands with your finger.

You will have a ball of nylon string to

tie up better bundles and you will carry an unbreakable elastic tow rope in your car that will pull you out of any hole. If you own a sailboat, you can fit her out with nylon standing rigging that will outlast hemp rope by many years.

Blood Will Really Tell. "Are you my long-lost brother?" "Is this man the missing heir?"

These old familiar questions and all other enigmas of kinship will be quickly disposed of in the courts of the future when a new kind of scientific test is made on the blood of the contending parties. The test will be based on the use of rabbit serum, now saving thousands of soldiers in emergency transfusions on the battlefield.

The serum not only tells instantly which of the four types of blood flows in a man's veins, but it also brings to light certain hidden factors which are characteristic of all members of a family, even if only distantly related. Detecting these factors will be so quick and certain that kinship will be established or disproved beyond doubt in a few minutes by any doctor or clinical laboratory.

Long and costly court actions will become unnecessary. Clever circumstantial evidence will no longer help an impostor gain a fortune, prevent a mother from establishing her right to her fortune or prevent a mother from establishing her right to her child.

Light Through Plastic Eyes. Lucite, the transparent plastic that is protecting the boys in the "greenhouses" and gun blisters of our fighting planes, will come home from the battle fronts a full-fledged rival of glass.

One of its most important new uses will be in the optical field, where glass has never had a competitor of any kind.

Your camera, for instance, will probably be fitted with a Lucite lens and a finder of the same material. Since these parts will be cast to the exact shape in molds instead of being laboriously ground by hand, the instrument will be far less expensive to buy, even if it is a camera with a high-speed multiple lens. Magnifying glasses, home movie projectors and small telescopes will also drop sharply in price as this new plastic replaces glass lenses.

Your Lucite eyeglasses of tomorrow will never break, no matter how carelessly handled; and once the danger of glass splinters is removed, "contact" lenses, worn directly against the eyeball, will come into universal use. ★★★

Cat and Dog Man

Continued from page 21

had not even suspected it was there. He must almost have touched the cat when he crawled by. Now, turning around, he was face to face with it. The puma was between him and his gun.

Perfectly helpless, Bill saw the lion crouch down, the black tip of its tail twitching, like a house cat getting ready to liquidate a sparrow. At the last moment, just as the golden loins began to gather themselves together, Spot dashed in and nipped the lion's flank.

Instantly, the puma swung around with a roar and lashed out with a steel-tipped paw at the dog. Spot dodged back, and again the cat turned toward Bill. This time, Ranger darted in and had to roll out of the way as the lion's return blow whistled over his head. Six times the cat crouched to spring at Bill, and each time one of the dogs risked its life to divert attention from its master.

A Narrow Escape

Suddenly there came a stinging crack from the valley below. The cat leaped into the air, turned over, and plunged down the side of the cliff, the dogs nearly following it in their excitement. The government man had at last been able to get a bead on the lion, and one bullet from his rifle did the rest.

Bill probably knows more about lions than any other man. For ten years he has studied them, trailing them for days over the mountains, examining their kills, watching them hunt their prey. Bill believes that each old tom has a harem of females that he keeps scattered about in the hills. He travels a regular route from one to another, and each lion "has his own drift."

A lion's drift is a circle about fifty miles in diameter. The male lion knows his route so well, he crosses his own tracks the next trip around. Like house cats these big cats breed all year around but, unlike humans, Bill believes a tom can tell his own cubs, and if a lady lion has been un-

faithful to her husband, she hears about it. Aside from this, however, the tom takes no interest in the cubs after they are born, not even hunting for his family as most male wild animals do.

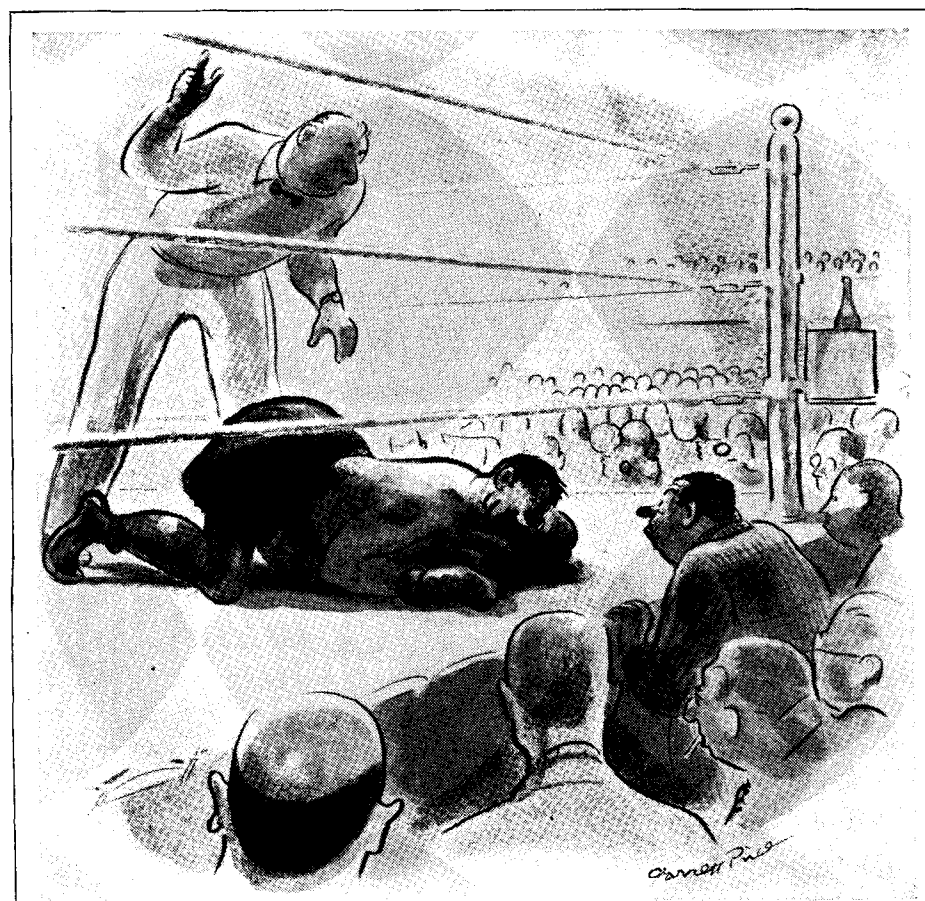
In most states, there is a bounty on lions because, during the winter at least, their main food is deer. Lions have a reversible fifth claw which corresponds to our thumb, and when the lion fastens on its victim, the fifth claw turns and develops a grip like a pair of ice tongs.

A lion's favorite method of hunting is to lie along a branch of a tree and wait for a deer to walk underneath. It is amazing how a big cat eight feet long and weighing 150 pounds can make itself almost invisible with a little cover. If lions could talk, they would make themselves invaluable to a camouflage corps.

For some reason known only to lions, they kill more buck than doe. If the deer won't walk under the tree where the lion is waiting, the puma gets tired and goes stalking the deer. He crawls as close to a herd as he can get, wriggling along on his belly like a house cat and twitching the black tip of his tail. When he decides he is close enough, he jumps up and charges. A lion can go very fast for a few yards but if a deer can escape that first rush, it is generally safe.

Just how destructive lions are to the deer population is a question. Bill says he has seen a deer pen where two lions apparently had walked through the packed herd of deer and simply struck right and left, like two men armed with machetes forcing their way through a subway crowd. On the other hand, there is no doubt that lions help to stop epidemics by killing off the weak and sickly deer that lag behind the others before they can spread their infection to the rest of the herd. For months after the hunting season, the lions exist on the dead or wounded deer that escape the hunters. A lion always goes back to an old kill, although if there are plenty of deer, he does not always eat from it.

THE END



"That left of his is beginning to make me sit up and take notice"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

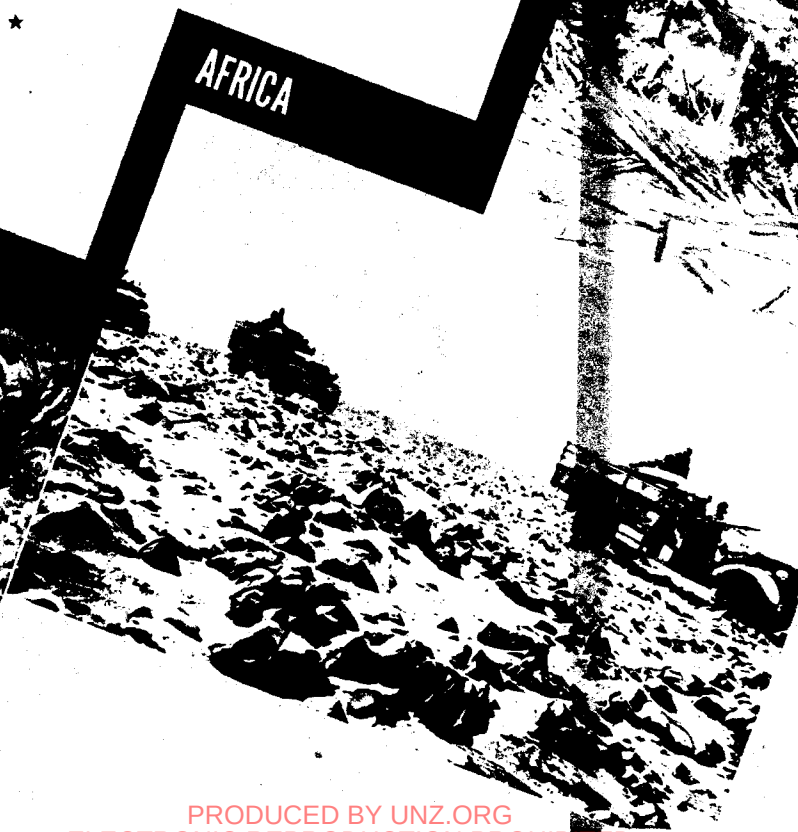
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That's the story of these big, rugged,
Chevrolet-built military trucks—and of
many, many other kinds of Chevrolet-
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continue to work day and night turning

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★ AND STAMPS ★





A FRAME AROUND YOU

By Anne Hays Packwood

The understanding woman knows that her husband has built a frame around her picture in his dreams. But can a woman always remain within a frame?

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY SUTTER

LEFTY RIVENBARK'S wife was awake in her father-in-law's farmhouse on Orchard Hill. She was lying in the dark behind her husband, one hand lightly clasping his hand, her cheek turned on the pillow so that she could see the moon beyond Lefty's shoulder. The round, bright moon raced into a feathery cloud mass which scattered before it and became white chicks running from a golden rooster. Fran wanted to squeeze Lefty's fingers to make him open his eyes in time to see this, but he was breathing so

evenly she thought maybe she shouldn't—Lefty needed his rest tonight of all nights. His mother had said so, setting the alarm clock for a quarter to six, as usual, and putting it on the hall floor between the two bedrooms, where nobody could escape hearing it.

Tomorrow, Lefty was going to war.

Fran lay listening to the clock's ticking and feeling the strangeness of the house with Lefty fixing to leave it. Even the bed of their baby, four-year-old Totty, had been moved outside the bedroom door to

"Let the moonlight catch your hair," said Lefty. "That's the way. Now lift your head and smile." He knelt there a long minute while Fran held the pose, then he clicked an imaginary camera and broke the spell

make way for the trunk brought down from the attic. A leathery, mothball smell hung in the air inside the dark little rooms. Queer how many things a man would find he'd have to pack away in an old trunk when he left home, things that none of his folks wanted to touch, with him gone. The horsehide jacket Lefty's folks had given him on his last birthday—his father had jumped as if he'd been burned when Lefty offered it to him, to break in during the coming winter.

"I got plenty horsehide, out in the barn," old Joe had hollered. "You break it in, your own self, when you come back here!"

And after Fran had folded the coat away in the trunk, Lefty's mother had taken it up and packed it flat, her own way, the line of her mouth saying, "This is better!"

That was his mother, all over, Fran thought, watching the moon ride clear of the feather clouds like a rooster swelled up to crow. There's nothing I can do that counts with her. She wouldn't say anything, for the world, but she gives away how she feels. So it's right I should go. That's what I'll tell her, tomorrow, after Lefty's train goes, when I come back here to do my own packing—mine and Totty's.

Lefty stirred a little, and she felt guilty, as if he had read her thoughts. *She had to tell Lefty before she could tell his mother.* She'd planned to, every day since he'd gotten his papers, but she'd put it off—a thing like this was going to hurt Lefty, and she'd never, in the five years of their life together, wanted to do that. Now tonight was all the time she had left, outside of tomorrow morning—his train left at twelve—and it didn't seem right to spoil his last morning with his folks. On the other hand tonight their last night together—hers and Lefty's.

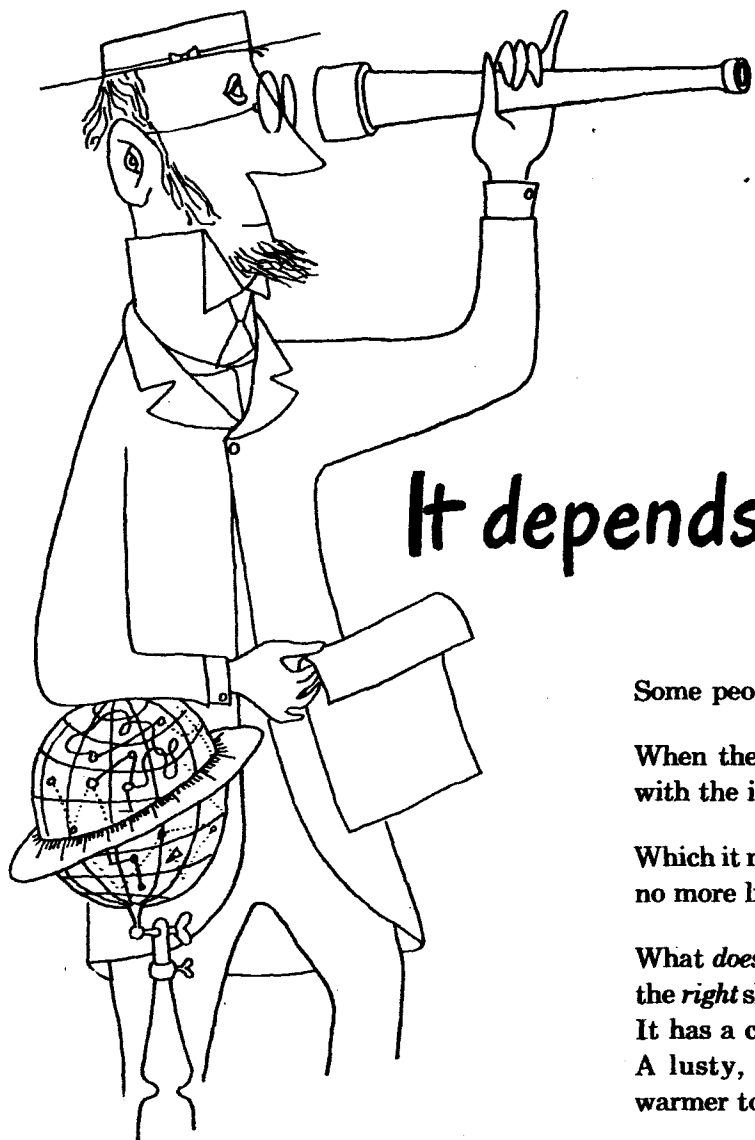
When you lived in a house where everything was decided by your husband's folks from what time your husband got up of a morning to how long your baby's dresses should be cut, a house where each dish and chair and clock was righted by another woman's hands, you got to looking forward to your nights. Then, you and your husband and baby could go into your own room and you could shut the in-laws out. You and your man were together there and you made it a happy place for him, a place where you could laugh and fool around and make love without having to feel it was in some way wrong. And you had just enough sense never to mention there how you felt about his folks—never to speak their names. For that would be like bringing Lefty's father and mother right in there with you; the way it was, because it was the only place you and Lefty had.

Mornings in the room were sweetest of all—times when you waked together, long before anyone else was stirring, and found each other's arms, fresh and free of yesterday's work and worries. Then, things were like you thought they'd be, back when you were first in love, back before you had to play this married game according to somebody else's rules.

"Why, I couldn't go on living here with out him." Fran drew up her knees so that she was reassured, touching Lefty's body. "It would be just what my sister Beeb said all cake crumbs and no icing!"

Beeb's husband had been called to war too, but Beeb had her own little house. More than that, she had a defense job. Beeb wanted Fran and the baby to come and live with her, when Lefty went. She knew how it was for her kid sister, out of the farm with the old folks, with Lefty

(Continued on page 59)



It depends on how you look at it...

Some people have the wrong slant on Postum.

When they try it for the first time, they try it with the idea that it's going to taste like coffee.

Which it most distinctly does *not*! Postum tastes no more like coffee than coffee tastes like tea.

What *does* Postum taste like? Well, to give you the *right* slant on it—Postum tastes like Postum. It has a corking good flavor that's *all its own*! A lusty, invigorating flavor that's a heart-warmer to everyone who tries it.

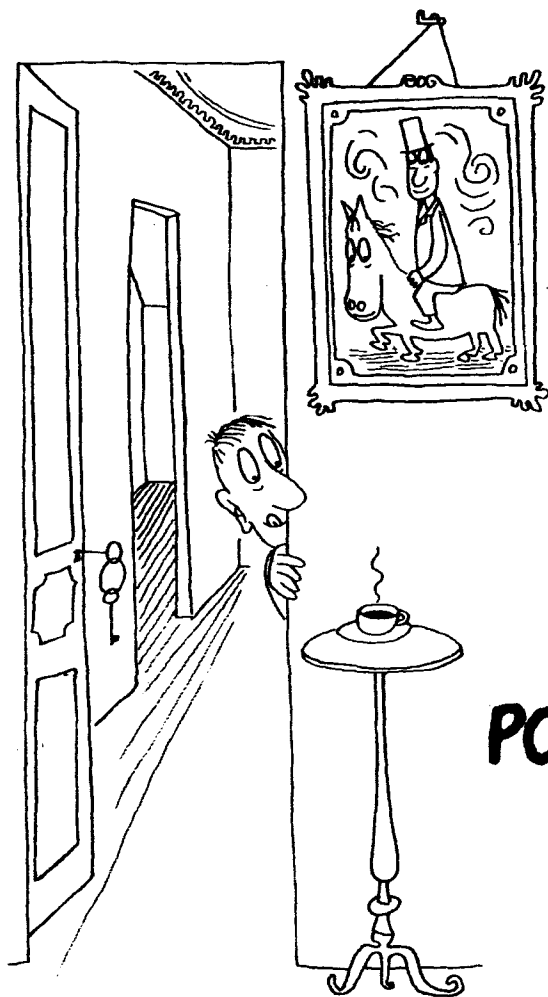
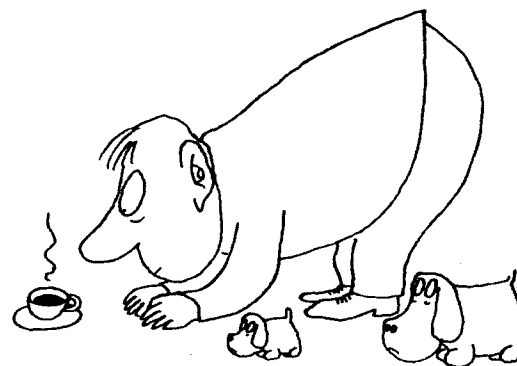


Millions of regular Postum drinkers recognize it as one of America's great mealtime drinks. The whole family enjoys it, too, because there's not a bit of harm in it.

And Postum's especially appreciated these days of tea, coffee, and cocoa shortages... *and* limited budgets (economical—costs less than ½¢ a cup). You can get Postum in two forms—Postum Cereal, which you boil, percolate or drip, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by simply adding boiling water.

Incidentally, *iced* Postum makes a grand hot-weather drink... cooling, refreshing and tasty.

P. S. Tune in The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, sponsored by Postum.



POSTUM—One of America's great mealtime drinks



STEINBERG



Eddie and I carried the rug upstairs. We got to the second floor. Everything seemed to be just as I had left it

SOUND OF REVELRY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

LATE one evening, Jonathan Tate, a wealthy New Yorker, is shot to death in his Fifth Avenue apartment. Judy Morgan and Steve Harrison (the narrator)—dancing teachers, both—see two persons, a beautiful blond woman and a tall man in evening clothes, who are involved in the crime.

There is a third witness—Babs Willard. She has tried, unsuccessfully to take Steve away from Judy, whom he loves. A short time after the murder, Babs is shot—killed, while driving Steve home in her car.

Three members of the homicide squad—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard—go to work on the case. While they are investigating, Tate's will is read. He leaves everything he owns (including the Torrid Zone, a night club) to his friend and dancing teacher, Judy Morgan!

Among the Torrid Zone's patrons (after Judy takes possession) are a young man named Gregg Martin; his father, Arthur Martin; the blonde (whose name, Steve learns, is Claire Livingston); Bob Norden, whom Steve recognizes as the blonde's companion on the evening of Tate's death; and a frowzy woman—Mabel Grant—who is living with a man known as Ollie Grant.

Whenever any of these people come to the club, Judy chats with them. She pooh-poohs Steve's assertions that Claire Livingston and Norden were involved in the killing of Jonathan Tate. This mystifies Steve, but he is even more mystified when Max Gold agrees with her and refuses even to interview the blonde and Norden.

Whenever he has the opportunity, Steve joins Claire Livingston and tries to induce her to talk

about Tate. She refuses to be drawn out; instead, she tells Steve that she is falling for him! Certain that the woman is not really in love with him, Steve is puzzled. He wonders what her game is.

Another one from whom Steve endeavors to elicit information about Tate is Mabel Grant, who, he suspects, may know something about the murders. The woman will tell him nothing, but one evening, she takes him to her apartment.

As they enter together, Ollie Grant—a small, sparse-haired man of about forty-five—greeted them gruffly. Mabel introduces the two men. Steve says, "Howdy, Ollie?" The little man says nothing.

VI

MABEL took off her coat and hat and pitched them on one of the twin beds, along with her bag. She said, "Steve is Judy Morgan's dancing partner. I think they're crazy about each other."

There was a flicker of interest in Ollie's eyes, and he moved away from the door. He said, "So what?"

"I've had a wonderful evening," she rattled on. "Talking to Miss Morgan and to Mr. Harrison."

"Talking is right," said Ollie, without cordiality. "You got yourself a snootful."

She went into a long defense which involved her reputation for absorbing al-

cohol without visible results. She averred that she could drink Ollie under the table any day of the week and recalled instances where she had done so.

Finally Ollie spoke. He had the habit of cutting off his words as though with a scissors. "You and Mabel been steppin'?"

"Yes . . . if you call it that."

"Miss Morgan with you?"

"No."

"You been alone, huh?"

"Except for a few hundred other people."

"Now, Ollie . . ." Mabel went over and sat on the arm of the chair and patted his partially bald head. "Would I bring him here if there had been anything wrong?"

Ollie didn't answer that one. He probably had his own ideas.

I fumbled with the top button of my overcoat. "It's late," I said. "I think I'll catch some shut-eye."

Ollie shoved Mabel off the arm of his chair and moved to the dresser. There were bottles and glasses there, and a bowl which had contained cracked ice. He said, "I'll fix you a drink. What'll you have: Scotch or Scotch?"

I said, "I prefer Scotch."

He poured a neat slug and handed it to me. He took one himself. Mabel poured

her own and tossed it off. Ollie said, "Sid-down. Let's talk."

"About what?"

"Anything. You look like a right gee."

"Thanks," I said. "Here's eye in your mud." I grinned at him. He was trying to be friendly, and I was willing to make it easy for him. "What'll we talk about?"

"People," he said.

"What sort of people?"

Ollie looked at me and let fly. His question almost knocked me down.

He said, "What do you know about Jonathan Tate?"

There it was. Right off the bargain counter. I sampled my Scotch, taking a long time about it. Then I looked across at Ollie. I said, "What's it to you what I know about Jonathan Tate?"

He said, "I just wondered."

"Why?"

"Who's asking the questions: you or me?"

I said, "Me."

He shrugged. "You been out with my girl. Your babe wasn't along. Maybe you're sore at her on account she inherited this night club from Tate. That'd make me wonder what you and Mabel really been doing."

"That's your privilege," I said. "And if

you want to know what Mabel's been doing, I'll tell you. She's been feeding me hooch as fast as I'd buy it, trying to get me to loosen up. I'm still sober. I'm going to stay that way. And my personal affairs are strictly none of your business."

"Okay, buddy—okay. No use gettin' sore. I just asked."

I don't know why, but I rather liked the little fellow. I hadn't the faintest idea where he and his blowzy female friend fitted into the picture, but I decided I'd like to find out. Making him sore wasn't the right way. So I decided to tell him things he already knew.

"I didn't know anything about Jonathan Tate except that he took dancing lessons from Miss Morgan and went out with her frequently. He went out with her because he was a lousy dancer and she was the only living woman he could navigate with."

"He must've liked her."

"Obviously."

"A rich guy like Tate dies and leaves everything to a girl, that's a break. It usually starts from somewhere."

"A lot of people think like you do. I'm not one of 'em."

Ollie said, "Tate must have had plenty moola."

I laughed. "We're stalling each other, aren't we, Ollie? You're trying to find out something that I'm not going to tell; and I'm playing the same game. Let's call it quits."

OLLIE beamed. "I sized you up right, feller. Smart, that's what you are. You stack up against somebody, you right away figure him out. Well, maybe you're right. So what's the use of two heps playin' games? I was interested and I asked. No harm trying, was there?"

"None. And there wasn't any harm in my trying to find out why you were interested. That being the case, I'll really be trotting along."

He held out his hand. "You know where I live. Drop in any time. I like you."

"Thanks," I said, and shook hands. He had a little hand but the grip was like steel. I shook hands with Mabel. She said, "I'll be seein' you again, Steve. It ain't many guys Ollie likes."

I went down in the creaky elevator and stepped out into the cold wind. I got an odd sort of satisfaction from the knowledge that Ollie liked me. It didn't have any sense—that feeling—but there it was. As a matter of fact, I felt the same way about him. Evidently life had tried to shove him around and he'd spent most of his time shoving right back.

I walked home. I was tired, and I was in bed, sleeping, in no time.

I woke at twelve o'clock on the nose. I knew because the air-raid siren was having its midday test. I was still tired.

I made a lot of coffee. I figured I'd fudge a little on my daily ration and make it up later in the month. I smoked a couple of cigarettes. I tried reading the paper, but it didn't mean anything. I had Judy on my mind.

I hated to wake her, but I telephoned anyway. She didn't answer. I dialed the number again, figuring I might have made a mistake. She still didn't answer.

I bathed, dressed and gave the telephone another whirl and still got nowhere. That seemed to spell that she was out. Maybe she had a luncheon date with Gregg Martin. Maybe she had gone shopping. If I was right on either of those counts, there wasn't a chance for me to see her. But there was the faint possibility that she'd gone to the club. I started to phone her there and changed my mind. She was either there or she wasn't. If she was, I'd rather barge in on her personally. Maybe I could get her to loosen up.

I hopped a taxi. We were on a one-way, westbound street, and traffic was heavy.

Trucks were jamming the thoroughfare, jockeying for places at the curb to load or unload. My driver kept inching along, but the progress was slow. I looked at my watch. It was 1:40.

Through the traffic I could see the front of the Torrid Zone. The little street-level shops were open, but the rest of the building looked sad. While I was looking, the front door of the club jerked open. Somebody came out. Somebody in a hurry.

It was Judy.

There wasn't any sense trying to call her. I was too far away for that. She started west, walking fast. Walking faster than I'd ever seen her walk before.

I fumbled in my pocket for the taxi fare. I told the driver I'd get out there, but the light turned green and he had already started to move. Other taxis and trucks were making a lot of noise all around us. When I tried to open the door and get out, a big truck driver swore at me. I ducked back into the cab and waited until we got stalled again. Then I got out. But I had lost Judy.

That seemed to be that. I decided to go to the club anyway. Maybe she'd come

ernistic gray-and-green furniture; pastel shades. It had two beds, a chest of drawers and a dressing table. The dressing table didn't match. Judy had bought that after she took over.

There was an easy chair, another chair which wasn't quite as easy, and two straight chairs. There was a reading lamp attached to one of the beds, and two little lamps on the dressing table. There was a standing lamp in the corner.

The curtains were drawn so that the room was gloomy. There was a magazine on the easy chair. There was something on the floor.

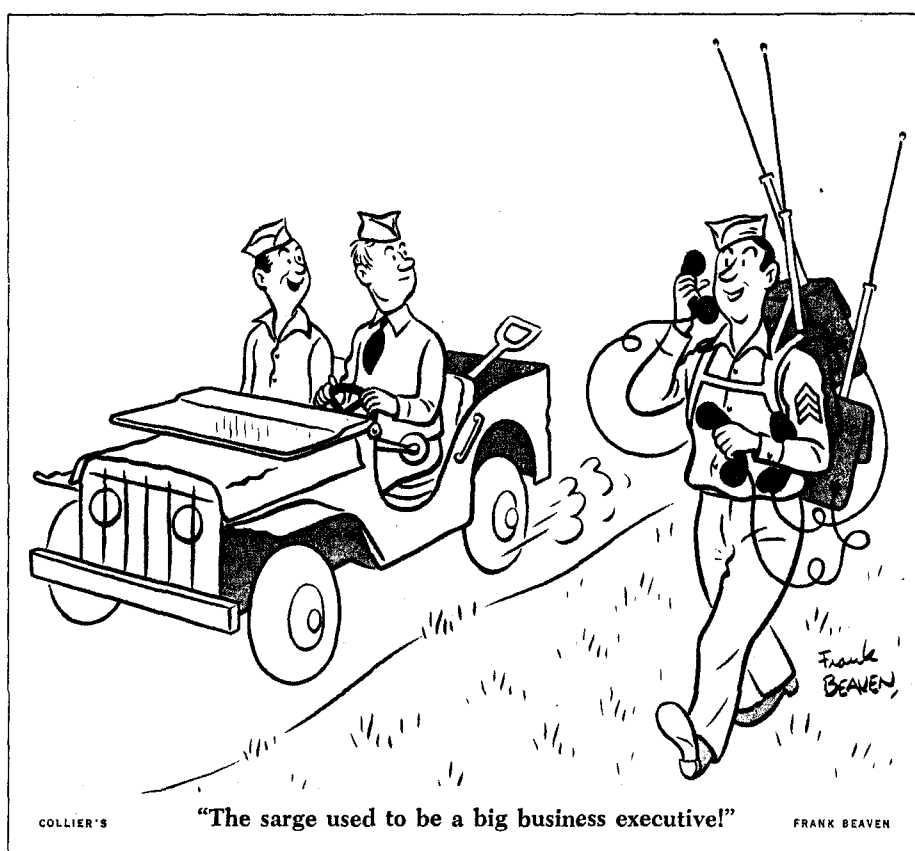
The thing that was on the floor wasn't pretty.

It was a body. A very dead body.

It was Mabel Grant.

I FELT like I was going to be sick. The feeling started in the pit of my stomach and spread all over me. It was a lot worse than the night Babs Willard had been murdered, because that happened so quick I didn't know my ear from a hole in the ground.

I stood there gawping down at the body.



back. She couldn't have been going to lunch: first, because she probably had just finished breakfast; second, because a girl going to lunch doesn't rush like Judy had been doing. And if she'd had an appointment somewhere, she'd have called a taxi.

I STEPPED into a corner drugstore and bought a fresh pack of cigarettes. I walked slowly to the club and unlocked the front door with a key Judy had given me. I walked upstairs. The place looked weird.

The tables were naked, except that chairs had been piled on them. The cleaners had evidently finished their chores. The bandstand looked like a mortuary: the lonely bull fiddle, the odd accessories of the trap drummer, the gold hats on stands in front of the brass section, the silent piano.

Empty. Everything empty and still. And a little stale and musty from last night.

I walked up to the third floor. Our practice room was there, and Judy's little apartment. I figured that would be an all-right place to wait. At least it looked like an apartment, even in the daytime.

I went into Judy's sitting room. The bedroom adjoined it. That was the one she used as a dressing room. It had mod-

My brain was racing, but the thoughts were disconnected. Before I could follow through on one idea, another one would crowd it out.

I knelt beside the body and felt for the pulse. It took all the nerve I had, and a little bit more. I tried to remember first-aid stuff I had learned as a Boy Scout. I knew this much: There wasn't any pulse. Mabel was as completely dead as she'd ever be. She was lying on her back, one arm stretched at a right angle to her body. Under the left breast there was some blood. I was surprised that there wasn't more blood. I remember figuring that maybe she'd bled inside, or perhaps the clothes she had on had sort of absorbed the flow. Anyway, there wasn't much.

I looked at the wound, what I could see of it. I figured she had been shot. Well, if that was so, there couldn't be a safer place to shoot a person than a night club in the daytime. Nobody around, no possible witness, lots of time for the murderer to get away. That was right: You could shoot somebody, walk out the front door and disappear up Broadway, and who would know the difference?

That made me think about Judy. Just a few minutes before, Judy had gone busting out of the front door. She had traveled so fast that she had attracted my

attention. Too fast for me to catch her. That hadn't been like Judy. Not at 1:40 P. M. anyway. I said, "Whoa! Harrison, you're thinking wrong. Judy had nothing to do with this."

I was crazy even to think such a thing. Judy might hold out information, but she couldn't kill anybody. Well, Claire Livingston didn't look like she would, either. And I knew all about Claire. It struck me all of a sudden that the cops wouldn't have the confidence in Judy that I had. They'd find out things, and that wouldn't be so good. I had seen her leave the club. How did I know somebody else hadn't seen her?

I was thinking fast now—and straight. Maybe it was because Judy was in the middle of this. I wasn't concerned about right and wrong. Whatever Judy did was right with me. If she needed help, she could have it so far as I was able to give it.

My first hunch was to call Max Gold. But I decided against that. He was too much cop. He'd begin to add things up, and I wouldn't like the answer. I tried to figure it his way:

This Mabel Grant had shown up from nowhere and spent the evening talking to Judy. The conversation was so interesting that Judy ignored her new boy friend, Gregg Martin. Judy had looked worried. She wouldn't tell me what it was all about. As far as I knew, she hadn't told Max Gold. Presuming she hadn't, any cop would figure she'd had plenty of chance to make up a good story by this time.

Mabel had let me take her places. There hadn't been any pretense about it. She had wanted to pump me. She was interested in me because I was Judy's dance partner, and maybe her sweetheart. Mabel had reasons, but she wasn't telling. She wasn't ever going to tell now.

Failing to get anything out of me, she had dragged me to a cheap hotel where she was living as the wife of a man named Ollie. Ollie looked, talked and acted like a hustler. He impressed me as being as tough as a tough guy likes to think he is. Ollie and Mabel were both frankly interested in Judy and Jonathan Tate.

Jonathan Tate had been murdered.

THERE was still another angle I didn't like. Babs Willard had been killed because she had seen too much of what had happened on the terrace of Tate's penthouse. It was all tied up some way. The thought hit me that this might have been Judy lying there, and once again I had to battle against being sick.

The point was, though, that it wasn't Judy. Judy had been in the club. She had left—but fast. She had looked like a person who didn't care where she went so long as it was some place else.

I wished she hadn't gone. I wished that I could talk it over with her. Of course, I could wait until she returned, but how did I know when that would be? How did I know she would return?

I had to do something. I had to cover things up until I could find out what was what. If I did the wrong thing and Judy was innocent, then I'd be in bad to the extent of having interfered with the law. That wasn't good, but it wasn't terrible either. The important thing was to keep Judy's skirts clear.

I had at least three hours. It wasn't two o'clock yet. Unless Judy returned, the chances were that nobody would be in until five. Maybe some of the kitchen help, but they wouldn't be fooling around the third floor.

There seemed to be only one thing to do in view of the fact that I didn't know where Judy stood. Whether or not she was innocent didn't matter: I was concerned about what the law would think, and from any angle, it struck me that the law would think she had killed Mabel. Let that break in the public prints, and

Judy would have two strikes on her to start with. Hadn't she been proclaimed publicly as Jonathan Tate's girl friend? Hadn't he been murdered? Hadn't she inherited his dough? Had his murder ever been solved? Who was to say she hadn't killed Tate, too? Of course I could say that, but I had already said it, and nobody would listen.

I got an idea. Maybe it wasn't a very bright idea, but it was the best I could do on short notice. I made up my mind to get Mabel Grant's body out of there. If it was a dumb play, I could take the rap for it later. But if any of my guesses were right, I'd be saving Judy a lot of grief.

My first job was messy. I had to move that body. I knew it was against the law, but so were a lot of things that had been happening in my vicinity in the past two and a half weeks. Leaving Mabel where she was didn't make sense. Anybody who walked into the apartment casually would see her. They'd phone the police. And Judy would be on the griddle.

I opened the door of Judy's closet. She had a lot of gowns in there, hanging neatly in a long row. There was a shoe shelf near the floor, and a long row of shoes—like soldiers at attention. I shoved all the hangers down to one end of the rod, leaving about a third of the closet clear. I piled all the shoes at the same end. Then I went back and slipped my hands under Mabel's armpits.

She was astonishingly heavy. I don't remember how I worked the thing. All I remember is that it was quite a job getting her arranged in the closet like I wanted her. I backed in first, dragging her.

Then I had to get out. I propped her against the wall in a sitting position. Then I went out and tiptoed downstairs. I haven't the faintest idea why I tiptoed, because the place was empty, but it seemed more in keeping with that thing upstairs. I let myself out the front door. That was simple enough. I just turned the knob on the inside, walked out and let the door slam. It locked itself.

BROADWAY looked exactly the same as when I'd gone into the building: streetcars, taxis, trucks, pedestrians, soldiers and sailors. Nobody seemed to know that a brand-new murder had just been committed.

I walked two blocks and went into a drugstore. I dialed Judy's home number. The phone rang, but there wasn't any answer. I hadn't expected one, but I was still disappointed.

Then I went down the subway steps, got two nickels for a dime, dropped one of the nickels into the turnstile slot and grabbed a Brooklyn express. I got a seat, and for the next fifteen minutes devoted myself to a lot of worry.

I got off the subway and walked to the carpet-cleaning establishment owned by Eddie Kane's old man. I spoke to Mr. Kane and took Eddie down to an arm-chair restaurant where we could have coffee and talk.

I did the talking. For once in his life, Eddie was flattened. He'd always been the champion screwball of the gang, but this time I was two up on him. He let me start at the beginning and carry through to the end. Then he filled in the vacant places with questions, so that he got a clear picture of a cloudy situation. Then he asked, "Where do I fit in?"

I said, "I need your help."

"For what?"

"Moving the body."

Eddie blinked. I had him on his heels. He said, "Are you crazy?"

"Yes. And so are you."

"I'm not that crazy. If you think I'm going to run around Manhattan with a dead body..."

"That's what I think, Eddie. If anything goes wrong, I'll take the rap."

"Don't give me that. You'll take the rap, all right, and so will I."

"Okay. So we'll both be in a jam."

He lighted a cigarette and puffed thoughtfully. "You've doped out something?"

"Yes. We take your delivery truck and park outside the club. We carry a rug with us... any rug you've got in the place. We go into the club, roll the body in the rug and carry it out again."

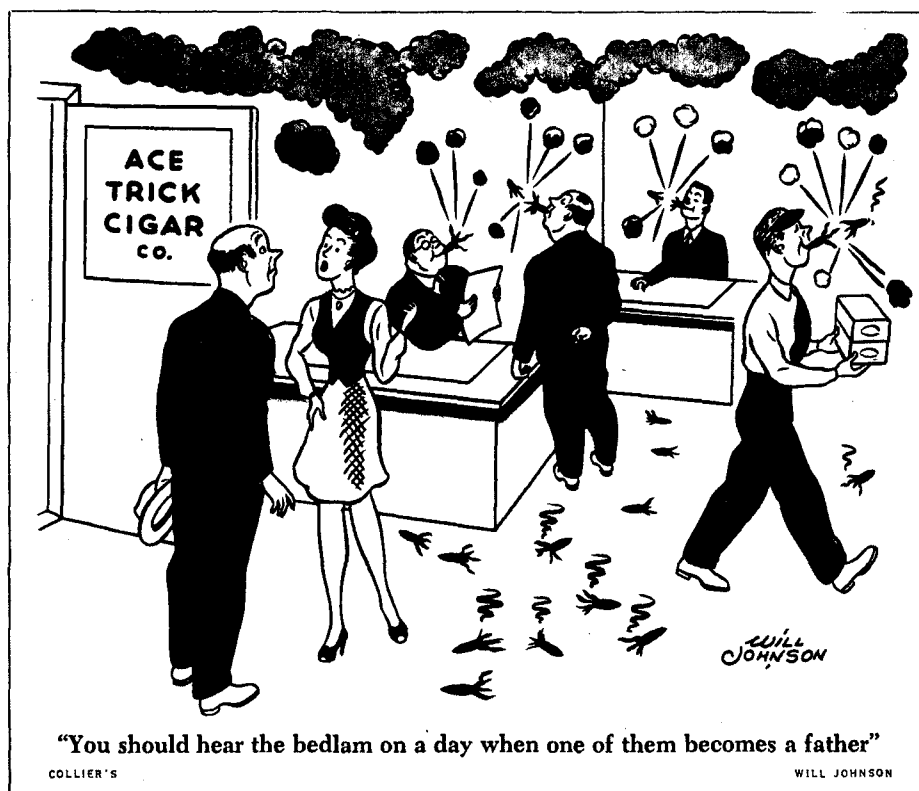
"Nice." Eddie was getting caustic. "And if somebody sees us toting a rug inside and then carrying it out again... what does that make us look like?"

"Nobody pays any attention to things like that. Not in a business neighborhood, anyway."

EDDIE was checking in but not enjoying it. He said, "So we've got the body in the truck. We lock the truck. What do we do then?"

"If we get that far, Eddie—we've already done the important thing: We've gotten Judy out of a jam... at least until I have a chance to talk to her."

"Right. But we've still got Mabel."



"You should hear the bedlam on a day when one of them becomes a father"

I said, "We ride somewhere. Long Island, maybe. Where there's a lot of vacant space. We wait until it's night. The dimout will help. We find a spot where there aren't any people and no traffic. We leave her there."

"I still don't like it. We get picked up tossing a body around..."

"Maybe I was wrong," I said. "Perhaps I'd better play it alone."

Eddie said, "Don't be a fool. I'm in it with you. But that ain't saying I think you're bright."

Eddie told his old man he had a delivery to make. He and I rolled up a nine-by-twelve that had been left there for cleaning. We shoved it into the truck and rolled off toward Manhattan.

We crossed Manhattan Bridge and headed up the Bowery. I said, "Maybe this isn't fair to Margie and the kids. Maybe you better call it off."

That was all Eddie needed. He said, "I can be as nutsy as you any day. Especially on Tuesday."

I explained that maybe it wouldn't be necessary, after all. Maybe Judy would be at the club when we got there. Maybe she could give me an explanation which would leave us all in the clear. I stopped near Astor Place and telephoned her home. No soap. So we went on uptown.

Every so often Eddie would comment that this was the doggonedest thing he'd

ever done, only he didn't say doggonedest. We tried to remember some of the jams we'd gotten into as kids; we reminded ourselves that we'd always been lucky. We avoided mentioning the fact that this was dangerous—that we were flaunting the law in a big, bad way.

We parked directly in front of the club. It still had that forlorn, deserted look I had noticed earlier in the afternoon. Eddie got out and said, "Well, this is it."

I said, "Yeah, this is it," and got out with him.

We opened the back door of the truck and took out the rug. A nine-by-twelve is heavy. Eddie took one end and I took the other. I went first.

I unlocked the front door. I didn't pause to admire the picture of Morgan & Harrison in the lobby, which was something of a record.

I carried my end of the rug upstairs. Eddie hefted the other end. We got to the second floor. Everything seemed to be just as I had left it: chairs piled on tables; bandstand looking sad; the light gloomier and drearier.

We went up to the third floor. We car-

eyes hadn't missed a bet. He said, "Well, look who's here."

I said, "Yes. Aren't we?"

"Who's your friend?"

I jerked my head backward. "Him? Just a fellow."

"What's his name?"

"Kane. Eddie Kane."

Gold's eyes kept boring into me. They went right through. This wasn't so good. I wasn't learning a thing. But I tried. I said, "What are you chaps doing here?"

"Talking."

"About what?"

"Oh—things."

I looked at Judy. "How you feeling, honey?" I asked.

"Fine, thank you, Steve." The words were all right, but her voice sounded strange. It was a wacky situation.

Gold said, "What's the idea of the baggage?"

"This?" I looked down at the rug. "Just something I'm helping Eddie deliver. He and his old man run a carpet-cleaning place in Brooklyn."

"Bringing it here?" Gold picked up his left hand with his right and looked down at his long, white, slender fingers. "Why?"

I said, "I thought maybe we'd take this one out to be cleaned."

"And you were planning to leave that one?"

"Yes."

Gold looked at Ballard and smiled. It was a tight little smile, and I didn't like it. He said, "What gave you the idea that this rug needed cleaning?"

"Rugs get dirty, don't they?"

"Sure they do. Sometimes they get very dirty."

"This one's been doing that for a long time."

"Did Miss Morgan know this was going to happen?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I'm asking you, Harrison."

I WAS in it up to my neck, but all I could think of was Judy. And Eddie Kane. Things were shaping up mean for him. The poor guy was still standing behind me. I figured he was dying. I said, "This was my idea."

"Little surprise for Miss Morgan, huh?"

"Something like that."

Gold smiled. This was a real smile—nice and warm. He said, "You're a lousy liar, Harrison."

For just an instant I thought maybe this was a way out. Maybe I could pretend that I was sore at being called a liar. I might slug him and get messed up a little. But that didn't look like such a hot scheme. Mixing with a couple of laws isn't healthy, and it would only postpone things, anyway.

I could kid Gold just so far. There wasn't a chance of really fooling him. He knew something, but what it was, I couldn't tell. I grabbed a quick glance at the closet door. It looked just the same as when I'd left it. I wondered whether they'd peeped inside yet.

The chances were that they had. The way Judy had scrambled out of that building at 1:40 would indicate that she had seen the body. She may have gone to call them. Or they may have found it on their own and picked her up. I couldn't be sure of anything. But mostly I couldn't be sure that Gold and Ballard knew there was a dead woman lying a few feet away.

If Judy had seen the body and then called the coppers in, they must have been surprised. Body on the rug. Body gone. Then I show up with a friend and a 9 x 12 rug. No chance to bluff this lad Gold. All I could do was play the dope, which wasn't hard. He'd have trouble pinning it on me. I thought: Suppose they'd walked in later—when Eddie and I were carrying Mabel out. The thought made sweat stand out on my forehead.

Gold said placidly, "You didn't think

ried the rug into Judy's apartment. We walked through the living room. I was still in front, which meant that I went into the bedroom before Eddie did.

I went in. But not far.

Three people were in Judy's bedroom. One was Judy.

The second was George Ballard.

The third was my old friend, Max Gold.

ADOC once told me: "After a while, a person becomes inured to shock." Maybe he was right, but I wasn't the guy he was talking about.

Judy and George Ballard and Max Gold standing in the room where a murder had been committed a couple of hours previously. Ballard and Gold were coppers. That didn't look good for Judy.

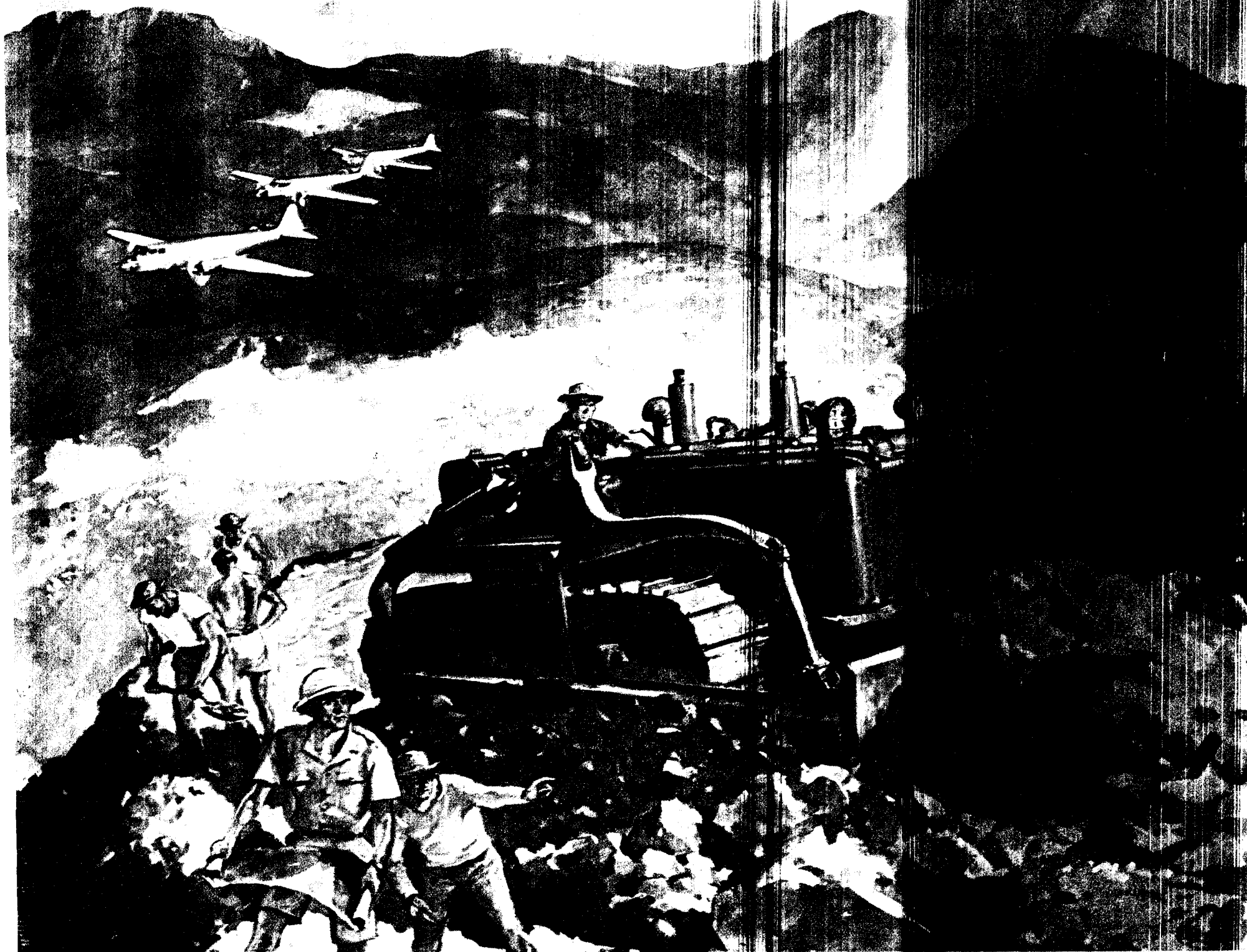
I stared at her from the doorway. I was still hoisting my end of the rug. Eddie was on the other end, and I couldn't see what he looked like, but I could imagine.

Judy looked pale and worried. Very worried. I wondered whether they'd been giving her a sort of polite third degree. The simple fact that they were there spelled trouble with a capital T. Sparring for time, I put my end of the rug down. I didn't bother to look around.

It was Max Gold who broke the silence—Max with his sharp, direct voice which seemed to go right through you. His bright

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the room looked pretty enough as it was, did you?"

"It was pretty. But maybe it'd be prettier if the rug got cleaned."

"You're not only a dancer—you're an interior decorator."

That crack had a sting in it. I got sore. But before I could say what I was thinking, George Ballard moved forward a step. His voice was quiet and gentlemanly. His eyes were friendly. He said, "Let's be frank, Harrison. We all know that things aren't the way you tell them, but you're making it plain that you're not telling anything more. So why should we force you?"

I said, "Thanks, Ballard." Then I took a long chance. "You could do me a big favor if you would."

"What?"

"Could I speak to Miss Morgan alone for just about five minutes?"

Max Gold said, "Later. Not now."

That didn't help. Later wasn't going to do me a bit of good. It wasn't helping Judy, either.

If Gold knew about Mabel, he'd be bound to figure the rug. I could tell from his words and manner that he was adding it up pretty accurately. So if he believed that Judy hadn't shot Mabel, he might be getting the idea that I had done it.

I hadn't gotten that slant before. It wasn't what you would call reassuring. The only virtue was that it gave Judy an out. Gold said to her, "Did you think the rug needed cleaning, Miss Morgan?"

She moistened her lips. I could see that she was thinking on her feet. She wanted to play it my way but didn't know what course to take. She said in a voice that sounded hollow and strange, "The rugs and drapes in here could all stand cleaning."

"Yeah . . ." Max made a short, sharp gesture with his white fingers. "Unroll it."

Eddie and I unrolled it. Nothing inside but a lot of pattern. Gold said, "It ain't pretty. It wouldn't fit the room. I take back what I said about you being an interior decorator."

"Thanks." I tried to keep my own voice steady. "That helps."

Gold kept on pouring it into me: "Brought it all the way from Brooklyn, eh?"

"Yes."

"How come Brooklyn?"

"I was raised there. My friends live there. I patronize my friends."

"Such loyalty. You couldn't find it anywhere but Flatbush. A long ride through traffic to bring in a dirty rug so you could take out a clean one." He didn't raise his voice, but its quality was different. It had steel in it. It sounded dangerous. He said, "What's the lowdown, Harrison?"

I said, "I told you . . ."

Judy broke in: "Why shouldn't that be the truth, Mr. Gold?"

"It shouldn't be, and it ain't. I want to know what is."

"Steve and I are engaged." There was a note of desperation in her voice. "He's always doing nice things—always surprising me."

"And I bet you were never more surprised than you are right now, were you?"

JUDY didn't answer that one. I was glad. I appreciated her effort to help me, but there wasn't any sense sticking her chin out farther than it already was. Then Max Gold started a new assault. His voice was quiet and deadly. He said, "What time did you get up this morning, Harrison?"

"About noon."

"What did you do?"

"I made some coffee and drank it. I smoked a couple of cigarettes. I thought."

"About what?"

"Getting this rug cleaned."

"That again?"

"Yes, that. I telephoned Judy at home."

She wasn't there. I went over to Brooklyn and asked Eddie whether he had a rug in the place he could lend me while he was cleaning this one. He said sure.

Gold's eyes went over my shoulder and pierced Eddie. He said, "Rug belong to you, Kane?"

"No." It was a monosyllable, and it sounded like a croak.

"Just a rug somebody left to be cleaned?"

"They were storing it with us. We weren't to clean it until they wanted it back."

"So you were using somebody else's property, huh?"

"I—I suppose so. There didn't seem to be any harm in it."

I said, "I don't know what you're driving at, Gold—but whatever it is, Eddie doesn't know from nothing. He was just a friend doing me a favor. He isn't in this at all."

"That," stated Max flatly, "is what you think."

He turned back to me. "What did you do last night?"

"Danced. Not well, but I danced."

"After that?"

"I went out."

"Who with?"

So it was coming. He'd wanted me to spill of my own volition. Since I hadn't, he was carrying it to me. I figured I'd better tell most of the truth. I said, "A dame."

"Named what?"

"Mabel."

"Mabel, eh? Quite a name."

"It fitted."

"What did you do?"

"Went to a couple of spots. Had a few drinks."

"Get plastered?"

"No."

"How did you and Mabel get along?"

"Pretty good."

"What happened after you had the drinks?"

"I sent her home."

"Sent her?"

"Yes. In a taxi."

Gold looked straight at me. He said, "You think fast, brother."

So he knew I was lying. He seemed to know everything. Anyway, he knew enough to make me uncomfortable. He continued:

"You didn't happen to see Mabel this morning, did you?"

"No."

"You wouldn't be knowing where she is, would you?"

"No."

"Where was she living?"

"I don't know."

He smiled. "So you won't play. And you won't tell the truth about the Brooklyn voyage and that rug."

"I've told you everything I'm going to tell."

"That's a nice frank way of putting it."

I said, "What gives now?"

"Nothing," he answered blandly. "Nothing at all."

That flattened me. All this build-up, and then, "Nothing. Nothing at all." I got a wild hope that maybe Gold and Ballard didn't know anything about the body.

There was a chance that they didn't. In any event, it seemed pretty certain that they didn't know about Mabel being in the closet. If I could only get them out of here . . . if I could only grab a few minutes alone with Judy. I said, "You mean you're not going to question me any more?"

"Not now." Gold turned to Ballard. "Anything you want to ask, George?"

Ballard said no. They looked like they were about to leave. I didn't understand it, but it suited me just fine. I said to Judy, "Maybe you and I can have that little talk."

SHE smiled wanly. She said, "I'd love it, Steve. I'll go with you . . ." She turned around and started toward the closet. The closet where I had propped Mabel up against the wall. Open the door and you couldn't miss her. She was sitting right there with her hat in her lap and a bullet in her heart.

I said, "No!" I said it sharply; perhaps too sharply. I was scared stiff. I said, "We'll talk in here."

She shook her head. She kept on moving across the room. There was nothing I could do about it.

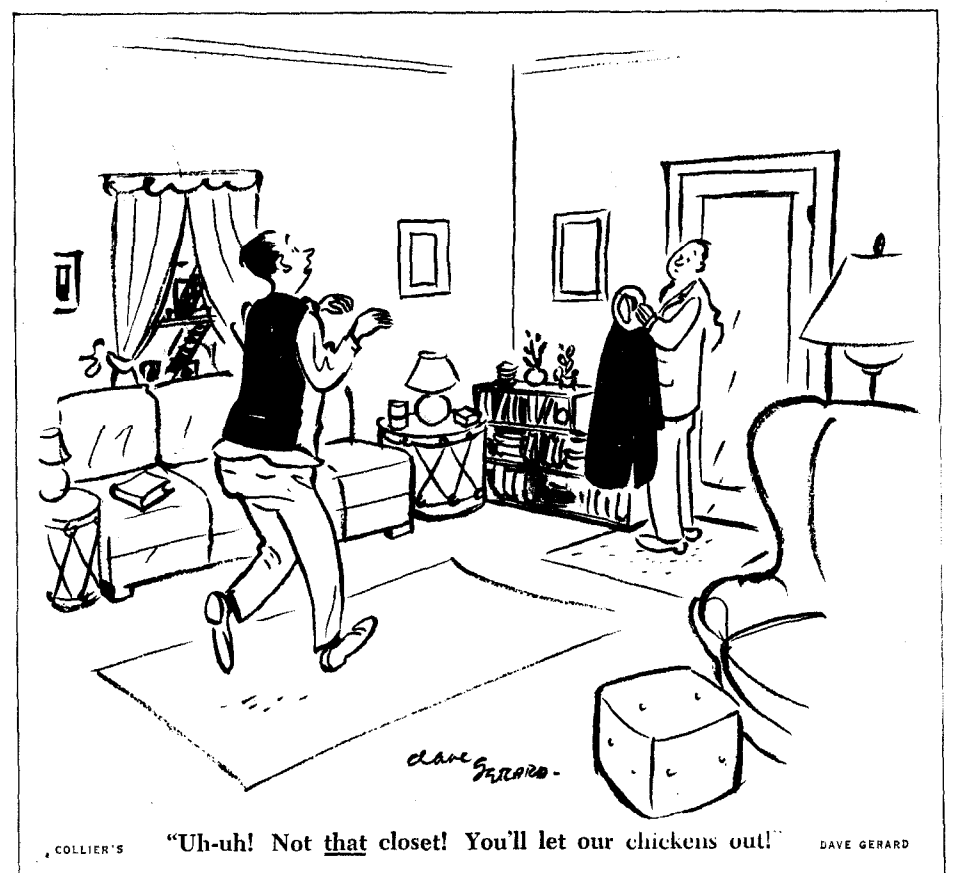
So this was the pay-off. Mabel was about to make a dramatic entrance.

I watched that door with horrified fascination. Judy said, "I'll get my hat and coat . . ."

She opened the door. She opened it wide. Her dresses were all hanging neatly. Her shoes were in a nice even row, like soldiers. No disorder. No nothing.

Mabel's body had vanished.

(To be continued next week)



A Frame Around You

Continued from page 50

feeling he had to be his father's right-hand man, and Lefty's mother feeling she had to get her son's breakfast every morning, same as when he was single. Fran felt sometimes she'd yell if she saw another plate of sour-cream-and-soda biscuits passed her way, good as Lefty's mother made them. "You can fix all the cinnamon toast you want, at my house," Beeb had said, "and the baby's orange juice on my electric juicer."

Beeb simply worshiped Totty, though she hadn't troubled to have a baby of her own. She bought her panda bears and woolly sweaters and even a pair of high-heeled cowboy boots. Big and good-natured, she'd let Totty play with her best pocketbook, if the child asked for it. And there was a pink-papered room in Beeb's house where a little girl could sleep, surrounded by her presents, while her mother and auntie sat up late, listening to the radio, or fixed a midnight snack in the kitchen, trailing around in their housecoats. At Beeb's, Fran could enjoy wearing the blue-quilted housecoat that Lefty's mother always seemed to look the length of, when it crossed her neat kitchen.

Mrs. Rivenbark got up before six, winter and summer. She put on a starched apron over a starched dress—usually gray with fine blue sprigs in it—and went stepping around, light as a girl, between cupboard and cookstove. The way Lefty's father looked at her, he showed he thought she was a fine-looking woman. Lefty's mother had told once how she'd been wearing a peach-colored voile, with a gray-blue sash, the day old Joe had proposed, and how he'd spoken of it, ever after, as "that gauzy, blue thing!" Men had the craziest notions about women's clothes. No doubt, he thought the blue-sprigged percale was one and the same, for color. But then, Lefty's father was past seventy.

Lefty was young. He was twenty-seven, and the baby of the family. That was why they hung over him so. His sisters had married, and the only other son had died, years back; Lefty said his eyes had been like Totty's, blue and sparkling as lake water with the sun on it—maybe that was why the old folks thought so much of Totty. It was going to be a shock to them when they learned she was moving to her Aunt Beeb's place.

LEFTY moved, an awake-all-the-time sort of move. He half turned, and her fingers quickened in his.

"Asleep, Fran?"

"No—"

"I just remembered," Lefty said, "about that window not being puttied up. I was lying here, watching the moon, and I happened to think I'd promised you—"

"Oh, that." Fran knew this was the time to tell him—she wouldn't be in this room, hearing that loose pane rattle, when winter came. This is the best time, and the best place, she thought; I can soften the blow with my arms.

"It don't matter, Lefty," was all she managed to say.

The moon slipped from clear sky into a lone plume of cloud; when it moved on, the cloud was wispy and spiritless. "Like me, in this room, with him gone." Fran shivered.

"You chilly, a mild night like this?" Lefty turned on his left side and drew the light cover about her back. He held it there, protectingly. They lay in silence again, together, yet not together.

This isn't like I thought our last night would be, Fran mused. I thought it would be—well, more romantic; kind of like the movies, I guess. This is like the night Lefty's grandmother died and we all talked

in whispers, waiting for day. It's—it's like he was gone, already!

"Lefty," she began, bravely, but he was sitting up in bed, his arm drawn away from her.

"Maybe the baby's kicked her covers off," he said. He swung his bare feet to the linoleum, cool now with the gentle coolness of the September night, and made his way to the crib outside the door. He bent above it, feeling, flat-handed, all over the round, warm hump of his child's body. One strong little fist was curled outside the quilt, and he folded it in. But he did not come back to bed; he went to the window and gazed at the moon-bright orchard.

"It sure is a pretty night," Lefty said.

Fran slipped out of her covers to stand beside him, small and young in her rumpled pajamas, her head on his shoulder.

"Lefty—Totty and I—"

He checked her with a hand on her shoulder.

"Sh-h-h, we might wake the folks . . . Say, let's walk out into the yard, Fran. Put something around you."

"Why— All right." Her hands groped in the clothes closet, and the housecoat was silken against his bare ankles.

"Oh, not that trailly thing," Lefty said, bending for their slippers, and so she pulled on her tan sports coat, feeling, as she tied the belt, the weight of a compact in one pocket from the last evening she and Lefty'd attended a show.

She took his arm and they stole through the hall, avoiding the alarm clock and his parents' door. Outside, there was the moon again.

IN THE other bedroom, another couple, who also could not sleep, heard them go. Old Joe Rivenbark raised himself on one elbow and lifted the corner of the window curtain next his bed.

"They're sitting out there in Totty's swing," he said. "I wonder if she's telling him now?"

There was no answer from his wife, and he sighed and stretched himself again beside her, and lifted his arms to grasp the iron rods of the bedstead.

"I wonder how many families, all over the country, are going through this same kind of thing tonight."

Old Joe had felt for a long time that Lefty would have to go, farm or no farm, family or no family. When the call came, he hadn't put in any claims on the boy. He'd reckoned he was entitled to, if anybody was, but, being Rivenbarks, neither he nor Lefty had seen it that way. If he was left without help on the farm, he would make out to do the best he could.

It was going to be hard, renting out part of his farm—land that only Rivenbarks had owned and tended for over sixty years. He and Lefty understood that land, every foot of it; together they'd laid out fields for plowing; together they'd seeded down others; they'd terraced slopes that needed it; they'd staked and filled washes almost as carefully as they'd have bound up a cut on little Totty's hand. No renter, coming in to skim the cream off such crops as this land grew, would watch and care for it as they had. Old Joe knew his next season would be filled with worries and vexation—he'd have to watch, every minute, or somebody'd be plowing too close to his and Lefty's tight fences, undermining the good cedar posts and starting ditches; they'd be dragging in on their implements burrs and all kinds of weed seed from other ground they half-cultivated. And when harvest came: "Have to set on top of 'em to make sure every load that's hauled off goes in the right bin!" Yes, it was going to be hard, seeing a man who was right for the land give way to a stran-

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Give him

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ger who wasn't. And there was the problem of the livestock, too. . . .

Old Joe, sleepless, counted not sheep but cattle. He saw in his mind's eye the long procession of Lefty's calves, grown into stolid steers, earth-pawing bulls, or the Guernsey milkers, gentle-eyed and deliberate of foot as they stepped into their stanchions. That procession had started when Lefty had been a freckled eight-year-old, shy and quick-moving as a rabbit. Now, the war was closing a gate behind the last of Lefty's pets. New heifers would freshen in the spring; they would look in some surprise at the wet, curly, bawling calves they dropped, but Lefty wouldn't be here to tend them or carry little Totty down to the barn to see them—Lefty would be away off somewhere, in a uniform. . . .

AND as for Totty—Old Joe unlocked his fingers from the bedstead. His palms felt damp. He had known for a long time that Totty's mother was planning to take the baby away, when its father left. It had shown in the set of her mouth, the held-back look in her eye—she hadn't fooled anyone, keeping quiet up to now. Oh, he had known it was coming, but he hadn't accepted it—he couldn't take this without putting in his claims. That little Totty was born to be her grandpa's girl and the farm's girl.

She loved to be outside, nearly every minute of the day. She liked to help at jobs like picking out seed corn and she wanted to go along whenever a team was hitched up. He remembered a day when the women had said it was too sharp for her to ride with him on the plow, and she'd squalled her little lungs out, almost, clinging to the yard gate, watching him make his rounds. Her hands had clung to the top board, her little tummy had bulged through the wire below, and finally her grandmother'd come out and tied more wraps on the child and let her join him. Totty had ridden with him triumphantly then, the wind drying the tears on her cheeks, his sheepskin coat making a shield for her. Oh, they needed each other, he and Totty did; when he listened to her shrill, happy voice he felt like everything was all right and her daddy'd come safely back to them and the land.

He took his hands from behind his head and pulled the cover jerkily about his shoulders, and his wife said, "Oh, Joe, can't you ever settle down, tonight? 'Bout time I get good and asleep—"

"You haven't been asleep any more'n I have," he answered.

WELL, she hadn't, Sarah Rivenbark thought, but she hadn't wanted to let on. Even if you were walking the floor in your thoughts you didn't need to disturb your bedfellow. The quieter she kept, she'd figured, the sooner Joe'd fall asleep; but it seemed sleep wasn't what this night had in store for them.

She'd been going over in her mind all they'd done, getting Lefty ready to go; she thought of the things they'd asked him to remember and the ones they'd told him not to worry about. She replanned the last dinner she could cook for him before he left: there was the fat hen already dressed, and the lemon pie shells made, ready for filling. The jars of home-canned corn and green beans were already carried up from the cellar, for the succotash "with plenty of butter, Ma," the way Lefty liked it. And, of course, the angel-food cake Fran had baked.

Lefty's mother sighed. Angel-food cake was like Fran herself, light and pale and nothing that stayed with you. When would the girl learn men needed solid, comforting things, not frills? If only she could have been a country girl! Sarah Rivenbark thought, for the hundredth time. A country girl was used to standing by when a man had a hard job to do; she knew when

to hold the lantern for him or ease him through a gate when he had a top-heavy load—she grew up knowing things, just like Totty.

Oh, I've tried to teach the baby the things her mother's missed, Sarah thought. I try to put something of myself into her, some of my ways that I'd like not to die with me; so someday Lefty can see his ma or hear her speak in his child. It's not so much to ask of God, that kind of immortality, I guess; it's the kind I'm fitted for—standing by my men, here on the land. . . .

She turned suddenly to Joe. "I'll bet Lefty's just heartsick, if she's got him out there to argue with him!" she said.

She got up, a little heavily and, holding to the foot of the bed, made her way to the window.

"Why, they've got the baby out there with them now! Joe, I better call to them; they're only kids—"

Old Joe reached out and grasped the

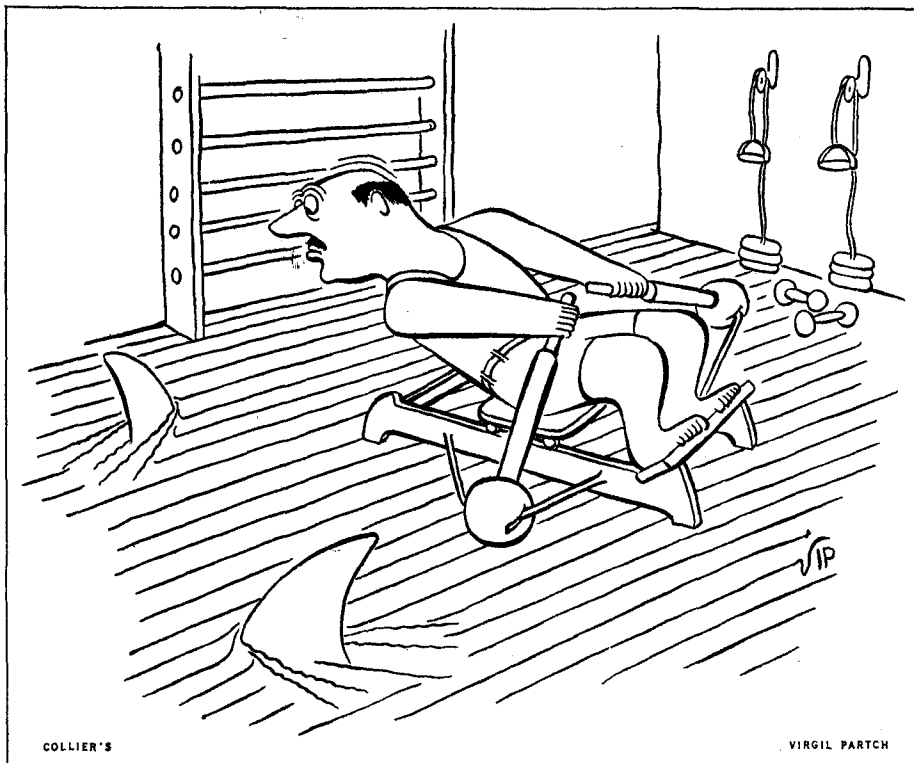
mother was living, but the baby's grown since then, and I—"

She hesitated. She'd looked so little and washed-out in that picture; she'd been dwarfed by those two old women, and she didn't want Lefty to think of her that way. She went on: "Beeb said if she had baby and me down at her place a while she knew she could take some good pictures for us. Maybe—"

Now she was almost up to it. A step more: "Lefty, Beeb and I were talking, and—"

"Beeb don't handle her camera right," Lefty said. "She's too easygoing to do justice to you and the baby. I could take a good picture of you, right now, if I had the equipment. I could pose you just right."

He came closer to the swing and put the baby in Fran's arms. "Here, hold her like this." He stepped back, his head on one side. "Fluff out your hair more. Let the moonlight catch it. That's the way. . . .



full-gathered back of his wife's flannel nightgown.

"Sarah," he said, "let them alone. They've got only this one night. . . ."

Lefty had left Fran sitting under the maple tree while he stole back into the house for the baby. "Seemed like she ought to be out here, too—it's her swing," he'd explained, bringing Totty to Fran so that she might make snug the trailing blanket.

The big crazy, Fran thought sadly. He just wanted to hold her some more, hold her while she's soft and cuddly. In the morning, he knows nobody can hire her to sit still. And she thought it was a pity that Totty was too sleepy to appreciate her father's arms.

"I used to have a swing out here, myself," Lefty said, looking around the orchard where some trees were still holding their leaves and others stood bare from an early frost. "Whitney crab, mine was."

"I know." Fran remembered a picture his mother had shown her of a small Lefty sitting squarely on a swingboard, old Joe behind him. And he'd told her that, more times than he realized.

"Every kid ought to have a swing." Lefty shifted his daughter so that her face was warm against his neck. "Every kid born in this world ought to have a swing, at least for one summer, under an apple tree." But Fran's thoughts were on something else.

"Lefty, what picture of me do you want to take with you? We haven't any good ones, really. There's that four-generation photograph, taken when your grand-

Now lift your head, and smile, Fran."

He knelt there a long minute while she held the pose, then he clicked an imaginary camera and broke the spell.

"Hocus-pocus!" He flourished his hands. "Developed, too. Developed by moonlight."

"All right." Fran was patient with his mood, though she felt there wasn't much time left for fooling. "Let's see it. Let's see how I look." But Lefty suddenly came back to her and the baby and sat with them, crowding the swing and holding the two of them tightly in his arms.

"I'll tell you how you look," he said huskily. "You look just about right to me, in that pink, frilly outfit!" And he touched with one finger the ruffled pajama collar above the woolly sports coat.

THE tears sprang to Fran's eyes. "Oh, Lefty," she said, trying to laugh, "my old tan—!" Why, he was as bad as old Joe, with his gauzy, blue ideas!

"No matter," Lefty said. "You can't change it now. I've got you in a frame already, an applewood frame."

"Maple," she started to correct him, and then stopped. Why, it would always be applewood to Lefty. His baby's swing would be his own swing, under an apple tree. His wife, in her plain home clothes, would look about right to him, always. She would be wearing pink frills and moonlight in her hair. Lefty's love had taken the picture as he saw it, the moon had developed it. Now it was framed in applewood and hung forever in his heart. No matter where they sent him, no matter

what happened, that picture would be with Lefty Rivenbark, farm boy in uniform. The wife in that picture was the wife he'd write home to.

"Oh, Lefty—" she said again, but this time her voice broke in such sharp realization that Totty waked and whimpered in her arms.

Lefty got to his feet. "Let's go over to the pump and get us all a drink of water. Maybe she's thirsty."

He helped Fran out of the swing and together they crossed the yard to where the pump stood, the platform lonely and white in the moonlight. Lefty pumped in quick, short strokes, the action making little sound in the night. He and old Joe had sand-pumped the well a few days before; they had sunk new pipe and put in leathers. "I don't want to leave, thinking you're short of water," Lefty'd said to his folks. Now the full stream gushed into the battered well cup, the water was cold and good, but the baby fretfully turned her lips from the chill cup rim and buried her face on her mother's shoulder.

Fran drank briefly from the cup Lefty held out. The words she had had ready a few minutes ago had deserted her now; she felt baffled and cold, watching Lefty pumping his own drink and throwing the remaining drops in a wide arc over the yard. They glittered in the moonlight, rushing downward to Rivenbark land, and in the clean, bricked-up pit of the old well other drops trickled down the pipe to the dark source below.

"I reckon I could sleep now," Lefty said.

WITH his words, Fran knew that her chance was gone. She could not bear to hurt him now. For he had lain sleepless, too, seeking comfort. If he had walked and found it in simple things—the well, the swing, his wife's hair in the moonlight—no one must take it away from him. If, out there in the orchard of his boyhood, he'd put her in a frame, an applewood frame, she had to stay in it for the duration—the duration of life.

The hall was darker than before and the trunk smell still lingered. Fran scarcely breathed as they slipped past the old folks' door, but a voice found them.

"Lefty," his mother sounded old and dry-throated, "is anything wrong?"

"No, Ma," Lefty said gently. "Everything's all right."

But he paused and laid a hand on the doorframe. "We just pumped us a fresh drink of water all around, Ma. Would you like me to bring you one?"

"No," the old woman said, after a slight pause. "No, I guess not, son."

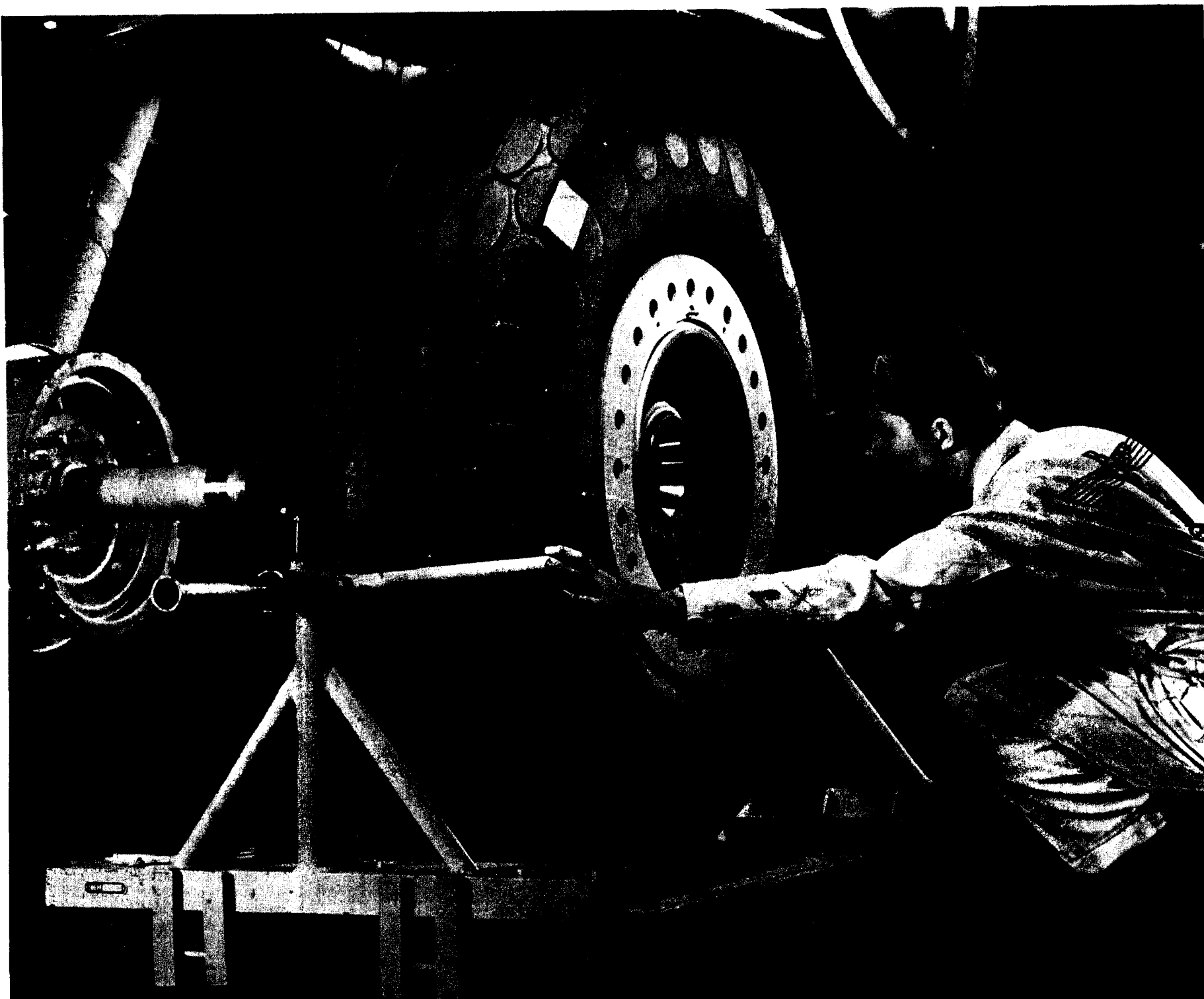
Fran lowered Totty cautiously into the crib. So many nights, so many times, when she and Lefty had been away and returned late, his mother had called out to them, to be reassured, and she, Fran, had resented it. But tonight was different. She was glad it had happened, somehow. Whatever happened, from now on, Lefty's mother would remember always that he had said to her, his last night at home, "Would you like me to bring you a drink of water, Ma?"

When you had a man like that, a Rivenbark who put you in a frame, you ought never to fret. You ought to get down on your knees and give thanks you had a frame around you, even if it did seem to crowd you, sometimes.

She drew the covers snugly over the baby, sighing for the pink-papered room in Beeb's house, a room somebody else would enjoy; and then, just before Lefty joined her, she stooped to pick up the clock and muffle it against her coat as she shut off the alarm bell. Just for one morning, she thought, we'll wake to our own time.

Hand in hand, she and Lefty went into their bedroom and shut the door.

THE END



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Above is pictured an example of this easy-does-it manufacturing philosophy — a simple device, but it illustrates the point: the Boeing-developed wheel-installation dolly, by means of which *one* worker slips quarter-ton wheels onto the axles of Boeing Flying Fortresses.* The wheel, held firmly on the dolly by adjustable arms, is rolled into position on

casters. Once the wheel is slipped over the landing-gear axle, the arms of the dolly are moved back and the job is done.

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Nice Around the House

Continued from page 14

had a bottle of ice-cold beer, which she figured a soldier would prefer to milk.

We still had almost the whole afternoon, and there was a picture with Hedy Lamarr I was dying to see, so afterward Chester took me to the movies. Hedy Lamarr is one of my favorite stars, and Chester told me that's what most of the men in his company think, too. I couldn't help wishing I looked like Hedy, but Chester says he likes me the way I am. He isn't any Gary Cooper either. I guess we're both just average.

The show wasn't out until about six o'clock, and Chester said that we should have dinner in town, but I had a better idea, not wanting him to spend his money on me.

I said, "You're going to take me home, aren't you?" I knew Ma would have something in the icebox, and anyway we weren't hungry after all that lunch.

He was staying at the Y.M.C.A., sharing a bed with another soldier, which was lucky because plenty of soldiers I know can't find a room and have to sit up all night in a hotel lobby or someplace.

Ma always goes to sleep around ten, and that gave us the living room to ourselves. I want to say that Chester acted like a gentleman and never even tried to kiss me. I kind of expected him to, but he is the type who wouldn't take advantage of a girl, even when she lets him see it's all right and she won't scream for help. Don't get the wrong idea about me. I'm the serious type myself. But I went for Chester right from the start, like a girl does when she has her hook out for a man.

WE HAVE a car, which we don't use except once in a while since the gas rationing.

"Let me drive you to the Y. It isn't any trouble at all," I said. "Besides the battery will go dead if we don't use it, and the car hasn't been out of the garage for over a week."

I told him he'd have to wait I didn't know how long for a streetcar, and in the end he gave in and I wrote a note for Ma, so she wouldn't worry if she woke up and found me gone.

"Come on," I said, "and meet Leaping Lena." Our car is a 1934 model, but there isn't a thing wrong with it and the tires are almost as good as new. "Do you want to drive?" I asked, moving over so he could take the wheel, which would give me a chance to snuggle close to him and rest my head against his shoulder. What I mean is, when a girl wants a fella to kiss her, sitting beside him in a car makes it a cinch, if she has any sex appeal at all.

Hedy Lamarr had nothing on me that night, not to mention Dorothy Lamour. Chester was hooked all right, and I mean for keeps. I'd quite made up my mind he was the one and only fella in the whole world.

Well, there we were driving along and my head was on his shoulder, and I thought everything was set for the big moment, when suddenly he stopped the car at the curb. I didn't have the faintest idea what was coming. I mean I was prepared for almost anything. You'll never guess what that crazy goof had been thinking about from the time we left the house.

"I won't be able to go to sleep worrying over Heinie," he said.

"Now for heaven's sake," I said, "he's all right, I tell you. I bet it's the other way round, and he's feeling sorry for you."

Chester was like a mule. We sat and argued, and it didn't take me long to see I could talk all night without having the slightest effect. Heinie was unhappy out in the park, and Chester intended to do something about it.

"What can you do?" I pointed out, trying to be reasonable.

"Will you help me?" he asked, like it was a matter of life and death.

I said again, "What can we do? Nothing."

"We sure can," he said. "I have it all worked out. Thanks, honey."

With that he turned the car and we were heading toward the park. You can imagine I felt sort of worried, not knowing what I'd let myself in for.

"Please, Chester," I said, "don't do something you'll be sorry for."

IT WAS too late now. I realized I couldn't stop him. He was going to set Heinie free and take him out to the ocean, where he could find his way to the seal rocks by the Cliff House.

"If I wasn't such a dope," Chester said, "that's what I would have done in the first place instead of giving him to the park."



He'll have a swell time with all the other seals."

"Oh, Lord and butter!" I groaned. Then I remembered the park was closed from sunset to sunrise.

"That makes it all the easier," Chester said grimly, "because if they don't allow people in the park at night nobody will see us."

I was so scared my knees were shaking. I don't mean for myself, but for Chester. If he was caught, especially being a soldier, I didn't know what they'd do to him.

"That's my funeral," he shrugged, looking more determined than ever. "Now relax, cooky. There's a good girl."

I couldn't cope with the situation. I just said, "Oh, oh, Chester!" and looked around for cops.

"Here we are," he said, driving right up to the Aquarium, like he had a perfect right to park there.

It was pretty dark and I couldn't see what Chester was doing, but I guessed he was tearing the wire mesh around the cage. A seal isn't like a wild animal in the zoo,

and the wire was just so people couldn't throw anything inside, on account of a seal would get sick if he ate peanuts or popcorn.

I stood guard and kept looking around expecting every moment to hear a police whistle. But it was all right. Some guys are born lucky, and Chester is one of them. At last he made a big enough hole for Heinie to get through, and maybe you don't believe a seal is a regular acrobat, but it's a fact. Heinie went through that hole in one jump and followed Chester over to the car. I didn't for the life of me see how we were going to get him inside, but all Chester had to do was hold open the door and Heinie flopped up on the running board and then with another flop was safe in the back. He put up his head and looked out of the window. He acted like he was having a wonderful time.

"Do you know where we're going, old-timer?" Chester asked, as he stepped on

So then we reached the water and Chester bent down to give Heinie a pat.

I asked, "Do you suppose he can find the seal rocks all right?"

Chester said, "Sure. A smart seal like Heinie. Goodbye, pal."

We stood and watched Heinie as he flopped out and disappeared in the breakers.

"Well," I said, hanging onto Chester's arm, "he's gone."

I knew he must feel awful sad because he'd never see Heinie again. But it was just one of those things and it couldn't be helped.

We were alone there in the fog. I reached up and kissed Chester very lightly, like you would a little boy who has lost his dog. It didn't mean any more than that, until all at once he pulled me close to him and gave me the kind of kiss I'd been waiting for. It came as such a surprise I almost fainted. I mean it was really something, and believe me once Chester lets himself go he's a superswooper.

"Oh," I gasped, like a girl does when she knows it's the real thing, "Chester, darling!"

He started to kiss me again, but instead he let me go and looked down. I did the same. And there was Heinie, wet and shaking himself after his swim. We tried to get him to go back in the ocean. No, Heinie didn't want to. He was coming with us.

"What'll we do?" I asked, and I never saw a man look more helpless.

"I don't know," Chester was forced to admit.

WE COULDN'T run away and leave Heinie on the beach. He followed us up to the car and sat waiting for Chester to open the door so he could climb in. I thought maybe we should take him back to the Aquarium.

"That's out," Chester said.

"Any minute now," I told him, "a cop will come along and see us."

"We'd better get in the car," he said, forgetting that Heinie was all wet, while I had too much on my mind to care what happened to the upholstery.

We drove around for another hour, wasting a lot of gas and almost having a fight, because I kept saying we ought to return Heinie to the Aquarium.

"Please," I begged, "what else can we do, dear?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt like bawling, only, of course, I didn't. I'm not a droolie. Chester could count on me no matter what happened. But it began to look as if we'd run out of gas, unless one of us had a brain wave.

"If we could park Heinie some place just for tonight," Chester pointed out wearily, "it would give me time to plan something."

I tried to imagine what Ma would say if I arrived home with a seal.

"No, Chester," I said, "it simply isn't possible."

But then I remembered how he had kissed me on the beach, and Ma liked Chester, and she'd understand this was real love. I mean it was my opportunity to show Chester the sort of girl I am.

So in the end I said, "Come on, let's go home."

After the way Heinie got in and out of the car, I knew he could manage the stairs all right.

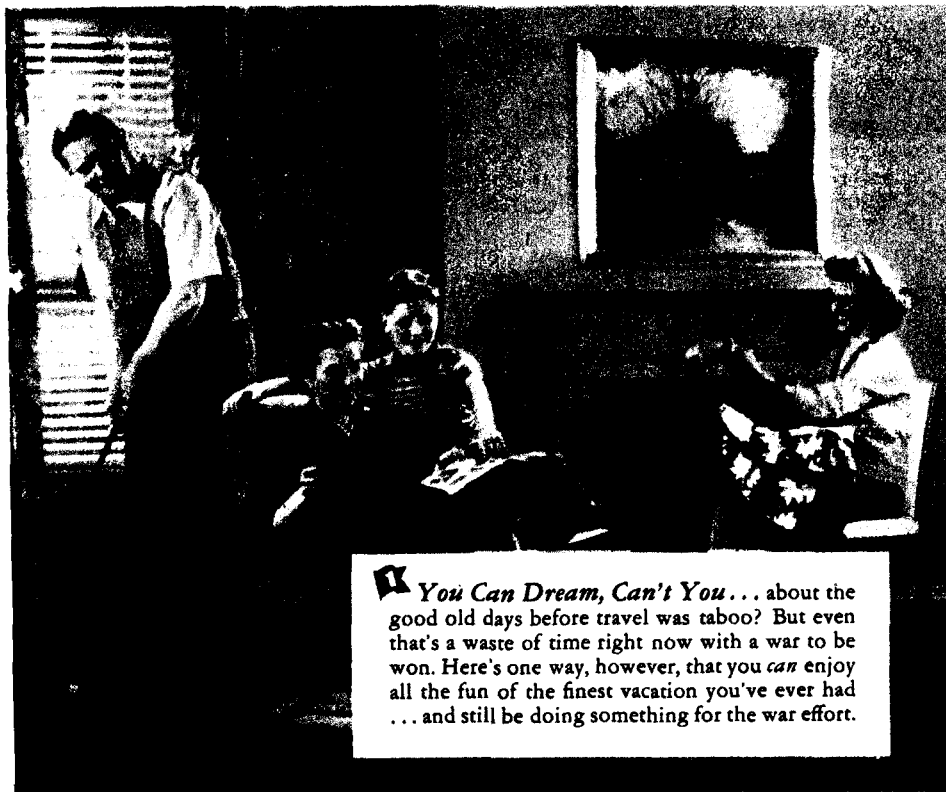
"Well," I asked, after making sure that Ma was asleep, "what do we do now?"

Chester looked at Heinie and sighed.

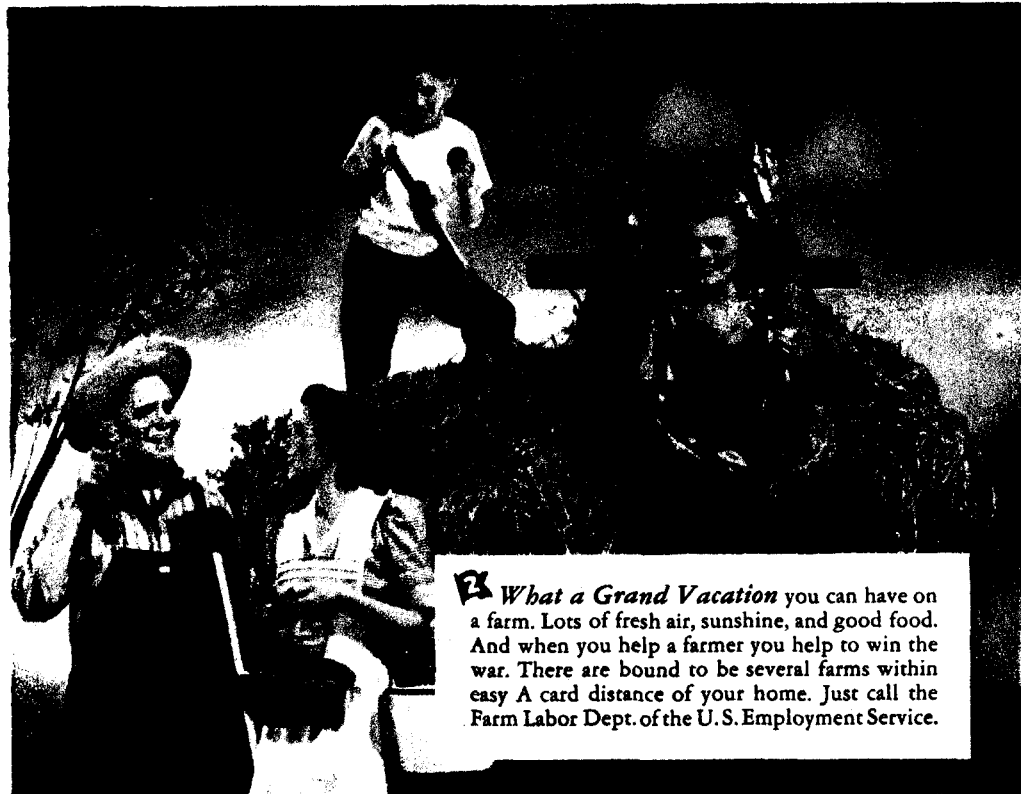
"I suppose he's housebroken," I said uneasily.

Chester said he was and I didn't have

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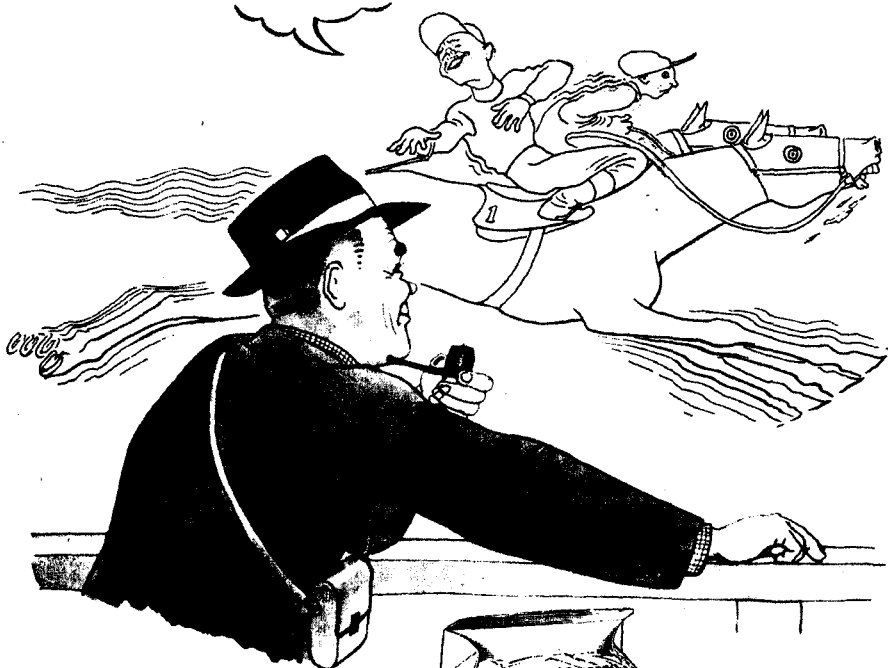
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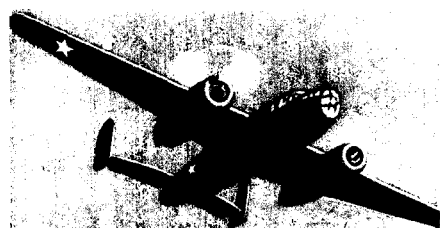
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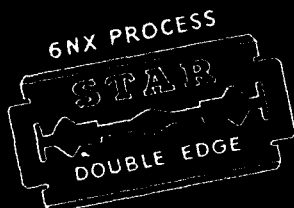
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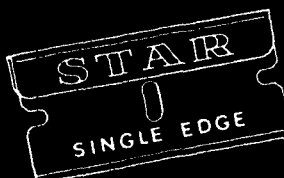


MY, YOUR TECHNIQUE'S SMOOTH!

SO'S MY CHEEK—THANKS TO KEEN STAR BLADES!



4 for 10¢



to worry, although he agreed our living room was no place for a seal.

"Let's put him in the bathroom," I suggested, hoping he would keep quiet. "Seals don't howl, do they?"

"Not exactly," Chester informed me. "They have a sort of bark."

"We'll just have to take a chance," I decided.

Heinie didn't seem to like the idea, but at last we got him into the bathroom and closed the door.

"I'll never forget this as long as I live," said Chester gratefully. "You've been swell, honey."

Then, of course, he took me in his arms, but it wasn't the same as on the beach. I guess we were both too worried.

"I'll fix a bed for you on the sofa," I said on account of it was too late now for him to go to the Y.

"What will your mother say?"

I pointed out, "She's going to have a fit anyway."

"How about another kiss?" Chester asked, and I felt I had it coming to me.

This was where Heinie let out one of his barks, and Chester ran to the bathroom while I waited for Ma to wake up. She came out in her nightgown.

"It's all right," I said desperately. "That was Heinie. Please try to understand."

Chester and I did our best to explain all about Heinie.

"You get that seal out of here right away," said Ma, "and I don't want to hear another word. I mean it, Kate."

"You can't simply throw a seal out into the street," I protested.

"You can take him back to the Aquarium."

Chester said miserably, "I guess that's what we'll have to do, dear. I'm terribly sorry."

I had counted on Ma, like a girl always does when she's in trouble, and it was a big disappointment. I couldn't help myself and burst into tears.

"Aw, honey," said Chester, and I didn't dare look at him, "it's all my fault. Don't cry, darling."

"Now you stop that!" said Ma.

"I'll go and get Heinie," Chester said, starting for the bathroom.

"We can't take him back to the Aquarium," I wept, "because we used up all the gas there was in the car."

Ma couldn't do anything now but keep Heinie until the following night. But then I remembered Chester only had a three-day pass and had to report at Fort Ord by six o'clock or he'd be A.W.O.L.

"This is an emergency," he said, sticking out his chin, "and the worst they can do is shoot me."

"I guess we can get Heinie back to the Aquarium without you," Ma told him. "Now that's settled," she added, turning to me, "Chester can go to his room at the Y.M.C.A. I don't want him here. A seal in the house is enough trouble."

After the way she was treating him, like he had done something awful instead of just trying to help Heinie, of course I knew this was the end and I wouldn't see Chester again. Ma stood right there, and he didn't even get a chance to kiss me goodbye. He probably didn't want to. It was too late for him to take a streetcar and he would have to walk all the way to the Y.

"That won't hurt him," said Ma. I never thought she could be so heartless. "And don't go in the bathroom. If you let that seal out," she added, "I don't care if you're grown up, I'll give you something to cry about with the back of my hairbrush." She was really mad.

NEXT morning when I went to the market to buy whitebait, I phoned Chester and told him everything was under control. He started blaming himself all over again. He sounded so low that my heart went right out to him.

I said, "Maybe I can get Ma to change

her mind. I don't see why we can't keep Heinie. You know I'd love to, darling."

We promised to write to each other. And then he had to catch the bus to Fort Ord.

When I returned home I found Heinie in the kitchen with Ma.

"He barked and barked until I opened the bathroom door," she explained. "The poor thing is probably starved."

There was a headline in the afternoon paper and, of course, the police were trying to find out who stole the seal from the park.

"It wouldn't be such a good idea to take him back tonight," I pointed out, finally convincing her it might be safer to wait a few days.

You may not believe it, but a seal is kind of nice around the house and, with the meat rationing, a lot easier to feed than a dog. Heinie wasn't any trouble. When he wanted a swim Ma filled the bathtub for him. They got along fine.

I WROTE to Chester, and his answer came by special delivery. I heard from him every day after that, which is a big help when a girl loves a fella. I told him Heinie was just like one of the family.

Everything would have been all right—but Heinie wasn't happy.

They had a new seal in the park by this time, and Ma suggested, "He wouldn't be lonesome any more if he were out there."

We talked it over and I knew she was right. Well, I had a good cry, and then we put Heinie in the car one night and took him to the Aquarium.

I wrote Chester a really beautiful letter, and in the morning I went to the post office so it would reach him sooner than if I dropped it in the corner box.

When I came back Ma was waiting to tell me, "Chester was here."

I simply couldn't believe her.

"I gave that young man a piece of my mind," she said. "Of all the ungrateful—"

"I hope he didn't run away from the Army to see Heinie again," I gasped.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised. Anyway, you'll find him at the Aquarium."

It must be about five miles from our house. Of course, I could have taken the car, but I didn't think of that until afterward. Chester was standing by the pool.

The way Heinie and that other seal came flopping up the steps together, anyone could see they were crazy about each other. If Chester wasn't such a dope, it wouldn't have been necessary for me to tell him Heinie was perfectly happy now that he had a wife.

"Ma wants me to bring you home for lunch," I said.

He looked sort of sheepish as I took his arm. "I have a week's leave," he explained, "thanks to you, honey."

What he meant was the letters I wrote to him at Fort Ord, when I said that I felt like we were already married and Heinie was our child. Chester had convinced the Army it wouldn't be right for us to wait until the war was over.

"Heinie and me both," he grinned, while I stood still and let him kiss me.

So then we went home and told Ma.

THE END

INGENIOUS PEOPLE

When Private Chester Konkka left his home in Detroit for the Army, his dog stopped eating. Konkka sent back a phonograph record on which he recorded commands, and the dog ate as heartily as ever.

A corporal in charge of the barracks yard at McDill Field, Florida, put up a "Keep Off the Grass" sign. Nobody paid any attention. He changed the sign to "Keep Off the Colonel's Grass" and had no more trouble.

W. E. FARBSTAIN

New Approaches to Lasting Peace

Continued from page 12

Swedes will remain pretty much what they were. However beguiling the thought may be, the world has not turned into a great melting pot. And we shall not achieve lasting peace by starting with the assumption that we have been transformed into one world by radio and airplanes, for if that were true, we should have no problem in making lasting peace.

In this war we Americans have held out great world hopes and promises to suffering humanity that we will perpetually divide our productivity and resources and thus bring to them complete comfort and security in life. Realism with respect to our resources today and our probable situation after the war demands more caution in our oratory. Many of those hopes will appear to peoples as undertakings and obligations on our part.

There is nothing more realistically dangerous than propaganda-stimulated war hates toward whole enemy peoples. Moral indignation at cruelty and wrong is a proper basis of moral action. But artificially created hate is a form of hysteria. It is neither the sign of power nor the badge of courage. It does not make the vital distinction between the peoples and the leaders to whom punishment should be meted out. Such propagandas of general hate prolong wars by creating desperation in the whole enemy peoples.

Hate adds nothing to the real zeal of our civil population. It beclouds judgment and stimulates rash conduct in nations. The soldiers at the front do not have such hysterias. And like them, the civil population will have a more lasting resolution if it keeps cool. War hate is a venomous infection of men's minds that does not spurt solely toward the enemy. Sooner or later it stirs intolerance and violence in their own countrymen. international damage, however, is that durable peace becomes impossible under its emotional mandates. Such stirrings of hysterias perhaps indicate the war zeal of leaders, but, some day, it weakens the making of peace. The hate elections in Britain and France after the last armistice crippled their leaders in making a lasting peace. We have grown 300 years away from the fears, dangers and age-old hates which are deeply implanted in the racial mores of Europe and Asia. We have lived a century and a half without fear of our neighbors, without aggression directed against us by them, or wrong done to us

by them. In the fires of this war these animosities must increase from a thousand diabolical outrages. We can do a great service to the world if we sustain an objectivity that is so essential in long-view statesmanship.

We also need realism as to the causes of war.

The causes of this war, and of war in general, have been obscured by a tendency to oversimplification. That is the assumption that wars are the work of evil men or perverted nations and that they can be ended by a sound spanking. Some years ago the writers set out, as many others have done before, to explore what caused war in the past, why peace has been so precarious, and what has given promise of lasting peace. No realistic search for the truth can avoid the conclusion that wars result from no simple causes but are the result of the interplay of long-antecedent dynamic forces, of varying pressures. These destructive forces can be grouped as ideologic and economic pressures, extreme nationalism, imperialism, militarism, and the complexes of fear, hate and revenge. There can be no peace unless these forces are courageously met.

The Highway to Lasting Peace

Immense aid in discovering the method of preserving peace can be found in experience as well as in idealistic realism. The explosion of the modern world into total wars and tumult has occurred on three major occasions in a century and a half. Twice the world has tried to build "just" peace and to erect "institutions" to preserve it. The needed solvent of realism can be had from these experiences mixed with realistic extracts from the mores of different branches of the human race with which we have to deal. If this mixture is not compounded and used, we shall have no peace.

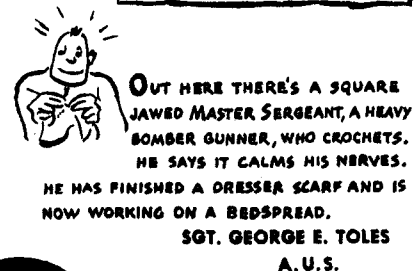
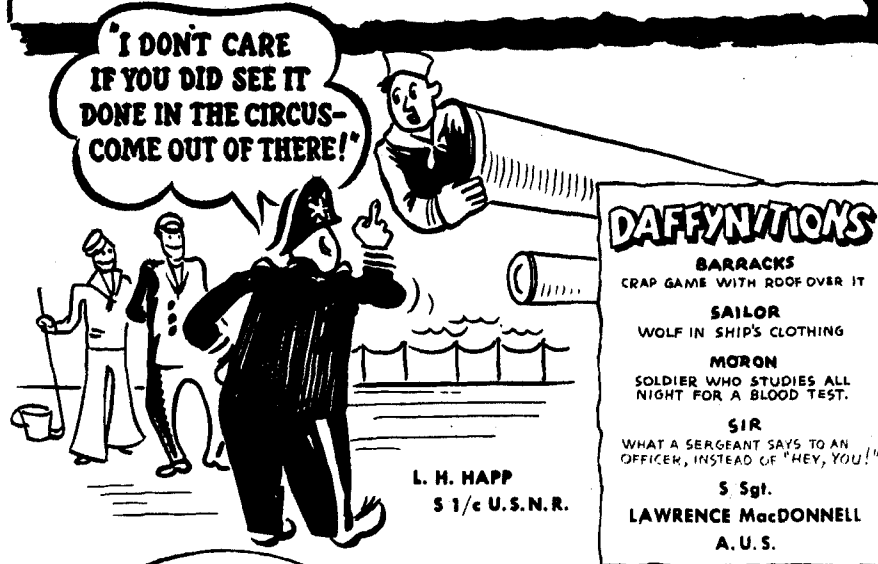
We build the great highway to lasting peace, experience must be our guide. The highway must provide us the way to a wilderness of swamps and precipices where our crusade can pass. And our way must be lighted by idealism

Neither goodness nor evil will be abolished by this war. Ideas may shift but human nature will not be greatly changed. We need to be awake and not dreaming.

(To be continued next week)

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STICKS
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"You didn't shave this morning, did you, Private Yardbird?"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 26

So Pam had scarcely seen Alec. But as he stretched out in that chair beside her desk, still in his work clothes, his ironic face tipped in her direction without looking at her, she felt a wave of something like homesickness. They used to have such fun together, a long time ago when she had first known him, before Kip came along. They used to talk and dance and face the war that was coming, and they were always together in mood as well as in the things they did. He was fun. When he wanted to be. And you never had to be on guard with Alec. Not then, anyway.

In answer to his comment on her marriage to Kip she said, "Maybe he won't want me now. Now that he's a big shot."

"You can find that out when he gets here," said Alec. "His cable to me seemed to indicate it might be any day. Do you know exactly when he's coming?"

"When Kip is coming? But he's not!"

Alec straightened all of himself in surprise. "Why, sure he is. I had a cable from him. Didn't you?"

"No."

"That's funny."

"Did he say what he was coming for?"

"He's coming to be decorated, I suppose. Why else would he be going to Washington?"

"That could be it," said Pam slowly.

"MY GUESS is that they want to hang something good on a bombardier. And Kip certainly has it coming to him. That was a real business. You'll have to be over there helping him carry off the honors. Patting the medal."

"I wouldn't! I couldn't possibly!"

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because it would be a farce. It wouldn't be right. Or decent."

"Right?" Alec repeated. "I don't get that. Why not? Or do you mean—because of Hayes?"

"Jerome doesn't come into it."

"It seems to me that he's pretty well in the middle of it now. He's certainly not making much of a secret of the fact that he's in love with you. It's your business and I'm not criticizing anyone. Hayes is all right. A better bet than Kip in a whole lot of ways, I suppose. A little longer in the tooth but think of all that influence. And wars do pass and heroes rust."

"You're talking like a fool, Alec."

"It's my nature."

"I'm beginning to find that out."

"You're getting kind of hard, Pam. A crust seems to be forming."

"Maybe it's high time one did."

They looked at each other without kindness.

"You know best," said Alec, "only I'd just advise you, in passing, Pam, that you want to be sure that Hayes makes you Julia's successor, not just her contemporary."

"Is that all you have to say?"

He pretended negligence. "Well, as a matter of fact, there was one other thing, but I don't think you'd be interested."

"I wouldn't be interested in anything you say or in anything you do," she said as well as she could, with lips that seemed stiffened.

"That's a complete coverage," said Alec. "Thanks for the definite information."

He was gone. Not just to the other part of the building. He was gone from her.

There was no way to turn, no one to whom she could turn, not after what he had said of Jerome Hayes and herself. She remembered that she had promised to dine with Jerome again tonight.

Dinner was an excuse to see Pamela, and Hayes knew it. It was a reason to be with her, a chance to see her again. She had

to eat, he would tell her, and he wanted to be on hand to see that she drank her milk. The milk was a joke between them.

At first his reasons for a meeting with Pamela had been careful almost to laboriousness, when he was trying to keep himself convinced that each encounter was necessary to some phase of his work or to her progress in her job. He deceived himself less now, especially since that night when, on her return from England, she had seemed less a vivid modern girl to be admired than a tired one who needed comfort and protection. It was easier for him to be frank with himself too, because Pam had told him that Kip Galloway was out of the picture. The reasons for dining with her when he could were now less reasons than excuses, kept ready at hand in case his conduct should be questioned.

He was growing impatient even with the excuses. They were in his way and Jerome Hayes was used to dealing vigorously with things that impeded him, brush-

wasn't easy to forget. He could see her still, wearing that long, soft lace negligee that was so unprovocative, so unsuitable a costume for a tense and bitter woman, whose mouth was straight and cruel and whose eyes were bright with anger and revenge.

She had said, "Don't think for a minute that I'd divorce you, Jerome. I'd never give you—or her—that satisfaction."

"I haven't asked you to divorce me," he had told her.

"Not yet, but I'm not a fool. I know where all this is leading. I've known ever since I met that girl in New York. Ever since you had the insolence to introduce her to me. I should have walked out of that room then! I knew when I laid eyes on her what she was."

"Hold on, Julia—don't say things you're going to be sorry for."

"I won't be sorry for anything I say. I've stood for a good many things—"

"I don't know what they are."



"I'm afraid I can't assign you to a room, sir—that's done through your local draft board"

ing them aside, disposing of them with discretion and justice but always as soon as he could. These meetings with Pamela Neill were becoming more important to him every day. The last one always clung closely to his mind, and the next one was an exciting anticipation. He stored up things to tell Pamela, remembered her comments, recalled how she looked when she had said them, wanted to hear her laugh again, wondered what she thought of him.

LAST week he had gone back to his home in Portchanel for a few days and he had thought of her incessantly, especially after Julia had forced the issue. Hayes hadn't meant to allow that. He had figured that, whatever happened, Julia must be let down easily. He had thought that perhaps they could talk things over, and if they were growing apart, Julia might see that the sensible thing was for him to go his way and let her go hers. With that settled, and Julia handsomely provided for, he could come back to Pamela and his job.

That half-plan, that dream of easy adjustment, had faded. It had faded against the vivid ugliness of his last talk with Julia, against the picture of her standing in his dressing room and telling him that she would never let him go. She

"I've lived alone while you've been running around the country, and probably taking that girl along with you—"

"Come," he said sharply, "there's a limit, Julia. If you are speaking of Pamela Neill, I've met her a few times on business in New York and that's all."

"Business," she mocked. "I was onto that girl the first time I saw her. She's after men."

"I don't intend to discuss her. But you're wrong, completely. She's a hard-working, patriotic girl."

"Why didn't she marry that aviator if she really was engaged to him? Or why didn't he marry her, more likely?"

"That's entirely her business."

"Well, when is she going to get married?"

"I just told you I don't know." But his thought had faltered a little and Julia caught it in his inflection.

"You know she isn't going to marry that flier at all."

"That's between them."

"Maybe," said Julia cynically, "or maybe she thought he was the best she could do until you came along."

"You have no right to talk that way."

"Then what right have you to come out here and talk to me the way you did tonight? You think I don't know what a man means when he says to his wife that

they are growing apart? It means that he's crazy about someone else."

"I'm not crazy about anyone. I was only trying to talk reasonably about the future. You like one kind of thing, this sort of life here, and I like another. That being so, it occurred to me that maybe we might both be happier if we faced the situation calmly."

"You used to be happy enough here."

"People change," he answered doggedly.

"You wanted to marry me. You wanted this house. You were the one who insisted on building it."

"I know—of course I did. At the time."

"You told me a hundred times that you were in love with me, that it wasn't the money—"

"I told the truth!" he exclaimed. "I never was after your money—"

No, when he had asked Julia to marry him he had wanted her to believe that. He had thought of her as the chief treasure he was seeking, the dark pretty girl who was so sensitive, so easily hurt that a man had to be careful with her. She was so shy and yet so proud that she had made him tender and yet added to his dignity. A memory of all that beset him now but it was not credible with her anger-ridden face in front of him, with her voice berating him.

"You loved me then," she cried furiously, "but now after eighteen years, after spoiling my whole life, you want to be rid of me. So that you can get somebody younger. You talk about being interested in other things! Do you suppose I don't see through that kind of talk? It's that girl who's poisoned you so that you don't care any more about your home or your wife."

"You're talking nonsense, Julia."

"Am I?" Her voice changed and so did her face. "Then, Jerry, do this for me. Don't see that Neill girl again. I'm sorry for what I said just now but promise me that one thing. Just not to see her again."

SHE was pleading now and as she reached out a hand toward him he drew instinctively back. "That's absurd. I couldn't promise any such thing. There are things I have to talk over with Pamela Neill."

"Let someone else talk them over with her. I'm asking you. Will you do that for me, for your wife?"

He wasn't a liar. For one second he wondered if that was the answer, if that was what he ought to do since Julia felt like this and was sure to make trouble if she could. And she was his wife. Perhaps he shouldn't see Pam again. But at the thought of that denial, a feeling flared in him that he hadn't known was so ready to light up. He wanted to see Pamela and to get away from this. He wasn't going to give up what little he had, the best he had, the sight of Pamela's face, the sound of her voice, the rush of delight in everything that she brought with her presence. Julia had no right to demand such a thing.

"Let's drop this nonsense," he said.

"You haven't answered me, Jerry." His wife clutched his sleeve now. "I'm just asking you to do one little thing for me."

"I won't make any such absurd promise," he told her curtly. "It doesn't make sense."

At that rebuff, Julia had become venomous again. She had dived into a fit of hysterics and come out into icy bitterness that was almost worse. Jerome had discounted a lot of what she said. He had seen Julia in tempers before, seen her jealous before. Her angry talk humiliated him and infuriated him. But none of it mattered very much except that one state-



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ment, "I'll never divorce you, Jerome."

He was pretty sure that she meant that, fairly well convinced that she would stand on that one fact, if none other. They had parted on a formally civil note, with hostility in the overtone, and he had never been more glad to be on a train pulling out of the station. Julia had come to see him off. Because, Jerome thought cynically, of what the servants would think if she didn't come to say goodbye according to custom. She had even kissed him, adding the seal of possession to her farewell.

But he was deeply angry. He wasn't going to stand for this. He wasn't going to let Julia tell him to whom he could speak and to whom he could not. The train gathered speed and seemed to rush away from her, from the quarrel, even from his anger. He was going back to New York, back to his work, away from this ugly argument. He would see Pamela in not so many hours. She wouldn't rage or scold. She was reasonable. And exciting. She was beautiful, a lovely new person who would take him into a new world. Just as soon as he could, after he had got his work in hand, maybe on that first night he was back in New York, he was going to try to see Pamela. They would talk things over frankly, the way a man could with a girl like Pam.

HE WAS in her confidence about young Galloway. She had told him about that break and therefore, he could be frank about the situation with Julia. He would tell Pamela that he and Julia had nothing in common any more. He would tell her, too, that it was only since he had known Pam he had realized that he had no partner, no love, no mate, that he was a lonely man. If she had begun to care for him—and why had she broken with Galloway?—why shouldn't they go on together?

People overlooked a lot of things. Even if Julia didn't divorce him, even if, when all was said and done, she did have a technical right to the name of wife, he could make Pamela happy. And he would do everything for her. Perhaps Julia would change her mind after a while and give him his freedom. The hope bounced back against the memory of Julia. He knew better than that.

But there was no reason for emphasizing Julia's stubbornness when he talked to Pamela, nor for making her feel that the situation might not change.

All these things were in Jerome's mind as he went to meet Pamela in one of the restaurants where they could be quiet and might not be noticed. As usual he had set up a reason for their dinner together. It was in his pocket, an advance copy of a speech to be made by a member of the cabinet on womanpower. He had told Pamela on the telephone that she should see it and also that he wanted to talk over some other matters with her.

When she came into the restaurant, keeping him waiting less than five minutes, he did not know how close she had been to breaking this engagement tonight. But she didn't look hesitant. She was smiling and her head was high.

"You certainly look as if things were going your way," he told her.

"Well, why not? Maybe that will make them come."

"It's the milk that's making you look so fine."

"It's good company," she said.

"I wonder," he asked, after dinner was ordered and the cocktails came along before the milk, "if you feel that I'm taking too much of your time."

"I don't know anyone who has a better right to my time," Pam told him.

"But I don't want it as a right."

"Then as a gift. Only it's not worth much."

"You don't know how much."

"Did you bring along that talk?" she asked.

"Here it is. Want to look at it now?" "Please."

He gave her the manuscript and she began to read it, trying not only to see the page but to have it make sense. Alec had spoiled this for her. He had made her feel rotten, like an adventuress. He had no right to do it. Alec, with his Jinx! Was that what he had been going to tell her, that he was going to marry Jinx?

Hayes waited, watching her as she read. "You can skim through it easily," he said.

Why not, he thought. Why shouldn't I have her? Other men get what they want. They make a mistake once and they recognize it and do better. Take any five men in a Pullman car, and one of them, maybe the best of the lot, has been divorced.

"It's good," she remarked, looking up at him and surprising the tenderness in his glance. Or was she imagining it? Of course he liked her, and why shouldn't he? "This talk ought to make history."

"The man who wrote that made good

pretending any longer that she didn't know how he felt, or that he could keep from telling her.

"I want to settle things myself," said Hayes, "settle them so we can go on together."

"It couldn't be—" she said.

"Oh, yes, it could. It can, if you want it, Pamela."

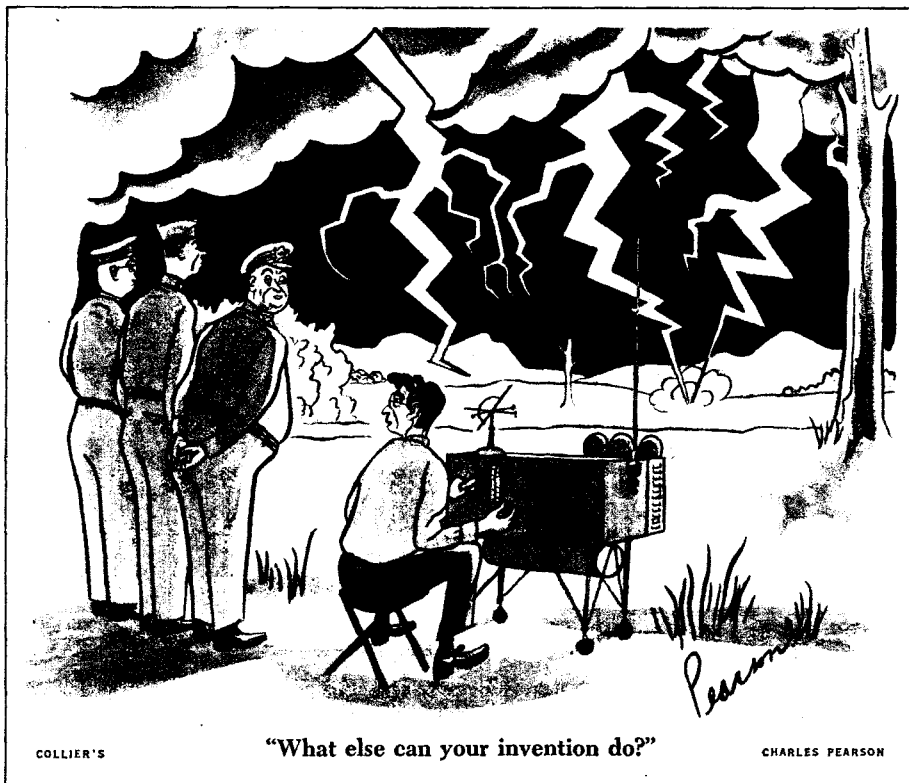
THAT was what Alec had said, the way he had taunted her. Hayes went on:

"I know what you're thinking. I'm married. But my marriage doesn't mean anything any more. We're not happy, Julia and I. We're not close."

"You're getting a divorce?"

"We should. Julia's funny about that. But she'll change. She'll have to. And I'm not thinking of her now. She can have anything I've got. Of course. But what I want, Pam, is the kind of life we could have together. The kind that I could show you and you could show me—"

"Let's get out of here," she said, "can we?"



COLLIER'S

"What else can your invention do?"

CHARLES PEARSON

use of some things I told him and that you told me."

"Really?"

"That's right. You had a hand in this. You have a hand in a good many things that I'm connected with."

"Handling the womanpower is really a big job now," she said. "We are going to have our hands full. At least my hands will be."

"You mustn't let them get so full that there isn't any time for me. I'm part of your job, you know."

SHE thought: I mustn't let him go any further with that. And said, "I heard today Kip's coming back to this country."

"What for?"

"A decoration. Because of the raid. So Alec says. Kip cabled Alec."

"Not you?"

She shook her head.

"That tears things open, doesn't it? How do you feel about it?"

"Glad he's going to be decorated. He deserves it."

"No question about that certainly. But I was thinking of you. If it's as you say between you two. The public has your names tied up now."

"That will be all right. I'll manage."

"Will you see him?"

"Of course. If he wants to see me. He probably wants to settle something."

"If I could just take care of you," said Hayes abruptly.

She looked up, and there was no use in

But outside, it was worse. There was something dreadful to them both, in the fact that there was no place where they could go. It shamed her. It shamed Jerome. But now he had to tell her, as they walked along, rapidly, then slowing.

"I don't know whether Julia would divorce me or not. I don't know what she'd put me up against or what she'd try to do to you. That's what scares me, what she might do to you. As far as I'm concerned, I could weather it. She'd have to let us marry. But if she didn't, by heaven, we're useful enough to this world just now, so they'd have to let us live our way. I'd build you up so, there wouldn't be any woman to touch you! I can do it, too. You saw what I did for Alec Fraser. He was really going places. Even if the fool has thrown it away."

"Alec? How?"

"You know what he's going to do, don't you?"

"No—I can guess."

"He's a fool to enlist. He's twice as much use where he is."

"Sometimes that doesn't matter," said Pam slowly. "So that's what he's done."

"If he lives through the war, he can come back to it, of course. He says things are in shape now so that he can go, that they're rolling along. But if he leaves, somebody else is going to get all the credit."

"Alec wouldn't care," said Pam.

"But we're not interested in him tonight," Hayes went on.

Not interested, thought Pam. I said that to Alec. I told him that I didn't care what he thought or what he did. She wasn't listening to what Jerome was saying, until she realized that he had paused on a question.

"I don't know what you mean," she said blindly.

"I mean that I want to stand up and face the world with you, the way two people do who love each other."

"But I don't. I don't love you."

"You could. Unless you've still got Galloway in your mind. Unless you still love him."

"Kip's not in my mind." She was thinking, with a curious sense of freedom, that she knew now what had been wrong from the beginning. Her mind had never been possessed by Kip, nor had there been room for him in her heart from the beginning.

The man beside her said, "I've made a mess of this. Now I've garbled everything, ruined it all."

She turned to him and put her arms about his neck. He felt her lips on his cheek. "You've ruined nothing," she whispered. "We'll be friends. We'll forget all this. It will be all right. I promise. Only now I must run and you mustn't follow."

The kiss was still sweet as he saw her get into the cab on the corner. It disappeared and Hayes went on walking, thinking, cursing at himself, figuring it out, wondering if she was right. And suddenly and against his will he remembered Julia at home. Probably crying. That was how he had treated his wife.

PAMELA opened the cab windows until the driver's hair blew. She had to have all the air, all the space she could, to let things fly that were of no consequence. It was a long drive, for Alec lived near the plant. But if he wasn't there, she would wait for him. She would wait for him until he came home. She would sit in his room and get the truth ready for him to hear. That, at least, he would take with him. He couldn't go to war without it. He couldn't be gone yet. Not if he had just left the plant.

It was an ordinary rooming house, chopped out of an old house. The woman who opened the door said that Mr. Fraser wasn't in.

"I'd like to wait for him," said Pam.

"He's sometimes late."

"It's important," said Pam. "I'll wait if I may. You're sure he's coming back?"

"Why, yes, for a day or two, I think. He's going to the war, you know."

"I know. That's why I came."

"Well, you can wait in here. You can't miss him when he comes through the hall."

It was a dreary parlor. Pamela picked up an old magazine and fingered it through, lost her courage, found it again, wondered if she had better smoke or if the landlady would resent ashes. She had been there half an hour, an hour, and now she began to wonder where Alec was, whether he was with Jinx. To come from her—but even then she must stay. The landlady looked in, said nothing, but left an impression.

There was a man's step. He was coming now. Pam went to the door of the living room, waiting. But the steps paused and the bell rang. She looked through the open door and saw Kip, tall in his uniform, amazing the approaching landlady.

"Why, Pam," he said and paid no attention to the landlady at all, so that she stepped back and he went into the living room. Pam went to him. She looked at him in the dim light, against the ugly walls, and knew that she had never seen this man before.

"We're so proud of you," she said. "Kip, everyone's so proud!"

"It doesn't make much sense," he said;



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MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS





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"some of the best men in the outfit are dead. I had luck, that's all. But they gave me my orders and I had to come. I didn't cable you because—"

"Alec told me you were coming."

"I figured he might. I didn't cable you because I didn't quite know how to put what I had to say."

"You can say it as you please."

"I've had a lot of time to think," said Kip. "You might not believe it but you can think if you get to figuring time in hours. You've got to. I let you down, Pam, and I'm sorry. I let you down when I left, and again when I didn't call you from Baltimore. Alec knew about that time. He's always been onto me, you know. He's pretty clear."

"Yes. I know."

"And then again over there in England. I knew when you came back so soon that I'd let you down again. I ought to have asked you to marry me on the spot. It was coming to you. But just then I was all mixed up. Well, I'm not playing hide and seek this time. I'm asking you to marry me, Pam, right off, right now while maybe I've something to offer, even if it's only a little publicity."

"But you can't."

"Why not?"

"How about Eve?"

"She doesn't enter into this," he said slowly, "and she knows that. I told her I was going to ask you to marry me, that I'd been a bad actor and was going to make up for it."

"What did she say?"

He moistened his lips. "She said to go ahead. To ask you. I don't want to talk about Eve if you don't mind."

"But you'd think about her," said Pam. "What good would you be to me? I know why she said to go ahead and ask me. She knew what I would say, that I'd tell you what she won't tell you—that she loves you."

"I don't think that's right," he said huskily. "I don't think she does. Not that way."

"Oh, yes," Pam said, "she's your girl, Kip. You take your medal back to her. You marry her and do it quick and think of her hard and all the time."

"But I can't do that to you!"

"Do what to me?" she exclaimed almost impatiently, as Alec came in at last.

In contrast to Kip he looked unmilitary and unsuccessful. He was another tall man, with a stronger jaw and firmer mouth than Kip's. But at the moment he looked beaten.

"Well, Kip!" he said. "Good work. So the old plane stood up all right."

"You bet it did."

"WHAT are you doing here?" Alec asked Pam. "I've been hanging around your apartment for the last two hours or more, at least."

"Why?"

"I had something to say to you," he said. "I don't like the sun to go down on my anger."

"Well, it did."

"No, it didn't. I shouldn't have said those things. Are you and Kip all fixed up?"

"All fixed up," she said. "Has Kip told you he's going to marry Eve Kennedy?"

"Say, hold on—" protested Kip.

"It's just in the family. Alec won't tell. Alec never tells anything. That's what's the matter with him. He never tells even when he goes to war."

Kip turned to his cousin. "Is that a fact, Alec? Are you going in?"

"I'd like to get a crack at them myself," said Alec negligently, "and I know the insides of these crates. With any luck I'll get sent out where the repair jobs are immediate."

"How soon?" asked Pamela.

"Soon," he said. "I shan't have to wait around, so they tell me. They've got a

spot for me, I think. But what's this about you and Eve Kennedy? Are you crazy?"

"Somebody is," said Kip.

"Nobody is," Pam said. "That is, nobody except Alec. I knew it when I was there in England. I suppose I knew it before I went. I knew that Kip was tired of playing around and I thought he might like to settle down. I thought he looked like a husband, like my husband. I almost had him fooled. I had myself completely fooled. Then when I was over there, at Eve's house, I saw the real thing. It had happened to Kip. He thought of her all the time. She was always there to him."

Kip made an odd sound but Pamela didn't stop.

"I saw the way she felt, too. I wonder that she didn't want to break my neck. There I was and she loved Kip and he loved her and along I came. With my suitcase." She laughed breathlessly. "I told her how it was in London, Kip, but I had an idea she might not tell you. She's not bold like me. She's really shy. She'd never tell you that she loves you. But you should have seen her face as I talked of you. And don't let her make you believe she doesn't want to be married."

"She didn't say so, did she?"

"She didn't have to say so. I know."

"But, Pam," Kip insisted, "I can't do a thing like that to you."

"Like what?"

"Everybody knows about us. You and I are plastered all over the papers."

"Who cares? There'll be other papers next week. Let people think you ditched me if they like."

"It's not fair to you," Kip told her.

"It's about time you thought of that, Kip," said Alec grimly.

Pam turned as if his voice had power to swing her around.

"You needn't talk about being fair to me," she said stormily.

"I told you I went to your place to tell you I was sorry."

"And why do you think I've been hanging around here for hours?"

"Why—you came with Kip, didn't you?"

"I came by myself. I'd been here an hour before that. Reading advertisements. Twiddling my thumbs. Not daring to smoke. Sitting here and feeling like the fool I am. But before you go away to war, I'm going to tell you one thing so you'll have it straight. I said to you this afternoon that I wasn't interested in what you thought or did. I was just a liar."

"Liar?"

"That's it. Because I am interested. In what you do and where you go. I've kept finding it out for months but it never really dawned on me until today. Why I want to tell you things. Why I telegraphed you when I came back from England. Why I counted on seeing you that night and having dinner with you."

"But why didn't you?"

"You were horrid. You were indifferent. You didn't care whether I was alive or not."

"What are you talking about? I was indifferent? You came off that plane looking like—" He stopped and tried to laugh as if something might be funny. He failed. "I'll never forget how you looked. As if you had everything you wanted. And were out of my reach. Forever."

"Should I leave now?" asked Kip, a sudden grin breaking through his astonishment.

THEY didn't answer. They didn't seem to want to take a second's attention from each other. So he went, calling, "See you tomorrow."

But left to themselves they were conscious of it. All Pamela's words seemed to desert her. She felt flat and shy and unprotected.

"So now you know," she told him defensively. "Since you're going away I thought you'd better have the truth. Not that it matters to you."

"You mean what you said?" he asked unbelievably. "Look, Pam, you didn't say all this just to give Kip an out? To make him feel better?"

She couldn't answer. Her face trembled and she turned blindly, trying to hurry to the door. But he caught her close, with tenderness, with authority, lifting her face to his own.

"You did mean it," he told her triumphantly. "My darling, you've let yourself in for it. I'm going to love you! How I have loved you all along, all the time!"

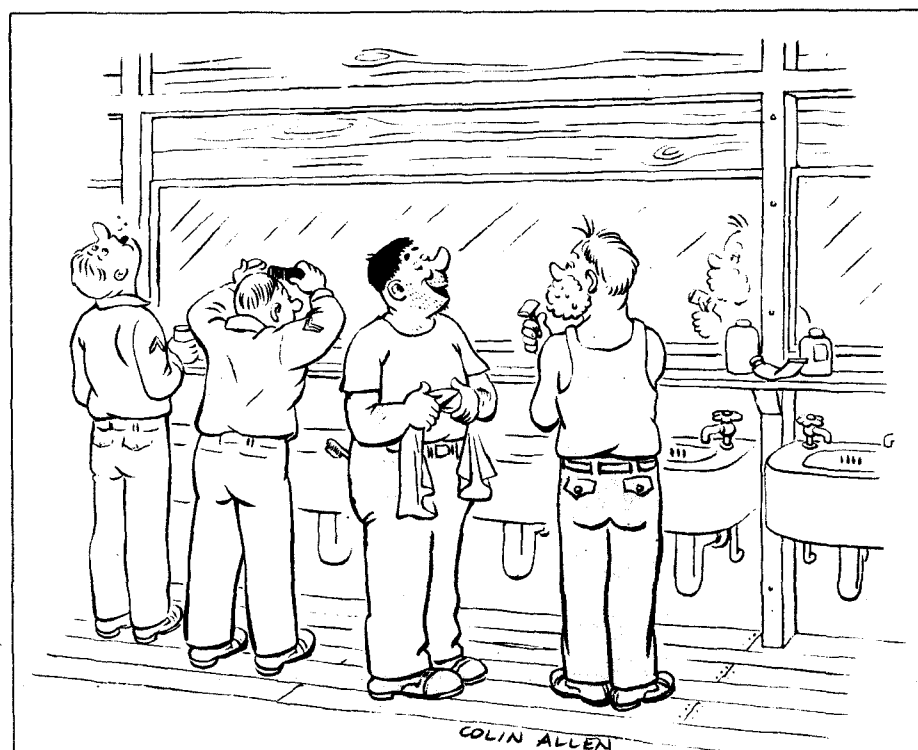
"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Don't scold me—not even if I deserve it. Look at me. That's better. For we mustn't waste a minute. We have to go out and get married."

"When?"

"Right now. We'll find someone who can marry us. I'm in the Army now and when I go away, I'm going to leave my wife."

THE END



"Meskowski told me that he'll be unable to borrow your razor this morning, and that I can borrow it instead"

COLLIER'S

COLIN ALLEN

To Buy a Black Pig

Continued from page 30

packing house, and had strolled out on a pier, coat over arm, to watch other kids leap heedlessly amid the debris and the smells into the coolness of the river.

The simplest research had revealed to him that Mecca Wholesale Meats (in whose employ was Benny Benito, the paroled) acquired the bulk of its wares from the North Side Packers, Inc., which edifice now rose before him in the midday sun.

He had no intention of tossing Benny in the can on Mrs. Herman's testimony. Later, perhaps, but scarcely now. Go to the source of evil, to the roots, then gather the branches when the tree comes down, he told himself. If Benny dealt in bootleg meat, he did not raise the stock in his back yard. There'd be a more important source.

He half dozed in the sunshine, flipping cigarette stubs at the moving tide, until a huge barge full of noise and weird aroma arrived at the inner pier which was against the packing house. Herbie, the detective, was alert.

"What's that?" he asked one of the kids.

"Them's sheep."

"Sheep?"

Well, so it was. Except they didn't look like sheep. They seemed fatter, and their coats were a dull and unattractive gray, and they did not behave as Herbie would expect them to. Such noise and panic from the barge. Such squawks. Such groans. No gentle *baas*. None of the sweetness he ascribed to sheep. Not like the Christmas calendars, you may be sure.

"They regular sheep?" he asked the kid.

"Sheeps is sheeps. You know another kind?"

Herbie strode now toward his car. His car was not a telltale car. Not from its license plate or general appearance would a passer-by think: Cop. Herbie stood by the car, just leaning on the fender, watching, noting. From the barge's superstructure, which was double-decked and intricate, the sheep came through a runway that was routed to one of the building's open doors. Beyond the doorway there was doom, and the sheep, as though aware, would each look for a last time at the sky.

A single sheep, however, kept returning from the house of the condemned. Back at the barge he'd give a sign to other sheep and they, like dopes, would follow him to what brief future still remained.

HERBIE didn't like the look of things. First of all these sheep did not resemble woolly lambs. Sheep, as everybody knows, emitted *baas* of plaintive gentleness and did not groan and grunt in misery. And sheep were either white or black; they weren't dirty gray. They didn't scruff and smell and carry on like these commercial animals, and Herbie had the sudden thought that perhaps this stock was diseased.

Now it was rather late, and the emptied barges followed the tide beyond his sight. The last of the swimming boys had pulled his pants on over dripping trunks and departed the gravy-textured currents of the Harlem. The stillness that had settled on the river and the sparsely populated, unattractive streets, was broken only by the muted bleats of sheep within the plant. One stray remained to wander in the wide corral, then venture to the runway, on the boarded sides of which stood Herbie, saying, "Sheep! Here, sheep!" The stray looked up to him with sorry eyes and Herbie to himself observed, "That sheep is sick."

By now his intuition had told him: here the festering evil lies—like Benny Benito, who had picked a pocket in a church—free to threaten good society. Of Benny's

guilt he was convinced; as for the sheep—it was his duty to find out.

Mere four-inch planks, with spaces in between, composed the runway in which the sheep was wandering. Herbie, with his feet on one of the planks, could hear the nails squeak at the burden of his weight, then feel them give a little bit. He gazed about. Nobody to be seen. He pulled at the loosened plank with his enormous strength. The plank came loose. Then Herbie took the plank and placed it on the ground with silent caution. Still, as far as he could see, there were no witnesses.

His intuition galloping, he strolled with feigned indifference to his car. Once at the car, he reached out hopefully and pulled the rear door open, so that the open door was welcoming the sheep. "Pssst!" said Herbie, and the sheep, with head and shoulders now through the widened space, decided it would change its home. It came with busy little steps and hopped into the car.

Herbie said, "Lay down!" but didn't wait to see if he had been obeyed. He threw the car in gear. He thought he heard somebody shout as he drove fast away from there.

MOST of the boys assigned to duty at the station house were eating at a diner down the street. Foley, the desk man, sat alone. It was a sultry summer's evening, with the windows wide.

"Hello, Hoibie," Foley said. "It sure is hot."

"'Lo, Joe. Who's in? The captain here?"

"Nobody here but me." As yet the desk man had not raised his head from the support of his hands. "What stinks?"

"Not me," said Herbie, "but I brought a friend."

Foley raised his head. Then Foley leaped out of his chair. Then backed to the electric fan and turned it on himself, eyes closed. "Is it still there?"

Herbie said, "It's real. It ain't those malted milks you drink all afternoon. Look, Joe, get on the phone an' call the Board of Health. Tell them to send a veterinary right away. I think this is a very lousy sheep."

"It could be the weather," Foley said, "but it ain't no friend of no Little Boy Blue." He made the telephone call. "In about an hour," he said, "a doc will be here."

"Where'll I put 'im?" Herbie asked.

"You can wear 'im around your neck for all I care. Just get 'im out of here. Why didn't you bring 'im to the Board of Health direct?"

"Well," said Herbie, "I never thought of that. With me it's make a pinch an' presto to the station house." Herbie went "Pssst!" to the sheep and led it to a room that seemed unoccupied by anything. He returned to Foley. "Think I'll walk down see the boys," he said. "Be back in a little while."

But the boys had left the diner. Herbie had six iced teas while passing time with Nick, the counter man. They listened to the radio. "Nobody wants to eat tonight," said Nick. "Too hot."

Herbie telephoned his wife to say that he'd be late. No hurry now. He was giving the city his time for free. He could have knocked off at four o'clock. He looked at the slightly bulbous ear of Nick, the counter man. "Nick," he said, "you was a fighter, wasn't you?"

"That's what happened to my brains," said Nick. "I thought I was. That's why I'm workin' in this joint."

"You know Bummy Benito? The Riverside Rivet?"

"Know 'im? Are you kiddin'? So help me, Herbie, that's where I got the ear. He bit me in a clinch. He bit clean through

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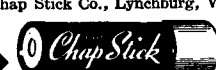
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the ear. I wouldn't mind it was a punch. That Bummy is a dangerous bum. Why do you ask?"

"Well, seven months ago I lock his brother up. So Bummy, the strong-arm guy, he hits me in the nose."

"You didn't lock up Bummy, too?"

"It would have been difficult because I was unconscious for an hour. An' it would have been embarrassin' to give the thing publicity, because—well, I'm supposed to be so tough. I'd rather settle it sometime when I meet up with the guy again."

AN HOUR or so went by while Herbie talked with Nick. Then Herbie returned to the station house and walked upstairs and the first thing Herbie knew there was the smell of sheep and the captain's accusing finger stabbing Herbie in the chest and the captain's voice in Herbie's ears and very much ado.

"If you had half the brains of that sheep," the captain said, "we could leave you in a pasture and forget you!"

Herbie, aghast, could see the veterinarian, the unhappy sheep and his own colleagues, fair-weather friends, indeed, with tongues pressed into cheeks. Herbie looked from face to face but found no comfort there. Herbie, pointing with a shaking finger, said, "The sheep there—ain't it sick?"

"Sick?" the vet replied. "I wish I had his health. Besides, it's not a sheep. It's a ram—a dehorned ram—and a darned expensive one at that—bellwether for the North Side Packers."

"He's got no bell."

"Doesn't need a bell. The animal's a specialist. Plays by ear. He leads the sheep to slaughter."

"I couldn't tell the difference," Herbie said. "I seen a sheep like that, but when they got mixed up, they all looked just the same. Then this one comes out and he looks sick to me. I figure healthy sheep is white an' pretty."

"That's in children's books."

"I guess it is. It's just—now, Cap'n, look—I got a lead on Benny Benito—you know? He's on parole an' drivin' a truck that picks up meat from the North Side Packers' place."

"A one-man persecution," the captain snapped. "Just because you can't get Benito out of your big thick head you have to make a laughingstock of this department! Do you know what that packing house is going to do?" Herbie shook his head. He didn't know. "They're going to sue the city!" the captain shouted. "Sue the city... do you hear? For an unjustified attack on their good name!"

"They've been in business forty years," the vet remarked. "An entirely reputable concern."

"Well," said Herbie, weak, defeated, "I give up. But you got to admit that is a highly seasoned sheep."

A reporter and photographer from the Bronx Home Journal had arrived. The captain, past sound reasoning and badgered by the heat, screamed to the journalists, "Get out!"

He shouted loud enough to scare the sad-eyed captive sheep which bolted through the captain's legs. The cameraman was equal to the opportunity. The captain screamed, "I'll break the plates!" But, with freedom of the press and access to the long, descending stairs, the Journal's man slipped nimbly from the premises, trailed by the ram, which, in good time, was captured by the vet.

Herbie sat at home, in his easy chair, woefully rolling his head. "I don't have to put up with being called those kind of names," he said.

"You did your duty as you saw it," Gracie said. "The gall of him—after all you've done for the department. After the name you've made. Here, darlin'—have some stew."

"Can't eat," he said. "Can't think. I'm beat."

"That doesn't sound like Herbie Delehanty."

But it was Delehanty, nonetheless. The phone rang. Gracie answered it. He heard her sigh. "It's the American Gestapo," Gracie said. "Heinrich Sweeney, the inspector."

Herbie took the phone. "And what is more," said the inspector, his words ascending from profanity to facts, "that ram was half a goat! Why? You ask me why? Because in that room you put him in I had some confidential files on a real black-market case. And the dirty sheep ate the files—that's why! Goodbye!" and he slammed the phone down heavily.

"I could resign from the force," said Herbie, squatted in his chair again. "I could jern the Navy. I can row a boat."

"You? Resign? From your life's work? From a job in which you've broken more important cases than the rest of them combined? This is Gracie speaking, Herbie. Look at me. Look me in the eye and say those words again."

Herbie didn't look her in the eye. "Thank you, darlin', for your loyalty," he said. His wife sat on the chair's stout arm and gently stroked his head. A breeze grew in the out-of-doors and came in through the window. It was cooler now, and this was home. . . .

Gracie came home from church the following morning, singing merrily for one on whose doorstep so much trouble perched. "Jelly buns!" she called and Herbie stirred. Then in a while he smelled the coffee and came scuffling to the kitchen in his bathrobe, ate a bun.

"I prayed for you in church," she said.

Herbie offered thanks. He rubbed his eyes. The doorbell rang and Mrs. Herman was admitted. "That fellow was here again," said Mrs. Herman, "and sold me another ham."

"Oh, ye of little faith," said Herbie Delehanty.

"This time it was ninety-five cents a pound," Mrs. Herman said. "But I bought it like you told me, anyhow."

"M'mmmmm," said Herbie, but his excitement soon subsided. "It's a nice ham, isn't it?" he said. But what? The trail of Benny Benito led, as Herbie had learned with sadness, to the North Side Packers, Inc.

Mrs. Herman joined them at a jelly bun and then prepared to leave. "Here," said Gracie, "let me take the ham out of that old newspaper and wrap it properly for you. You'll get yourself all grease."

"Well, thank you," Mrs. Herman said. "That's the way it came. These days you can't be fussy." Gracie wrapped the ham anew and Mrs. Herman went her way.

Herbie called the station house and said he wasn't feeling well and would it be all right if he did not show up today? "Listen, Hoibie," Foley said, "the way the captain an' inspector feel—you would do better off if you was born a sheep. Stay home by all means. Give it time."

Herbie returned to the kitchen. The discarded newspaper lay before him on the table. "Fine way to wrap a piece of merchandise," said Gracie. "Like an old shoe."

Herbie's doleful eyes were on the paper, not quite seeing, mind not registering the words his eyes were on. But then he blinked his eyes and softly spoke the words he read: **THE RIVERSIDE GAZETTE**. And then read, "Riverside, New York, Tuesday, June 1, 1943."

He pressed a palsied finger to the paper. "Ri-ri-ri-verse, New York!" he said.

"Where Bummy Benito lives!"

"Lemme out of here!"

"It's Providence," said Gracie. "Thank the Lord."

DRIVING north, along the Post Road, Herbie to himself declared, "Just like Benny or his punchy brother to wrap a ham up in the local rag an' give themselves away."

On Herbie's left, the Hudson River flowed serenely, and the miles were quickly done, and this was Riverside that he was entering. He did not believe that through the office of a miracle he would come suddenly upon an acre of smoked hams. But intuition, ever at his side, was guiding him, while his conviction toward the criminality inherent in the bad Benito boys provided him with hope.

Bummy was in the ice trade. That was easy. Look among the classified advertisements. Benito, J., which stood for Joseph, which was Bummy's honest name. He noted the address. He asked somebody in the drugstore how to get there and they told him how.

It was beyond the town. You turned left at a cinder road and drove down to the river. The plant was typical—huge wooden structure, marked with weather and long usage, which had stood, as ice plants always seem to stand, unpainted for a generation. Herbie noticed several ice trucks backed against the loading platform, taking on the glistening cakes that slid out through a chute. There seemed a lively summer trade.



He parked his car and walked around. At first nobody bothered him. He strolled to the river side and saw how close the river really was. He observed a large white dory with a kicker on the back of it. To Herbie this seemed out of place. After all, they made their own ice in New Jersey—didn't they? Then why the boat?

"What do you want, mister?" someone asked. A man in a khaki shirt leaned from a window of the plant.

"Me?" said Herbie. "I want a ten-cent piece of ice. I thought I'd wear it in my hat. Too hot today."

"A wise guy," said the man. "Well, don't be monkeyin' around the plant."

Herbie ignored his challenger and walked around to the office. Someone sat inside. Herbie walked in. "Hello, Bummy," Herbie said. "No, don't get up. Just thought I'd walk around. It's cooling in a joint like this."

Bummy was a well-made man of average height, displaying a jutting jaw and scrambled eyebrows and a nose that was, to say the least, spectacular. Bummy was not a gracious host.

Bummy said, "You got no jurisdiction here, you big balloon. You'll do your walkin' around outside. This ain't the Bronx."

The man was certainly upset. It damaged Herbie's pride to think that this was only a middleweight opposing him, and he did not forget the skillful fashion in which Bummy, seven months before, had punched his nose. Not Bummy's nose but Herbie's nose. Remembering, he touched his beak.

"I see," said Bummy, "that you ain't forgot."

"Well, I can breathe through mine," said Herbie. "How do you breathe—through your pores?"

"Get out of here. I said this ain't the Bronx."

"Easy, Bummy; please be polite. The law's got many arms. I'm like an octopus."

"Maybe you'd like a poke in the puss."

HERBIE, with inordinate restraint, permitted Bummy's perilous remark to pass. He strode from the door into the spaciousness of Bummy's plant. He strode with measured calm, aware that Bummy followed him; also aware that Bummy had approached the eve of desperate acts. The man's concern seemed of the kind that indicated guilt. Herbie, helpless ward of intuition, kept on walking.

He knew a little of the ice trade. Enough to recognize the huge crane overhead, by which the galvanized cans of water were conveyed and lowered to the brine pits under the floor. The floor, for the most part, was composed of the removable boards that covered the pits.

How convenient it might be, thought Herbie, to use most of them for making ice, but to reserve a sizable amount of space for storing meat. As for the distribution of the meat—the means were many. Ice trucks always had huge canvases tossed over the ice. They might as well have canvases tossed over meat.

"Bummy," he said, "you smell of pork."

He turned in time to see the punch. He caught Bummy by the arm and tossed the lighter man a thrilling distance through the air. He knew now that his intuition was correct. But he wondered what price intuition when somebody hit him solidly behind the ear and flattened him against the wet planks of the floor. He whirled around and got his gun out and he fired a couple of shots. He hit this new assailant in the leg. The man went down and screamed.

Now Bummy charged again—this time with ice tongs. Herbie was surprised to see the man without artillery, but he could tell, from Bummy's eyes, that this Benito was a killer, guaranteed. Yet he didn't wish to shoot the man. He chose to hit him with his fist. He fired a few shots, missing purposely, and Bummy wavered

at the fire, but then came on anew. Herbie threw a left hook that was better than the ice tongs. He felt the stirring contact with the enemy—then his lights went out. . . .

Herbie awoke in the Riverside hospital. He knew it was a hospital because his body was three inches wider than the bed.

"Be careful when you move your head," somebody said.

"How can I move my head? I haven't got a head. I left it in an ice house."

"Easy, darling," Gracie said. She kissed him on the brow.

"Must be my head."

"Of course."

Things grew clearer. Herbie looked around. He saw a handsome guy, with sort of a cowboy hat. It registered. State trooper. New York State.

"How'd you guys get there?"

"You can't shoot up the countryside without attracting customers," the trooper said.

"Easy, darling," Gracie warned.

"An' Bummy didn't hit me with the tongs?"

"Tongs? No. There were some tongs about, but you were hit with a twenty-two-pound ham," the trooper said. "It was thrown from a height."

"And," said Gracie proudly, "you've got the imprint of the ham right in your neck. But you'll be all right. A day or so, the doctor says. Herbie, you're a hero once again."

"A very nice job," the trooper said.

"The inspector from your precinct was here a little while ago. He said you've broken a case that he was working on—important case. Said something about a sheep ate up his files? Well, anyhow, guys out of Albany would drop both cured hams and some livestock off their barges on the way down to New York. Do it at night and it's hard to catch them. But he never figured the Benito boys were mixed in it. Bummy was slaughtering meat himself and stowing it away. But he squawked and blew the whole thing wide. We've locked up maybe twenty guys and Bummy's brother Benny."

"A routine hunch," said Herbie.

"Nothin' more. How's Bummy?"

"Having trouble with his nose. He's in the can," the trooper said. "Well, let me know there's anything that I can do." The trooper left.

Herbie smiled and Gracie stroked his head. He asked, "You see the inspector, dear? You mean he isn't sore?"

"Sore? He said you put your precinct back where it belongs—page one. And he's coming to our house Sunday night for dinner."

"The inspector?"

"And his wife. And the captain and his wife. We're having ham," she said.

"Ham? A real ham, dear?"

"The twenty-two-pound ham that you were hit with, Herbie, darling. The authorities decided—well, with everything considered, you deserved it."

THE END

INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES

The R. L. Browns of Bolton, North Carolina, have four children. Each child was born on July 28th—and there are no quads, trips or twins in the lot.

On the 11th day of the 11th month of the year at 11 minutes after 11, a daughter was born to the George Millenbrandts of Northampton, Massachusetts. It was their 11th child.

A native of Sussex, England, named Pike was married on February 3, 1876. His first son was born on February 3, 1877. His first grandson was born on February 3, 1906. His first great-grandson was born on February 3, 1938.

W. E. FARBSTEN

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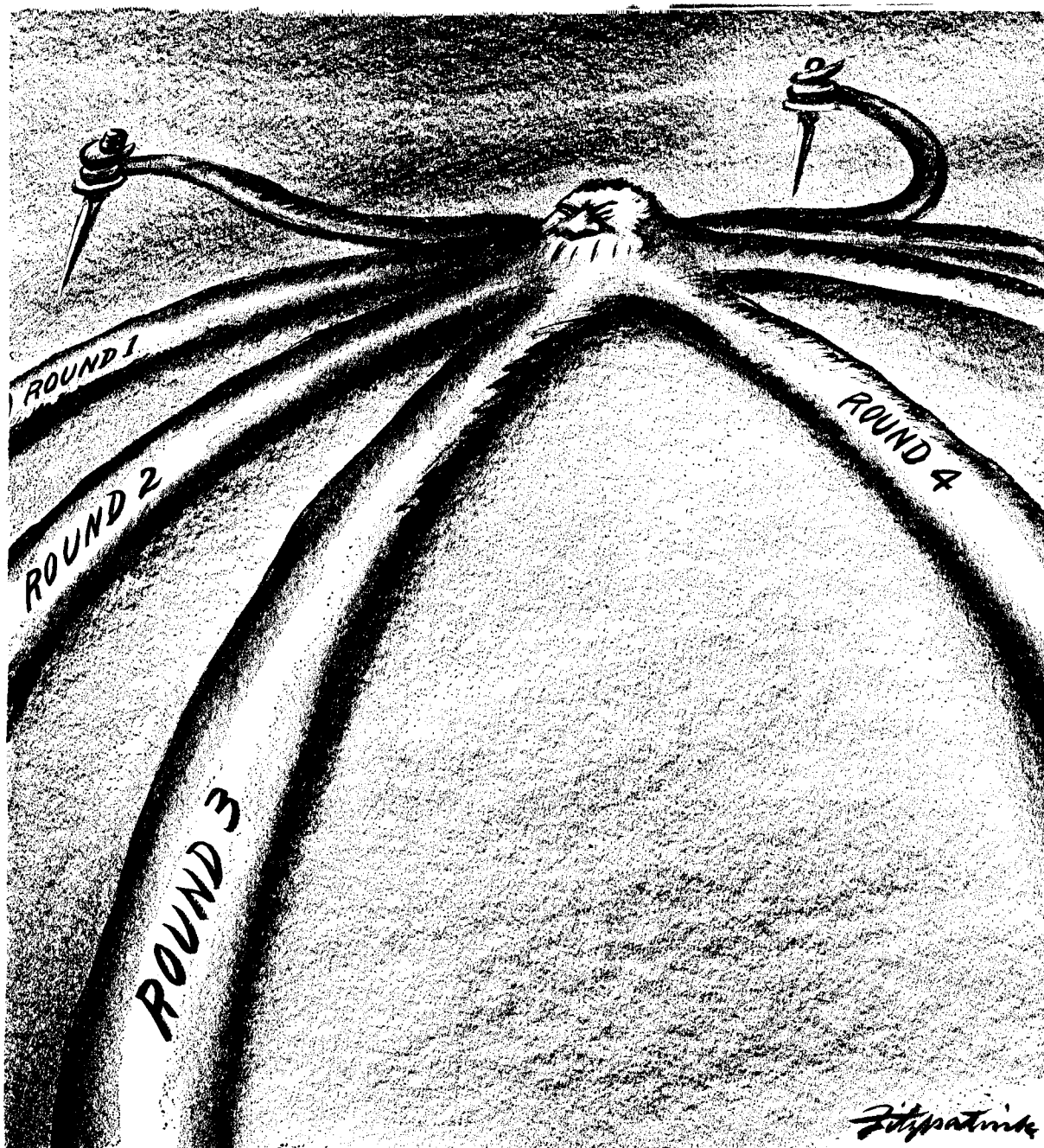


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AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
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Who Fights for Britain?

BATTING around this country for the duration, no doubt, will be the crack: "England will fight to the last American." By the same token, "America will fight to the last Englishman" continues to circulate in Great Britain.

Neither crack is true. The following figures, recently issued by the eminently reliable British Information Services in this country, show how far from the truth is the crack about the British:

In General Montgomery's British Eighth Army, which began to conquer Rommel at El Alamein and chased him all the way across North Africa into Tunisia, 76 per cent of the men are from England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Dominion (New Zealand) and Indian troops comprise another 20 per cent and French troops the remaining 4 per cent. And only 4 out of 5 of the fighters from India are natives of India; the rest are British.

In General Anderson's British First Army, which carried the fight in northern Tunisia, 90 per cent of the troops, except for one Newfoundland regiment, are from England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, and the remaining 10 per cent are French.

Eighth Army casualty percentages to this writing have been: United Kingdom troops, 87 per cent; Dominion and Indian, 12 per cent; French, 1 per cent.

Not that these figures or any others will choke off the above-mentioned gossip; but we consider it a public service to repeat these figures here for what good they may do.

Dr. Jeffers Prescribes

WILLIAM M. JEFFERS, the big synthetic rubber buller-through, may get into an occasional imprudent battle, as when he charged verbally head on into the temperate and fair-minded Elmer Davis a while ago. Nevertheless, Mr. Jeffers now and then gets off some remarks which seem to us to embody the quintessence of American enterprise, courage and determination.

As we go to press, the latest Jeffers master statement is the following, made to reporters during a tour of the big synthetic rubber plants in the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, area:

You know, boys, this country would be better off if some of us did more thinking and less talking.

The difference between the rubber program and the other programs is the drive keeping it a live thing, contrasted to sitting around desks and issuing orders and grousing about someone else taking something away. The difference is that we are getting on the job and getting it done.

A simple fact is that the rubber program has not interfered with a single other program. It has not retarded a single project. As a matter of fact, my position is that it has lifted along other programs and has provided additional capacities by uncovering new sources of supply.

And I think we have taught some of the others what it means to get behind a job and carry it through. The final answer is that the rubber program is going ahead.

These Jeffersocks are recommended to the earnest attention of at least 500 bureaucrats in Washington. Make it 5,000 bureaucrats in Washington. Make it 25,000!

"This is a 100-Year War"

BY NEWSPAPERS, newsreels, radio and school- teachers the Japanese people are being told: "This is a 100-year war." Authority for this information is Señor Ramon Muñoz Lavallo, Argentine diplomatic attaché believed to be the last Latin-American to get out of Japan. Señor Lavallo made his getaway last January 19th, and has put in considerable time since then trying to tell North Americans what kind of enemy Japan is.

We think, for two reasons, that Americans would be well advised to file in their mental card indexes and not forget this news—that the Japanese are being conditioned to the idea that this is going to be a 100-year war.

For one thing, it would most likely be smart of us to cultivate some of this Japanese-style resignation to the idea of a long, tough war, and to pigeon-hole some of our rosier notions that it will be over almost before we know it.

If we prove to be mistaken in expecting a long war we'll be happily surprised. If we don't we'll be able to stand the dragging, bloody years with fortitude. It is frequently wise to brace yourself for the worst that can happen.

For another thing, this official 100-year-war sloganeering in Japan goes to bear out the numerous and well-documented reports that the Japs actually are determined to conquer the world; that they feel they have a divine mission to do so. Evidently their leaders, at least, do not wince at the prospect of having to spend 100 years—three generations—to carry out that mission.

The plain inference from this is that, though Japan may lose the first round and have to sue for peace, it will regard such a peace as nothing but a breathing spell and will use it to recoup its strength and wait for us to drop our guard sufficiently to lay ourselves open to another Pearl Harbor.

And indeed it is predicted by some long-time students of Japanese folkways and mental processes that if Japan sees itself bound to lose round one, it will go through an elaborate "reform" act. This will consist of choosing a lot of new government officials personally or politically attractive to Western diplomats, letting some of the older politicians commit suicide, getting off a lot of talk about a national conversion to democracy, and so on. All this will be a means of tricking us into signing a too-easy peace and lapsing back into that sleep from which the bombs at Pearl Harbor awakened us.

These warnings sound convincing—especially since Japan's almost incomprehensible exhibition of barbarity in executing some or all of Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders who fell into Japanese hands.

The long and the short of it is that we face in the Pacific an enemy who is tricky, determined, confident, ruthless, contemptuous of human life, and who does not know the meaning of such things as honesty, fair dealing and integrity as we understand those things.

If we don't act on the basis of those facts—act good-naturedly and without savage hatred, but with complete firmness and resolution—we'll be asking for more and probably worse Pearl Harbors.

How American it is... to want something better!



OUR WORKERS, behind desk and plow and lathe are following many new ideas and "better ways" to swell the flow of vital production. One of these ideas is to eat balanced, vitamin-rich meals to insure health and peak energy on the job.

When we Americans decide we want "something better," whether it's a machine tool or a shoelace, we don't waste much time in *wishing*. We go after it.

In the field of the moderate beverages, the search for something better seems to have led a great number of us to the ale you see pictured here. Its famous 3-ring "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" trade mark has become the symbol of something better to so many people that it is now . . .

America's largest selling Ale

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

*"Caps off to our
fighting men"*



"Next to wives, sweethearts and letters from home, among things our soldiers mention most is Coca-Cola. Of course, our fighting men meet up with Coke many places overseas. But Coca-Cola got there first. Yes siree, Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter since way back when. It has been sold in more than 100 foreign lands. Even with war and so many Coca-Cola bottling plants in enemy-occupied countries, our fighting men are delighted to find Coca-Cola being

bottled right on the spot in so many places around the globe. And do they go for it when they find it! Who doesn't?"

• • •
Did you know this? There are Coca-Cola bottling plants in: Australia, England, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, India, Iceland, Spain, Bermuda, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Nassau, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, British Guiana, Chile, Colombia, Dutch Guiana, Ecuador, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, British Honduras, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, El Salvador.